fj920
H14
148101
P. A. WALSH
Lowell
OCT 22 1956
SUNNYVALE JAN

fj920 Hagedorn, Hermann.
H14 The book of courage.

148101

Santa Clara County Free Library

This book may be kept 14 days.

A fine of 5 cents per day will be charged on books kept overtime.

No books will be issued to persons in arrears for fines.

Books must not be loaned by the borrower.

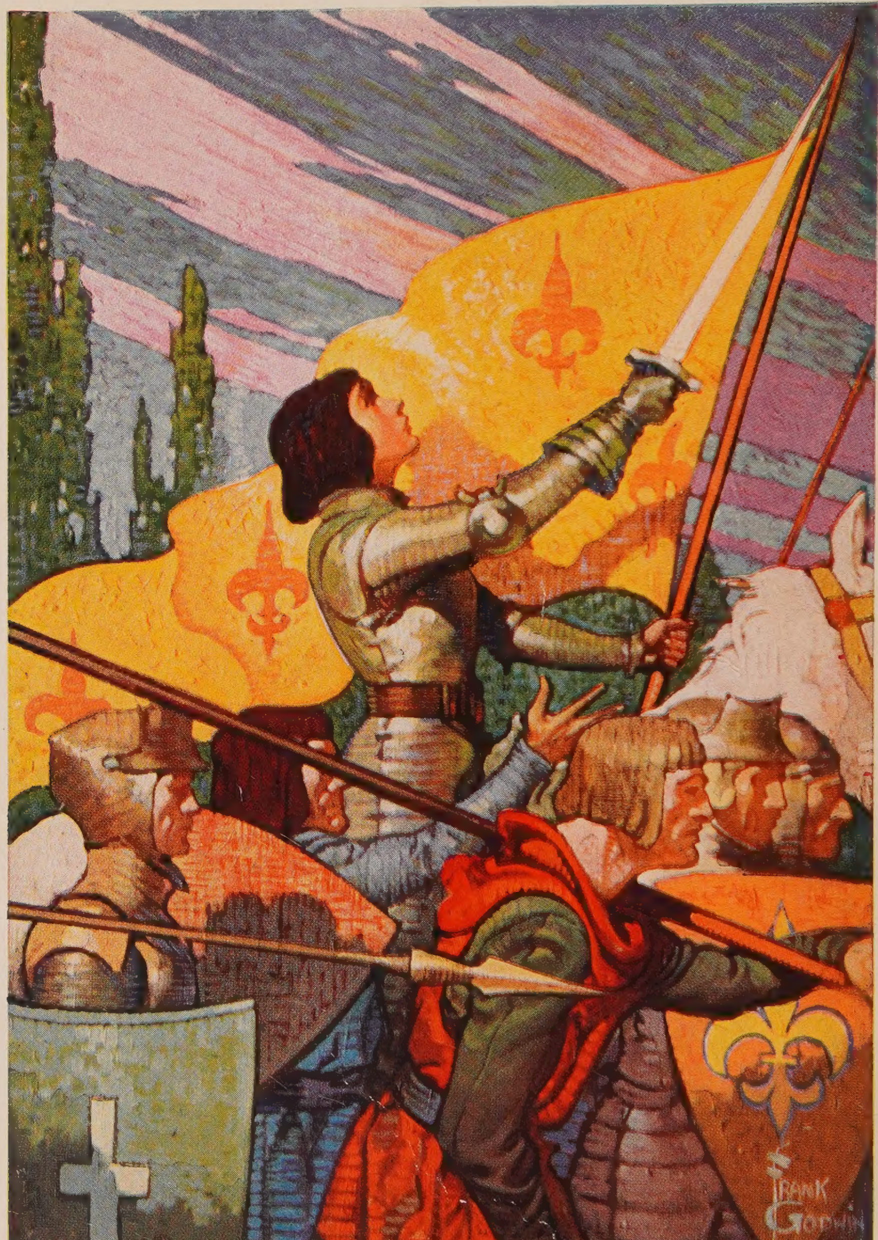
Careful usage of books is expected, and any soiling, injury, or loss is to be paid for by the borrower.

CUPERTINO
Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/bookofcouragebyh0000herm

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.


FRANK GODWIN

The army is on its way to Orleans, with Joan in the lead

gedorn, Hermann, 1882-
e book of courage ,

930.
305206593141
06/04/04

Book of Courage

BY

HERMANN HAGEDORN

AUTHOR OF
THE ROAD TO LIBERTY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK GODWIN

MAPS BY
EDWIN C. EIRICH

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY
CHICAGO TORONTO

SANTA CLARA COUNTY LIBRARY
3 3305 20659 3141

148101

Copyright, 1930, by
The John C. Winston Company
Copyright, 1929, by
The J. C. W. Co.

Copyright in Great Britain
The British Dominions and Possessions

Copyright in the Philippine Islands
All rights reserved

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.
AT THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS
The John C. Winston Company, Proprietors
Philadelphia

TO DOROTHEA

AND

HER HEROES

146101

PREFACE

This is a book of heroes, which means a book of men and women who fought with hearts and minds and bodies, flinging into the struggle all they had of physical energy and spiritual ardor. Thirty of them are here, from Moses to Lindbergh, valiant beings who saw something which seemed to them important to do and leaped to do it, regardless of the cost. It does not matter much what they did, or when, or why; whether they won in their effort or whether they lost. Many of them went down to defeat and only long afterward rose out of the ashes of a lost cause to the immortality which belongs to all who have "fought a good fight," who have "kept the faith," whatever the fight, whatever the faith may have been. The politics of Florence in the fifteenth century are not of great importance to us now; the rebellion of Martin Luther may offend some of us; the theology of Father Damien may disturb others. We can cheerfully concede that it would have been a calamity for European civilization if Hannibal had been victorious, and most Americans, North and South, will agree that it would have been disastrous to the American idea if the sword of Appomattox had passed from Grant to Lee instead of the other way. Khartum is nothing to us; we are not at all sure that the British had any business to be there. Our interest in the opening of Africa is remote. What is important to us is that somehow, somewhere, in friction with opposing minds, opposing nature, a great soul bursts into flame and becomes a torch which goes on burning after the body which incases it is consumed.

These men and women are torches. They illuminate their own centuries for us, but, what is more important, they illuminate our own and throw long beams along the paths we tread. We walk more securely because of the light which they give, see more deeply into hidden places, face the enemy more courageously. From their flame we ourselves catch fire; living or dead, to us they are all living, our companions in the silences and solitudes, our counselors, our rescuers, early and late our friends.

Most of the stories of these heroes are in their outlines familiar; and a word of acknowledgment is due regarding sources. To make a list of the books which the author carried home from the public library in bundles of threes or sevens or tens while he was writing these narratives would provide an impressive but not an exciting introduction to this volume. It would be scarcely decent of him, however, not to record his obligation to certain writers who by laborious personal research have, as it were, secured a "corner" on the facts of the lives with which they deal.

There are plenty of books on Garibaldi, but George Macaulay Trevelyan's famous three are, in effect, the last word. There are hundreds of books on Joan of Arc, but Albert Bigelow Paine's two volumes are, for American readers at least, excellent gospel. Frederick C. Chamberlain looked deep into the heart of Queen Elizabeth even before Lytton Strachey came and in *Elizabeth and Essex* told, as no one told before and no man may tell again, what went on in it.

There is only one biography of Robert E. Peary, and that is by Fitzhugh Green; one "inside story" of Edith Cavell, by Brand Whitlock; one account of Catherine Breshkovsky, by Alice Stone Blackwell; one real authority on Wilfred Grenfell, his autobiography; and to those who have read Paul Sabatier's life of St. Francis, all the other books which have been written about him do not matter. It was Lowell Thomas who first told the world of Lawrence of Arabia and rescued the Odyssey of Count von Luckner from oblivion. To the living and the dead in this catalog of pioneers and counselors the author offers his grateful obeisance.

There is one other to whom he is in debt. His collaborator, Mary Hagedorn, did more than explore for him countless books, periodicals, and other historical material; for she brought to bear upon these heroes the keen, clear eyes of a generation not easily dazzled. So, if these stories gain the approval of boys and girls, a share of the credit should go to her.

H. H.

CONTENTS

I

PAGE

Socrates.. 1
Moses.. 10
Hannibal.. 22
Saul of Tarsus.. 38

II

Francis of Assisi.. 53
Joan of Arc.. 68
Savonarola.. 81
Martin Luther.. 89
Elizabeth of England.. 101
Francis Drake.. 111

III

George Washington.. 127
Daniel Boone.. 142
Andrew Jackson.. 159
Abraham Lincoln.. 168
Robert E. Lee.. 183
Clara Barton.. 199

IV

Garibaldi.. 213
David Livingstone.. 228
"Chinese" Gordon.. 243
Father Damien.. 252

V

Theodore Roosevelt 259
Robert E. Peary 276
Wilbur and Orville Wright 293

VI

Dr. Grenfell 306
Catherine Breshkovsky 317
Edith Cavell 332
Mahatma Gandhi 343
Lawrence of Arabia 358
Felix von Luckner 377
Lindbergh 393

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The army is on its way to Orleans with Joan in the lead . . . . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

The jailer brings the hemlock to Socrates 7

The route showing the wanderings of the children of Israel from Egypt to the Promised Land 13

With the tablets in his arms, Moses returns to the children of Israel 17

After years of preparation Hannibal fought his way from Carthage to Rome 25

The rafts are cut loose and the elephants are on their way 27

Saul falls to the ground, conscious of an overpowering radiance 41

From city to city, Saul of Tarsus journeyed through Asia Minor, Greece, and Macedonia 43

Francis of Assisi prays for guidance and light in the little chapel of St. Damian 57

"Your business here may be summed up in one word: Recant!" 95

For months Elizabeth is imprisoned in the Tower 103

With a raft made of driftwood and a biscuit sack for a sail Drake starts forth 119

PAGE
Drake's love of adventure led him on many hazardous expeditions 121
Drake sends a burning ship into the midst of the Spanish fleet 126
General Washington scribbles on bits of paper as he converses with a friend 137
Alone, Daniel Boone goes on with his hunting and his explorations 145
"Our Federal Union—it must be preserved!" .. 165
Seward intimates to Lincoln that he himself had better take charge of the government. 175
Again and again General Lee's superior strategy brought hope of victory to the Confederacy. 191
With lifted hat General Lee rides through a weeping army to Richmond 197
From morning until night Clara Barton binds up wounds and distributes food 207
Garibaldi rides at the head of a guerilla band of wild horsemen 215
Across the vast unexplored regions of Africa, David Livingstone wanders looking for a mission site 229
Shortly afterward, Livingstone and his men discover a river 233
Livingstone is the first European to see the greatest falls in the world, and he names them Victoria 236

PAGE

Gordon snatches a revolver and starts for the city arsenal 249

Young Roosevelt enjoys his holiday with Bill Sewall, the backwoodsman, in Maine 261

Day after day, Peary and his faithful men push forward toward the goal 279

On the morning of April 7, Peary planted the Stars and Stripes on the top of the world .. 291

At Kitty Hawk, the Wright boys try out their glider 301

Dr. Grenfell breaks up the cabin roof of the "Princess May" for fuel 311

At a moment's notice Catherine Breshkovsky can change herself from a grand lady to an old peasant woman 327

Their footsteps ring hard and metallic on the cement floor 339

The India of Mahatma Gandhi's day 346

Arabia, in 1916, where Lawrence and his stanch Arab followers broke into revolt 361

He has a way with him this little Englishman in his Arab costume 367

"These papers are all right, Captain" 383

Over the lonely Atlantic through fog and sleet, Lindbergh speeds on 401

Self does not seem to interest Lindbergh. It is always "we"—himself plus his machine 404

SOCRATES

IF your Greek toga had a buttonhole, Socrates' thumb would be through it, holding you pinned in your place while the goggle-eyed and delightful old gentleman asks you exactly how clever you think you are and what in the world, in the first place, makes you think you are clever anyway.

He is the first and greatest of all buttonholers. It makes no difference where you are, or how busy you are. If Socrates fixes his crab's eyes on you, he will come lumbering across the athletic field or the market place, looking ludicrous with his barrel-like body on its strong bowlegs, and, smiling most courteously, he will engage you in conversation. Socrates is a glutton for conversation. Money means nothing to him. Fame, power, influence, mean nothing. He never knows exactly where the next meal is coming from; but he must have conversation.

It is not that he wishes to hear himself talk; but he does want to hear what you have to say. He does not seek gossip, tips on the races or the discus throwers, or stories of the dancing girls, or wails on the political situation and the state of the war between Athens and Sparta. But he loves talk of fundamental things, of justice and virtue and wisdom and love and death and immortality. He can talk on these matters as no one else in his city—and it is a city of great talkers—and he can make *you* talk as you have never talked before.

Who is he, this man Socrates? What is his profession, his job? He is the son of a stonemason. For a while he was a stonemason himself. Yes, and he has been a soldier, not from choice, but because Athens needed all her able-bodied men in her wars with Sparta, the physical examination taking no account of height, or of eyes somewhat off center. At thirty-seven he is at the siege of Potidæa, at great risk saving the life of a brilliant young fellow townsman, Alcibiades, who proves, in the end, not to have been worth saving. At forty-five, he is in the disastrous defeat at Delium, carrying Xenophon, a young friend of his, who is to make his mark as a historian, off to safety on his broad shoulders. "He stalked along like a pelican," Alcibiades subsequently reports, "glaring around with his projecting crab's eyes, so that none of the enemy dared molest him."

But soldiering is the least important activity of this extraordinary person's life. It is as a conversationalist that Athens knows him—as *the man who asks questions.* If you enjoy conversation and can answer Socrates' questions with intelligence, you love him and gratefully accept his invitations to walk under the olive trees with him or to spend the night with a few other sympathetic souls, talking about courage or happiness or the ideal republic. But if you don't enjoy high talk, if you think yourself wise and are really dull and Socrates shows you up by a keen question or two, you hate him and talk of him as a public nuisance and go around growling that if the government had any sand in its gizzard it would shut him up.

He is a queer customer, unquestionably. But he has a wise mind, a humble spirit, and a voice within him which he calls his "dæmon" which lays a check on him, he says, when he is tempted to do wrong or stupid things. His clothes are always shabby. He goes about with bare feet. How he lives no one knows. The truth is that he has a small income, much too small to keep a family on in any style which Athens would approve. But he refuses to increase it, preferring to adjust his needs to his income rather than his income to his supposed needs. His wife, a sharp-tongued lady named Xantippe, rails at him as an irresponsible loafer and gadabout. At home there are arguments in which, it is rumored, all of the questioning and most of the talking is for once done by the other party.

But Socrates is not a philosopher for nothing. When a friend asks him how he happened to marry Xantippe, of all women, he replies, "Those who want to learn to ride well choose restive horses, because, if they can handle these, they can manage any others. I want to learn to associate with all mankind, and I chose Xantippe, knowing that if I could bear *her* society, I should be able to get along with anyone!" Perhaps, he is joking; but it would not be safe to be too sure.

He is not what would be called an established citizen, with a pleasant house to live in and taxes to growl about. He is something rarer, an institution. Everybody knows him. He has nothing to do all day except to ask questions and to talk, and as he does these things invariably in public places, he is as familiar a figure as the town constable. Even the comic writers poke fun at him in their plays. His questions always have point; that is one reason why people find them disturbing.

The oracle at Delphi, consulted by all the Greeks, has told Socrates that he is "the wisest of men." Socrates laughs at the idea. He isn't wise, he knows he isn't; that is all, in fact, that he does know. There are countless men wiser than himself, he is certain, in Athens alone. He sets about to prove it, and that is how the questioning begins. He goes to a statesman with a great reputation and asks for light on the nature of wisdom or happiness, and is most astonished to find that the statesman is as much in the dark as he is, though he thinks that he really knows.

"Well," says Socrates to himself, "I am wiser than this fellow anyway. He thinks that he knows, when he doesn't, and at least I know that I don't know."

Thereupon he calls on a great soldier, a great artist, a great philosopher. In every case his experience is the same. They all think they are wise, but when he pins them down, they do not really know anything at all, not even that they are ignorant. Men of vision, whom he thus questions, gratefully accept the light he throws into their darkness. But the men who are vain and self-important are indignant.

Young men crowd about him, however, fascinated and thrilled. It is a period of change in Athens. Thinking people find it difficult to believe in the old gods as their fathers did. When they look coolly at the stories of Jupiter and his adventures, of Venus and Juno, of Mars and Mercury and the rest, the gods look rather shabby, a little too human in their frailties to be regarded as divine.

The young men are asking, "What is this earth made of; how did it come to be? What are we human beings here for? How can we be happy? What happens when we die?" The old myths give no answers that satisfy these eager questioners.

Socrates says to them, "Do not bother your heads overmuch with problems regarding creation or the substance of things. Here you are, a man, living for a while in the world with other men. What you must do is to think how you can live and help others to live most nobly and wisely."

They listen, and come day after day, to hear his keen questioning and to answer as intelligently as they can. Those are congenial gatherings, for Socrates loves these young men as much as they love him.

"Some men," he has a way of saying, "have a fancy for a fine horse, or a dog, or a bird. What I fancy and take delight in, is friends of a superior kind. If I know anything I teach it to them. In common with them I turn over and explore the treasures of the wise men of old which have been left written in books. If we find anything good, we pick it out, and we think it a great gain if we can be beneficial to one another."

Majestic themes are discussed at those gatherings—fundamental questions of right and wrong, of the meaning of justice, the meaning of love. Questions of government are threshed through. Socrates is outspoken and spares no one. The government of Athens, splendid under the great Pericles, has come to troublous times now that the leader is dead. There are wars without and revolutions within; and now the mob rules, and now a small group of powerful and wealthy citizens. The mob and the oligarchy, as it is called, are equally unjust and despotic, and in his quiet way Socrates strikes at them both.

When the Thirty Tyrants, who are now ruling, send for Socrates in anger and forbid him to "discourse with the young," he merely asks them most humbly what they mean by "discourse," and whom exactly would they call "the young"? Can't he even ask directions or buy meat of anyone, say, under thirty? The Tyrants rage and threaten him with death. But Socrates pays no attention whatsoever to their orders, teaching as before.

But the old philosopher does not love a stupid mob any more than a stupid committee of tyrants. He says that democracy, if it is stupid and unjust, is as evil as stupid and cruel tyranny. Forms are comparatively unimportant; the essential thing is that government, whatever form it takes, shall be enlightened and just. It is a dangerous doctrine to preach, for it sets the stupid on both sides against him. When the Thirty Tyrants are overthrown and the popular party comes into control, Socrates is a marked man.

Slowly the feeling against him in Athens takes definite form. The men he has shown up to themselves with his straightforward questions, the ruling classes he has made fun of, the blundering mob he has refused to praise and to bow down to, begin to ask themselves why they have borne with this gadfly so long. He is teaching the young men of the city that in government, majorities are not enough. You must have intelligence also. Dangerous doctrine! He is corrupting the youth!

Socrates smiles and goes quietly on, not teaching any philosophy of his own so much as stimulating his pupils to think out an intelligent way of living for themselves. And then one day, a notice is posted in Athens:

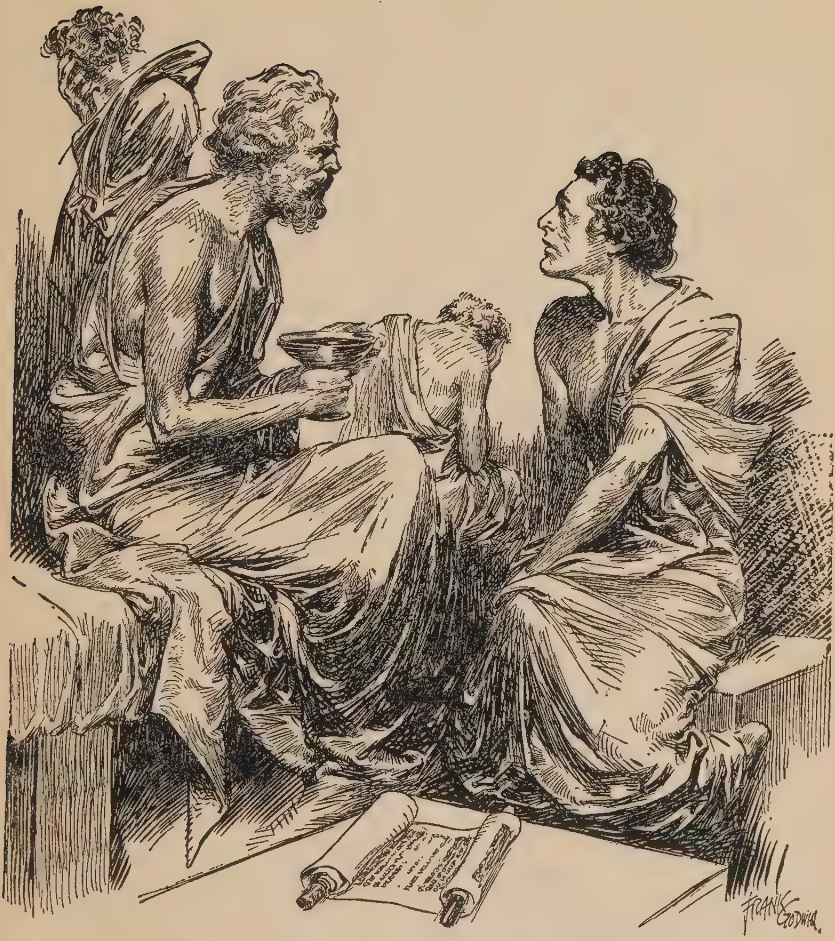
"Meletus, son of Meletus, accuses Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, as is underwritten. Socrates is guilty of crime—first, for neglecting the gods whom the city acknowledges, and setting forth other strange gods; next, for corrupting the youth. Penalty—death."

Meletus is a poet (or thinks he is), but there are other accusers, notably a democratic politician named Anytus whose son Socrates has persuaded to give up his father's leather trade and devote himself to learning. Anytus feels strongly that to persuade any young man to give up the leather business for the shadowy rewards of scholarship is clear corruption.

Socrates seems to be the only individual in Athens who is not disturbed by the approaching trial. He does not even make any preparations for his speech of defense. All his life has been a preparation for it, he says, having been spent in learning what was right and trying to do it.

The trial is held before a jury of five hundred fifty-seven citizens of Athens. Eloquently, Socrates speaks in his own behalf. He states his case as only he can state it, but his speech is not really a defense, but a lecture. If the jurymen are expecting him to back down in any respect, or to plead for his life, they are doomed to disappointment. On the contrary, he will not accept acquittal if it means that he shall stop his teaching. When he was a soldier and his commander placed him in a post of danger, there he was bound in honor to stay.

It is the same now. "Strange indeed would be my conduct, men of Athens," he insists, "if, now when God orders me, as I believe, to fulfil the philosopher's mission of searching into myself and other men, I were to desert my post through fear of death, or any other fear. Men of Athens, I honor and love you; but I shall obey God rather


FRANK GODWIN

The jailer brings the hemlock to Socrates than you, and while I have life and strength, I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy."

The court declares him guilty, but only by a majority of five or six. According to ancient custom, he is asked what punishment he would regard as just. Fearlessly he replies that if it is required of him to say how the public in justice ought to treat him, he can only say that he should be recognized as a public benefactor and given a pension for life; but, as an alternative, he proposes a small fine. The court regards his proposal as an insult, and he is condemned to death.

He takes the sentence with perfect calmness. Instead of pleading for mercy or sympathy, in fact, he turns about and encourages the court, as though he suspected that their consciences were pricking them for condemning him, and felt sorry for them.

"O Judges, be of good cheer about death," he says, "and know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after. I am not angry with my accusers, or with you, my condemners. The hour of departure is at hand, and we go our ways, I to die, and you to live. Which is better, God alone knows."

For a month he is in prison, with fetters on his ankles, surrounded by his friends; talking, questioning as always; refusing to escape, regretting nothing, fearing nothing. Then, one evening as the sun is setting, the young men gather around him for the last time.

One of them, Apollodorus, is loud in his lamentations. "I grieve most for this, Socrates," he cries, "that I see you about to die undeservedly."

But the old gentleman's sense of humor is as active as ever. With a smile he strokes his pupil's hair. "My dearest Apollodorus," he says, "would you rather see me die deservedly?"

The last scene has all the sad beauty of autumn, or dying day. Minute by minute the shadows deepen. Xantippe, Socrates' wife, is there, wailing. For all that she has abused her philosopher these many years, she loves him, and he has to send her away at last because he will have no lamentations when the end comes.

The jailer, in tears, brings him the hemlock, the poison which he is to drink. Holding the cup to his lips he drains it and begins to walk about as the jailer has told him to do. His friends try hard to keep back the tears, but when young Apollodorus gives a sudden exclamation of grief, they lose their grip of themselves for a moment.

Socrates alone remains calm. "What is this strange outcry?" he says. "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience."

The poison is working. He can no longer walk; he lies down. They all know the end is near. But once more he uncovers his face, remembering a debt he owes to the temple of the god of medicine. "Crito," he says, turning to one of the young men, "I owe a cock to Aesculapius. Will you remember to pay the debt?"

"The debt shall be paid," Crito answers in low tones. "Is there anything else?"

There is nothing else, no word more. And his friends have, to comfort them, only the words which he spoke in answer to their question what they should do with his body: "You may do with it what you like, provided you do not imagine it to be me."

No, that quiet shape is not Socrates. He is elsewhere, questioning the eternities. And still he halts men in the churches and schools and market places, and on the buzzing highways of the world, asking them what they mean by the words they fling about so lightly; and what do they know—and are they really as wise as they imagine?

Magnificent old questioner that he was! Wisest and noblest of all the Greeks!

MOSES

A YOUNG man is tending the flocks of his father-in-law on the slopes of Mount Horeb.

He has not always been a shepherd. He has been a prince of Egypt standing with head unbowed even before the Pharaoh. He is foster son of the Pharaoh's daughter, found at the river bank, a Hebrew child, saved from death when the king's servants flung the sons born to the Hebrews into the river. But once, riding like a prince through the fields, he saw an Egyptian beating a Hebrew to death, and he killed the Egyptian. And now he is an exile, tending the sheep of his wife's father in Midian.

Blue as copper is the sky, yellow under the sun is the desert westward. And Moses is dreaming of Egypt—not of its palaces, not of its temples where the pillars stand like huge trees in a forest and the processions go in splendor with heavy, sinister music—but of men working in the fields, men of his own race, working under the whip.

"Moses, Moses!"

He turns. Who is there in this desert place to speak his name? He sees no one.

"Moses!"

He stares; his breath fails. What glory is this? A bush aflame, a bush that is all fire and yet is not consumed! Out of the bush, a voice: "Moses."

He falls on his face. "Lord, here am I."

And now he is on his way homeward, and now, with his wife at his side, he is on his way back to Egypt, with the words of the Lord in his ears, "Bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt."

"Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh and bring forth the children of Israel?"

And the answer of the Lord is in his heart, "I will be with thee. I will bring thee up out of the affliction of Egypt unto the land of the Canaanites, unto a land flowing with milk and honey."

A leader—he is the leader of his people, commissioned by the Lord God. Is it all a dream? It was not a dream when the Voice commanded him to cast down his staff, and it became a serpent. It was not a dream when his hand was made white with leprosy one moment and healed the next.

A leader. The leader of his people.

He goes to Pharaoh with Aaron his brother, to Pharaoh on a golden throne in his great palace at Memphis, surrounded by the might of Egypt and reverenced as a god. About him he hears voices crying, "Great is Pharaoh!" Men lie in the dust. A word from Pharaoh and what will a Hebrew captive's life be worth?

But Moses is bold. "Set my people free!"

Pharaoh frowns. "Thy people are good workmen. I can make use of them."

Moses cries, "The Lord God of Israel commands it."

But Pharaoh laughs. What is the Lord God to him? "Let the Hebrews work harder; then they will have no time to think of their Lord God. Take away the straw from the brick makers. Let them scrabble for their own straw."

Work, work, and the long whip of camel hide. Work, making bricks without straw, work, dragging stones for Pharaoh's tomb, work in the fierce sunlight, work in black caverns underground. Work, stavation, death.

Moses goes again to Pharaoh with his brother Aaron, and still Pharaoh is unbending. But Aaron stretches his rod over the Nile and suddenly the river is as thick as blood and as black as the mind of Pharaoh. The fishes die, the Egyptians have nothing to drink.

But Pharaoh will not let the Hebrews go. Aaron, at Moses' side, stretches out his hand over the river, and the frogs come out of it—creatures as slippery and slimy as the thoughts of Pharaoh—and invade the houses of the Egyptians, leap into their beds, lie even in their kneading troughs.

Pharaoh cries, "Relieve us of this pest and ye shall go."

The frogs die; Pharaoh forgets his promise. He is accustomed to having his own will. Right has no meaning to him; justice has no meaning to him; God has no meaning to him. *I want* is all he knows. But one plague after another comes upon Egypt, as black and destructive as Pharaoh's own heart. And Pharaoh makes promises and breaks them, and ever worse plagues come, plagues of flies and plagues of locusts, plagues of boils and plagues of hail. Then for three days a great darkness falls in the houses of the Egyptians—darkness as deep as the darkness of men who have no god—but the Israelites have light.

A deep fear comes on Pharaoh and he sends for Moses. "Go, ye, serve your Lord," he cries. "But your flocks and your herds ye shall leave behind."

Moses answers, "Our cattle shall go with us; not a hoof will we leave."

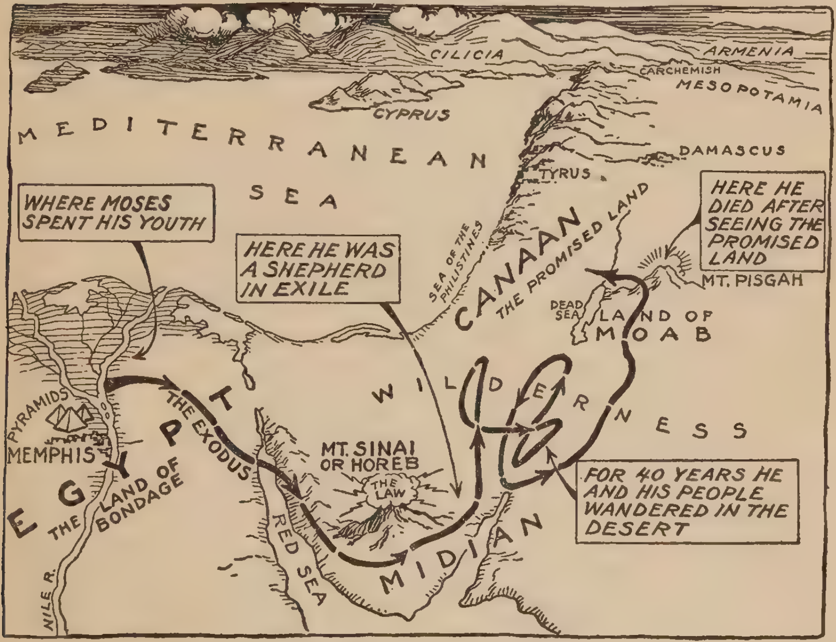
The king's face darkens. "By my gods, which are greater than thine, thou shalt not go! Get thee from me, take heed to thyself! See my face no more! For in that day that thou seest my face thou shalt die!"

Moses looks up at him where he sits on his high throne, looks and does not quaver. "Thou hast spoken well," he says quietly. "I will see thy face again no more!"

That night all the first-born of the Egyptians perish.

Pharaoh, bending over the body of his own dead son, beaten and in despair, understands at last that he has been trying to defeat a Power greater than any earthly will. "I will submit," he moans. "Let the Israelites go."

Over the desert eastward moves a great company—men and women, children and babes in arms, horses and cattle, goats and sheep, a host passing over the rolling sand toward that land of Canaan flowing with milk and honey which the Lord God has promised them. Moses is in the lead with Aaron, the faithful, at his side. "And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way"—so the story goes—"and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light. He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people."


CILICIA
ARMENIA
CARCHEMISH
MESOPOTAMIA
CYPRUS
MEDITERRANEAN
SEA
DAMASCUS
TYRUS
WHERE MOSES SPENT HIS YOUTH
HERE HE WAS A SHEPHERD IN EXILE
SEA OF THE PHILISTINES
CANAAN
THE PROMISED LAND
HERE HE DIED AFTER SEEING THE PROMISED LAND
MT. PISGAH
DEAD SEA
LAND OF MOAB
WILDERNESS
PYRAMIDS
MEMPHIS
EGYPT
THE LAND OF BONDAGE
THE EXODUS
MT. SINAI OR HOREB
THE LAW
RED SEA
MIDIAN
FOR 40 YEARS HE AND HIS PEOPLE WANDERED IN THE DESERT
NILE R.

The route showing the wanderings of the Children of Israel from Egypt to the Promised Land

But in Pharaoh's heart anger follows despair when he finds that the Israelites have actually gone, and he sets out after them with all the horsemen and chariots of Egypt.

From a hilltop the fleeing host of Israel catches the sharp gleam of spears, and in panic they turn on Moses. "It had been better for us to serve the Egyptians than to die here in the wilderness!"

If Moses feels any temptation to rebuke the Israelites for their ingratitude, he does not yield to it. Rather, he speaks to them as a father might speak to his frightened children. "Fear ye not," he says. "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

"Stand still?" they cry angrily.

"Stand still," he answers. "For the Egyptians whom ye have seen today ye shall see them again no more forever."

There is such assurance, such courage in his voice that the fear in their hearts grows still. "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall have your peace."

For a while they stand, then with new confidence they take up their flight. Over the desert eastward follow the Egyptians. The chariot wheels sink in the sands, the horses tug; the charioteers crack their long whips.

"The sea! The sea!" The hosts of Israel halt and fall into confusion. At their feet lies the Red Sea, a broad and merciless barrier. On all sides are lamentations. But Moses does not lament. He lifts his heart in prayer, and as though from afar off he hears the voice of the Most High in his heart, "Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward!"

Forward? Into the sea? How can he tell them to go forward? The sea is deep and terrible; disaster is in the sea. But the Voice says, *Forward!*—the Voice which is the Lord God Almighty, the Voice of the Burning Bush.

The Voice has kept faith thus far. Shall Moses doubt now? But the sea at his feet! The Voice is from one unseen, unreal; but the sea is as real and as cruel as the desert sun beating upon his head. No, no! "Courage, oh, my soul! It is the sea that is nothing. It is the Voice alone which has power!"

About him rise the rebellious wails of his people. "Lost, lost! Slain by the Egyptians or slain by the sea!" Once more they turn upon Moses. "Impostor! To pretend that thou wert from God!"

But Moses raises his head and cries, "Forward!" And because there is a light in his face which is brighter than the light of the sun, they grow silent. They look at each other, and then they look again at him and turn their faces toward the sea and move slowly forward, scarcely knowing why. Afar they hear the rumbling of many chariots. From a ridge they see the flashing of many spears. A wind arises and blows the sand in their faces. They cover their eyes, and go forward.

The wind grows in violence, the sand cuts like knives. But the sea! What is it that gleams like the path of the risen sun across the sea? The wind has divided the waters; the wind has driven the waters back! And now there is not one sea, there are two—and a clear path between!

Now Moses and his hosts are on the shore, and now they are on the path between the waters. "Forward!" There are no murmurings now. There are shouts of joy, hosannas, hymns of gladness, chants of thanksgiving. Forward! "And the waters"—so runs the story—"were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left."

The Egyptians reach the shore—all the chariots of Egypt and all the horsemen—and plunge forward upon the path between the waters. But suddenly when they are in the midst of the sea the wind changes. On their right hand and on their left, the waters churn, the waters rise. The horses snort and rear, the charioteers cry out and turn the frightened steeds. Wheels lock in wheels. Harness tangles in harness. Horses fall, chariots overturn. The seas rise. Shouts, shrieks, squealing of horses, shouting of orders—confusion, confusion, pandemonium—the waters rise and cover the Egyptians.

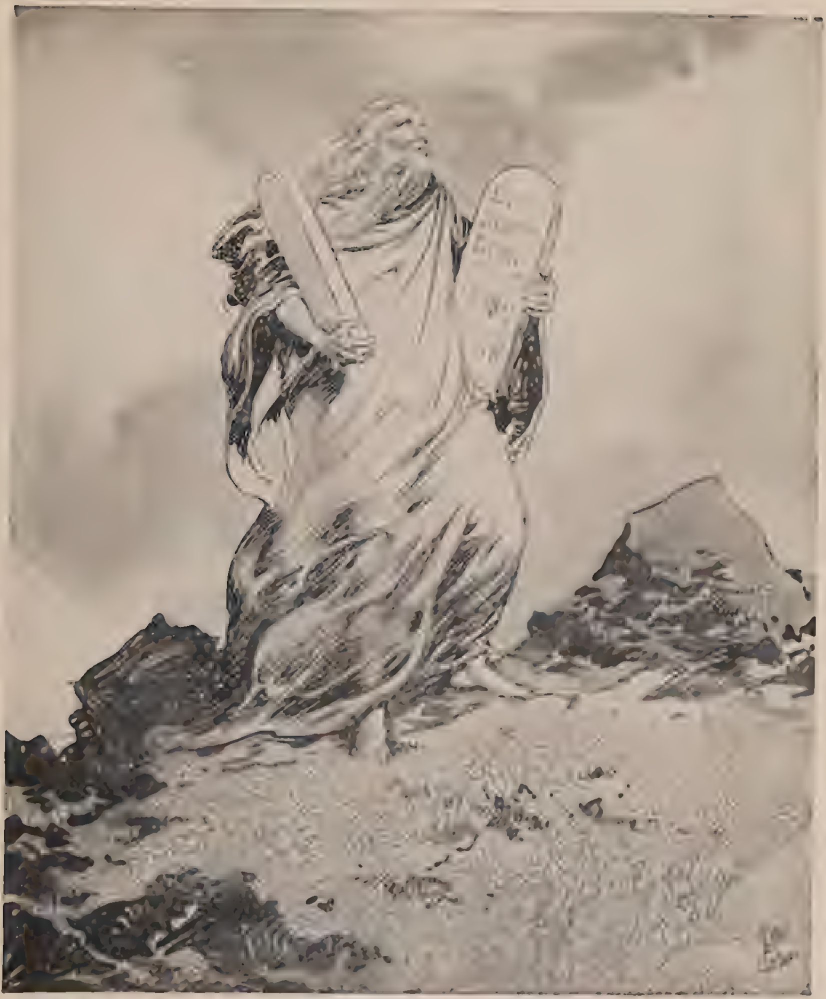
And thus runs the story: "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord:

> I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
> Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea: his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red sea.
> The depths have covered them: they sank into the bottom as a stone.
> Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power.
> With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap.
> The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil;
> Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them: they sank as lead in the mighty waters.
> Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?
> Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people which thou hast redeemed: thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation.

And Miriam, the prophetess, sister of Moses, takes a timbrel in her hand and all the women go out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam sings, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. . . ."

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward!"

The work of Moses is not done. Only a part of it, the lesser part, the easier part, is done. The enemy without is conquered, the enemy which comes with chariots and horses, with swords, with spears, with scythe blades at the chariot wheels. That enemy, by the grace of—what? of chance? or the Lord God?—is overwhelmed. But the other enemy? What of the enemy within—ingratitude, sloth, dulness of vision, love of ease, gluttony, cowardice, faithlessness, self-will? Has it been hard to lead the children of Israel out of the clutches of Pharaoh? It will be harder far to lead them out of the clutches of their own weak or evil desires.



With the tablets in his arms. Moses returns to the Children of Israel

The host moves forward across the desert. They have no food. Again the children of Israel cry out against Moses. But miraculously clouds of quail come at dusk, and at dawn the ground is covered with tiny flakes white as coriander seed and tasting like wafers made with honey. For a day they are grateful and move forward; but they run out of water and again they turn against their leader with sharp cries. "Give us water that we may drink."

"I have no water to give you," says Moses unhappily.

"Wherefore hast thou brought us up out of Egypt only to kill us and our children with thirst?"

A man picks up a stone; then a dozen are picking up stones. Moses moves past them, and there is something in his face that makes them drop again what they held in their hands. But the Voice of the Lord comes to Moses and he strikes a great rock with his staff. A stream of water gushes forth. The people drink, awe-struck, humbled for once, saying to themselves, "God is great and God is near, and surely the wish of our hearts is to serve him."

Now it seems for a time that the enemy within is subdued as the Egyptians were subdued. A high fervor takes possession of the people; a deep desire to do right each by the other and to serve not their own desires but a Power wiser and surer than any human will. Moses believes that now at last these children of his have learned enough by bitter experience to stand by themselves and to govern themselves under law. He is confident that the time has come for him to interpret for his people the Voice that he has heard, and to bring to earth in the form of laws what he has learned of the divine will.

Leaving his people in a mood hushed and reverent, he goes up alone on Mount Sinai.

There, for forty days and forty nights, he remains, struggling to understand, struggling to put into words the laws and the precepts that the Voice whispers to his heart. A cloud is over the mountains and out of the cloud come flashes of lightning and rumbling thunders. But with head unbent he stares into the darkness, seeking day and night the face of Truth.

It appears to him at last in words that are like living fire in his heart:

> I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
> Thou shall not make unto thee any graven image. . . .
> Thou shall not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. . . .
> Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.
> Honor thy father and thy mother.
> Thou shalt not kill.
> Thou shalt not commit adultery.
> Thou shalt not steal.
> Thou shall not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
> Thou shall not covet thy neighbor's house . . . nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

On two great tablets of stone he inscribes the Law.

With the tablets in his arms, he returns to the children of Israel. But what does he find? The holy mood has passed. The people have forgotten their noble impulses, forgotten the leader who brought them out of Egypt, forgotten the Voice that was their guide. Even Aaron, his brother, even Miriam, his sister, have forsaken him. Aaron has melted the jewelry of the women and fashioned a golden calf.

"This is our god!"

Moses flings the tablets on the ground so that they shatter into bits, breaks up the golden idol, grinds it to powder, thundering his anger on his wayward people. But he is at heart as tender as he is brave, and when his anger has passed, he is on his knees, pleading with the Most High to forgive these children their sins.

And once more Moses bids the host move forward. But at the borders of the land of the Anakim, the Israelites falter once more. "The men of the Anakim are powerful, their cities tower to heaven."

Moses pleads with his fear-ridden host. The Lord has been with them in the past; can they not trust that he will be with them now? Too late they repent. The enemy has had time to get ready. The Israelites are defeated. Almost within sight of the Promised Land they are forced to turn back.

"Courage, courage, oh, my soul!"

For forty years the children of Israel wander in the wilderness. One after the other those who came out of Egypt die. They have been weak and full of fear, ungrateful, self-willed; they are not worthy of the great reward. Aaron and Miriam die. But Moses survives, teaching, adjuring, purifying the hearts of his people, making them ready. His people may falter, may fear; he does not falter, he does not fear or turn aside.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

It is his last word to the children of Israel. He climbs up the slopes of Mount Pisgah and sees the Promised Land spread out at his feet. But the Israelites in the valley, awaiting his return, wait in vain.

"So Moses, the servant of the Lord"—so runs the story—"died there in the land of Moab, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre."

HANNIBAL

THE Mediterranean is not big enough for both Rome and Carthage; the known world, stretching from the Pillars of Hercules eastward to Persia, with India and Cathay somewhere dimly beyond, is not big enough for these two young, energetic, money-loving peoples. In Rome and in Carthage alike, men—arguing in the market place and on the senate steps—have been saying that for decades, even before the common fear of Pyrrhus the Greek drove the two nations into alliance for a few years. Rome is the great power on land, Carthage the great power on the water. One or the other will rule the Mediterranean and the peoples on its shores; which is it to be?

The Romans are more farseeing than the Carthaginians, more calculating. They see the issue more clearly; and get themselves ready for an opportunity to strike. The only way really to harm Carthage is to strike her on the sea; so Rome takes to building a navy—*triremes*—three-deckers—*quinqueremes*, with five tiers of oarsmen. (Oh, it is bitter business for the slaves and captives chained at the oars below!) A king in Sicily (a kind of protectorate of Carthage) calls for help to put down the pirates infesting his coast. That is in 264 B.C. Carthage, which, through her naval power has become in a sense a policeman of the seas, goes to his aid.

Instantly, Rome, seeing her opportunity, takes the side of the pirates. The Sicilian king, who got the Carthaginians into the mess in the first place, goes over to the Romans, and the first war between Rome and Carthage is on. It lasts for over twenty years. One Roman fleet after another is destroyed in battle or by storms, until the Roman senate decides that naval warfare is too expensive and uncertain and gives up building fleets. On land, the fortunes of war go now this way, now that. But at last the Carthaginians are defeated; and a new Roman fleet, built by private subscription, beats Carthage also on the sea. It is not in the Roman heart to be generous in victory. Carthage loses all Sicily and has to pay a great indemnity besides.

There is a boy in Carthage, named Hannibal, who is five years old in the year of the great disaster. His father is Hamilcar Barca, Hamilcar the Lightning, who for years has stood off the Romans in Sicily and harried the Italian coast with privateers. He is a notable general and an earnest (though narrow) patriot. It does not occur to him that wise counsels might remove the jealousies that divide the two nations and bring peace and prosperity to both. He is a soldier; he thinks in terms of force. In his house there are no lamentations for past glories, only fierce hatred of Rome and words of high resolve concerning the glories that shall be.

Love of Carthage, hatred of Rome, are the boy Hannibal's meat and drink. When he is only nine years old, his father leads him into the great temple and makes him swear eternal hatred to Rome. Then, lest the luxury of Carthage corrupt him, he takes him with him on his campaign of conquest in Spain.

To Hamilcar the Lightning, a period of peace with Rome is only a period of preparation for another war. He marches northward fortifying the towns he captures, turns the traders into soldiers, sends for heavy-armed African troops from Libya and light-horsemen from Numidia. He makes friends with the tribes about him, and at last rules—wisely (say some), cruelly (say others)—from Gibraltar north to the river Ebro. When he dies in battle against one of the Spanish tribes, even his Roman enemies say of him, "No king was equal to Hamilcar Barca."

Hannibal is eighteen now, a cavalry leader under his brother-in-law Hasdrubal. Three years later Hasdrubal is assassinated, and Hannibal becomes commander of the Carthaginian forces. Events have not served to lessen the hatred of Rome which his father has taught him. The Romans have seized Corsica and Sardinia, two great islands which Carthage claims. They have raised the indemnity by one third; they have commanded that Carthaginian armies in Spain must not move north of the river Ebro.

For seven years more, Hannibal prepares. Then, when the Romans are weakened by a struggle with the Gallic tribes of northern Italy, he makes up his mind that his time has come, and strikes. He besieges a Spanish city allied with Rome, and after eight months captures it and destroys it. That is in 218 B.C. The second war between Rome and Carthage is on.

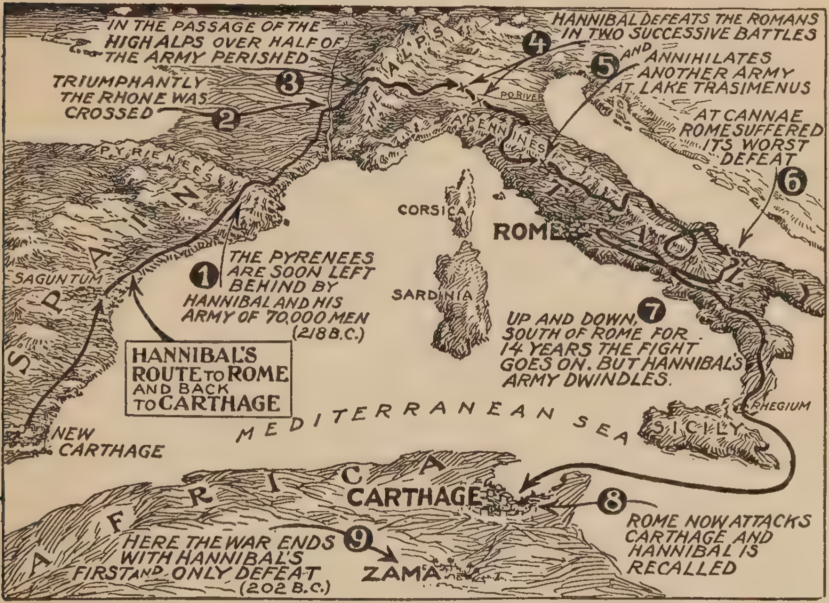
Rome is not worried. Carthage is far away and Hamilcar the Lightning is in his grave. In leisurely fashion a fleet is got ready, and an army is assembled. One portion goes to Sicily, another to northern Italy; a third prepares to sail for Spain. There is no telegraph, no telephone, no radio, to carry the news that Hamilcar's son may have disturbing plans of his own.

He is, in fact, fighting his way northward through Catalonia. He leaves a part of his army to protect his line of communications with Carthage, and with some fifty or sixty thousand infantry, twelve thousand cavalry, and thirty-seven elephants, crosses the Pyrenees near the sea and marches swiftly forward over the great Roman road along the Mediterranean.

The Roman general, an elderly gentleman named Scipio, very firm in his knowledge of what can and what cannot be done with armies, hears rumors of Hannibal's advance and pooh-poohs them. How could Hannibal have crossed the Pyrenees and he, Scipio, not know it? But the rumors become definite. Hannibal is at Nimes. Hannibal is approaching the river Rhone.

"What if he is," says Scipio. "The Rhone is in flood. Hannibal can never in the world get across it."

Can't he, though? Old Scipio does not know young Hannibal yet. Hannibal has been preparing for years for that crossing of the Rhone. He has made friends in advance with some of the Gallic tribes along the Mediterranean who have no cause to love the Romans; and they receive him with open arms. As for those tribes that are hostile, "Well," says Hannibal, "what is a man's brain for?"


IN THE PASSAGE OF THE HIGH ALPS OVER HALF OF THE ARMY PERISHED
③
TRIUMPHANTLY THE RHONE WAS CROSSED
②
ALPS
HANNIBAL DEFEATS THE ROMANS IN TWO SUCCESSIVE BATTLES
④
AND ANNIHILATES ANOTHER ARMY AT LAKE TRASIMENUS
⑤
PO RIVER
APENNINES
AT CANNAE ROME SUFFERED ITS WORST DEFEAT
⑥
PYRENEES
SPAIN
CORSICA
ROME
ITALY
① THE PYRENEES ARE SOON LEFT BEHIND BY HANNIBAL AND HIS ARMY OF 70,000 MEN (218 B.C.)
SAGUNTUM
SARDINIA
UP AND DOWN, ⑦ SOUTH OF ROME FOR 14 YEARS THE FIGHT GOES ON. BUT HANNIBAL'S ARMY DWINDLES.
HANNIBAL'S ROUTE TO ROME AND BACK TO CARTHAGE
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
RHEGIUM
SICILY
NEW CARTHAGE
AFRICA
CARTHAGE
⑧
ROME NOW ATTACKS CARTHAGE AND HANNIBAL IS RECALLED
HERE THE WAR ENDS WITH HANNIBAL'S FIRST AND ONLY DEFEAT (202 B.C.)
⑨
ZAMA

After years of preparation Hannibal fought his way from Carthage to Rome

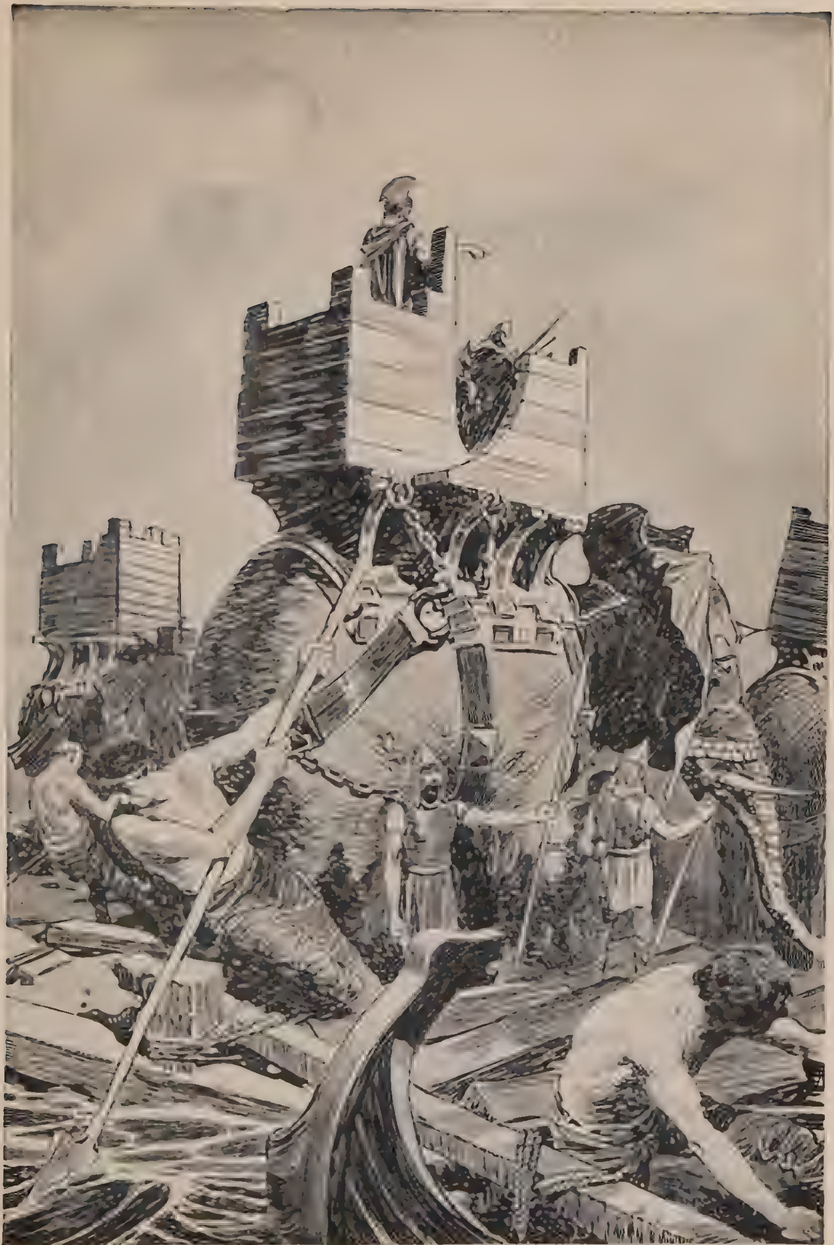
But it appears that the hostile tribes are waiting for him exactly at the point where he is planning to cross the river. Hannibal puts on his thinking cap, and a most capable thinking cap it is. Thereupon, instead of seizing by force the boats and canoes of the natives, as conquerors have a way of doing, he buys them at their full value. This is enough to persuade the friendly Gauls that Hannibal is a most unusual and attractive person. They not only sell him all they have, but they help him fell trees and make great numbers of one-man dugouts, and offer him guides.

The third night after the Carthaginians reach the river, Hannibal sends Hanno, one of his most trusted generals, with a body of his best troops up the river to a crossing his friendly Gauls have told him of, which is out of sight and earshot of the hostile barbarians on the farther side of the river. They make rafts and cross the stream. But they do not proceed at once on the execution of the little plan which young Hannibal has devised. They lie down instead, and take a nap. That is a part of Hannibal's military science, that soldiers must have plenty of rest and go into battle fresh in body and mind. When they are rested, they send up a smoke signal which means, "All going finely according to plan." They then turn downstream.

Hannibal, seeing the signal, starts his own men forward, embarking them in the boats and canoes, with the horses swimming behind. The barbarians see the jam of boats and horses approaching, and decide instantly that Hannibal is the silliest general they have ever encountered. One calls to another to come and see. Out of the camp they pour and line up on the bank shouting defiance and rolling about with glee. They are so entranced, in fact, at the prospect of this "easy meat," that they never think of looking behind them.

Hanno and his men are on their backs before their laughter has time to chill. Between the two armies there is no hope for them. They run like rabbits; and Hannibal has done what Scipio said he never could do, and has got his army across the Rhone.

But young Hannibal's problem is only half solved. There are the thirty-seven elephants still on the other side, and there is Scipio's army southward ready to intercept



The rafts are cut loose and the elephants are on their way

him. Elephants do not like the water. Hannibal sends one body of men back over the Rhone to cut down trees for rafts, and another—his best horsemen—southward to get in touch with Scipio's outposts and to lure the Roman army toward the Carthaginian camp. The elephant detail builds huge rafts and covers them with turf, so that as they lie in the river, one beyond the other, they look like grassy land. The flying cavalry, meanwhile, has had a brush with Scipio's cavalry and drawn them back far enough to give them a chance to see where the Carthaginian army is comfortably settling itself. On their return, Hannibal starts his infantry, protected by his cavalry, eastward toward the Alps and, staying behind himself, gives the signal for the embarkation of the elephants. The little ruse works perfectly. The elephants do not know that they are on the water until the rafts are cut loose and they are on their way to the farther shore. Hannibal and his circus follow the main body of the army. When Scipio arrives with his forces, three days later, at the camp where the Carthaginians had appeared to be settling down for weeks, the Carthaginians are already at the foot of the Alps.

The old man has been outwitted, but he does not lose his head and start in angry pursuit. He does a very clever thing. Instead of turning his army to the east, he sends it to the west to cut Hannibal's line of communications in Spain. Then, knowing that there is another army waiting for him in northern Italy, he takes ship for Pisa.

It is the pass of the Little Saint Bernard which Hannibal has chosen for his march into Italy. The road through the rocky defiles is scarcely more than a trail along which his wagons lurch and reel dangerously. The time is late October; the weather is bitter cold. His negro troops, in their scanty clothes, suffer intensely. Even the Carthaginians and the Spanish tribesmen Hannibal has enlisted are unprepared for the biting winds sweeping down on them over the glaciers of the higher Alps, and die by tens, by hundreds, by thousands.

There are foes, moreover, besides the cold. The Gallic tribesmen attack them, rolling rocks on the long column struggling upward along the winding trail. Horses are stampeded, wagons are sent rolling down the sharp slopes into the rocky gorges. Hannibal drives off the barbarians, less with force than by his wits. Other tribes come with gifts of sheep and cattle and friendly words, offering guidance; and lead the army into dangerous passes only to attack them treacherously. Hannibal, unable to refuse their gifts, has prepared himself for the treachery, and once more the tribesmen are driven back, and the terrible march proceeds.

And now the army is on the summit of the pass. It is a plateau, lovely in summer, with grassy fields and blue lakes and endless varieties of wild flowers. Now, early in autumn, a blanket of snow is over everything; the lakes are frozen and covered; roundabout are the mountains, cold and hard as iron. The men are half-frozen, disheartened. The toll of that short journey has been terrific. They are no longer the sixty thousand who crossed the Rhone so triumphantly. They are less than half that number, and they are of many different races and tongues, subject peoples many of them, having no reason to love that Carthage for which they are suffering all these privations.

White and black, Iberians from Spain, Gauls from the south of France, Carthaginians, Libyans, Numidians, they have only one thing in common—devotion to this brilliant, magnetic, young leader of theirs. In all ages men have known that there is no happiness so great as the joy of finding a leader worth following, and of following him at all costs. What is privation; what are hunger, thirst, wounds, death, beside that rapture of self-forgetfulness? And this man Hannibal has not only a mighty brain, a prodigious will, an indomitable spirit; but he also has a heart in his body. He gives them rest when he can; he feeds them well (when he can); he moves among them, encouraging them, bracing them up.

"Look, that valley below there is Italy! It leads to the country of our friends the Gauls, like us, enemies of Rome. You are standing on the walls not only of Italy but of Rome. The worst is past; the rest of the way lies downhill. One more battle, or at most two, and Rome is ours."

He is so human in his greatness; what are these soldiers of his to resist him? And how are they to know that he will wander about Italy with his dwindling army for sixteen years, and still not reach the coveted goal?

The downward journey proves even more difficult than the upward climb. Under a fresh fall of snow the narrow trail is perilously slippery. Men and beasts stagger and fall, and roll down the steep slopes. The path narrows and comes to an end in a huge precipice where an avalanche has remade the geography of the region in one long, thunderous sweep. There is no going around the gap, there is no turning back; the trail must be rebuilt. Laboriously, in the icy November weather, the work is done. The horses, the wagons, the men, even at last the elephants are let down it, half famished for lack of food. A few days' marching, and then the thing that the Romans have been saying is impossible has been done, and young Hannibal, with his army and his thirty-seven elephants, is in the plains of Italy.

Rome is in panic. No one in the senate has really believed that Hannibal would ever get through the Alps with anything resembling an army. But he has turned the trick—there is no question of that now—and is resting his starved men and fattening his scraggy animals among his friends in northern Italy. The Roman army, which is in Sicily on its way to Carthage, is hurriedly recalled.

Meanwhile, Scipio with another army in the north prepares to stop the Carthaginians from descending on Rome. Hannibal is more than ready for him and defeats him in two successive battles. The Gauls of the north, too fearful of Rome before to join him, now flock to his standards, sixty thousand in all. Hannibal is almost as good a statesman as he is a soldier. His Roman prisoners he keeps under lock and key, but the prisoners he has made from among the allies of Rome he releases without ransom, sending them home to spread the news that it would be well to join the Carthaginian cause.

He marches his army southward, crosses the Apennines, and is caught for a while in the marshes of the river Arno. But, after a bitter struggle, he brings his army through and sets it down to rest on the hills of Fiesole. He has gone around the end of the Roman army, and he has a clear field to his goal, which is Rome. But he is in no hurry. Rome is of no use to him with a Roman army still at large, and southern Italy not yet joined to his banners.

For Hannibal the battle is only incidentally to the strong. He himself depends as much on his wits as on his soldiers. He has taken the trouble to find out something about the Roman general. He is a man named Flaminius, not a bad soldier, but vain and self-confident, with political troubles at home which require a victory at any cost. Hannibal, unwilling to attack him in the strong position he has chosen, has an idea that a man of the type of Flaminius may be lured out into the open if a proper bait were offered. So Hannibal proceeds southward into the rich regions of central Italy and lays waste the country with fire and sword. Flaminius, seeing a chance for easy glory as the savior of Rome, "bites," and, refusing the advice of his officers who urge that he wait for another Roman army on its way to combine with his, sets off, hot foot, in pursuit of Hannibal.

The crafty young Carthaginian is ready for him. Close to Lake Trasimenus he sets his trap. On a high hill at the end of a narrow defile through the hills running up from the lake, he places his heavy-armed troops in full view of anyone within ten miles. His slingers and archers, however, he conceals behind rocks on the right of the defile, and his cavalry on the left. Flaminius arrives at the lake in the late afternoon, and the next morning, in a thick mist, gives orders for the advance through the pass. When the Roman army is fully in the passage, Hannibal gives the order for the assault. Out of the mist, out of the earth, it seems, the Carthaginians leap to the attack. The Romans are in a basin with the enemy on all sides. They can fight and they can die, and that is all they *can* do; and most of them do it magnificently, following the best Roman tradition. The rout is absolute. Of the thirty thousand Romans engaged, all that are not slaughtered are taken prisoner. Flaminius himself is slain. It is characteristic of Hannibal that he sends searching parties over the battle field to find the body of the Roman general and give it a burial worthy of a brave though foolish soldier.

Rome, hearing the disastrous news, is frightened as never before, but there is a spirit in the Roman people which has a way of showing itself best in the blackest hours. The bridges over the Tiber are burned; new armies are raised. Even the old men and the boys are enlisted and set to defend the walls; and an elderly gentleman named Quintus Fabius is made dictator of Rome.

Fabius is not brilliant but he has a great deal of hard horse sense. He says, in effect, "I am not clever enough to beat this young genius in open battle. None of us are. The only thing we can do is to tire him out. Now what this fellow Hannibal wants above all is to fight and get through. Our game, therefore, is never to fight and never to let him get through. He is so-and-so many thousand miles from home, in a strange country. We are on the home grounds. If we keep our heads, he hasn't a chance."

For a few months Fabius the Delayer, as he comes to be called, has his own way, weakening Hannibal's forces by skirmishes, annoying his rear guard, but always avoiding pitched battles. But the Roman populace wants to see something dramatic happen, and decides that Fabius needs assistance. So a second dictator is appointed. He promptly attacks Hannibal and is as promptly thrashed.

Another general named Varro, who has been preaching that Fabius is all wrong and that the only way to defeat Hannibal is to attack him, is elected one of the two Roman consuls. Sharing the command with a man named Paulus, the new consul takes charge, according to an insane custom, *every other day*.

Hannibal, encamped near the town of Cannae, does everything to provoke the Romans to fight, but Paulus is too sage to take the bait. Varro hates Paulus, and thinks incidentally that Hannibal is an over-rated person anyway.

"Haven't the Romans eighty thousand men to Hannibal's fifty?" asks Varro sharply.

Paulus pleads with him to be cautious, but Varro has the bit in his teeth. The next day that he is in command he orders the army to the attack. Before the fight is over, brave old Paulus is dead; Varro is in ignominious flight, and seventy thousand out of Rome's eighty thousand are either captured or killed. It is the worst defeat that Rome has ever suffered or ever will suffer.

Surely now Hannibal will march on Rome. But he doesn't. He has no siege weapons; he has no supplies. His army is dwindling, in spite of the recruits he can raise from time to time in Italy among the enemies of Rome; and the Roman people are behaving as only the Romans can in a crisis. With all their faults, the Romans have backbone and they love their country.

Hannibal moves southward to Capua. For a year or more he has been sending messengers by sea to Carthage asking for reënforcements, but none have come. Now he sends his younger brother to tell his people what he has done and to beg them to send him the help he needs to bring his victorious campaign to a triumphant end. His brother returns, but he brings no aid. The Carthaginians have their hands full in Spain. The Roman army which crafty old Scipio sent there two years before is pressing them hard, and they see no reason why they should strain themselves to help out Hannibal in his Italian adventure.

They are dollar-crazy people, these Carthaginians, without much regard for anything you cannot buy or sell; loving pleasure and rich dinners; living for the day, caring little for what comes after. They are not like the Romans, proud of their past, proud of their free institutions. Hannibal's unselfish devotion to the interests of Carthage seems to them a little foolish. If he wins, they are for him; if he loses, "it serves him right."

So Hannibal stands alone in Italy, surrounded by enemies, deserted by his own people. Against him is not a single leader but the Roman senate, representing every man, woman, and child in Rome. The war is a war between a man and a nation.

And for fourteen years more, five hundred miles by sea, thousands of miles by land from his country which has forgotten him, Hannibal holds the whole Roman nation at bay. Up and down the length and breadth of Italy, the fight goes on. But the tide has turned. Hannibal is on the defensive. The Romans cannot defeat him, but neither can he annihilate them. His nerve never fails him, his courage is unfaltering; but it is a losing fight.

At last, the Romans get tired of old Fabius the Delayer, who is still delaying, and place old Scipio's son, a brilliant young man of twenty-six who has been winning victories in Spain, in command of an army with orders to attack Carthage itself. Fabius sees to it that young Scipio has not nearly enough men to fight with, but the young general has something which Fabius never had, which is dash, and he defeats the Carthaginians in one engagement after another.

The Carthaginians send a frantic call for help to the man they have deserted and betrayed, and, loyal to his country as always, he leaves his army and crosses the Mediterranean. But the army Hannibal is given to command is not what his old armies have been; and the elephants are untrained and do more harm than good. In the battle of Zama, outside Carthage, he is defeated by Scipio, and his army is scattered. The terms of peace are bitter. Among Rome's demands on Carthage is the surrender of Hannibal. The Carthaginians, never loyal to their great captain, are ready to agree, but Hannibal saves them from that crowning shame by escaping in the night.

And so his great adventure ends. He lives for twenty years more, but they are dismal years of frantic searching for opportunity once more to strike at the Roman power which, sooner or later, he is convinced will destroy Carthage if it is not itself destroyed. He goes from court to court among the little kings of Greece and Asia Minor, at last seeking nothing but refuge and shelter for his declining years. But Rome is at his heels wherever he goes. From city to city, from island to island, he flees. The terror he once inspired is still remembered. Men are still saying, "Italy will never be without war while Hannibal lives." Rome has, for the time being, forgotten all about Carthage, but Hannibal she cannot forget. It is still the same story—a man against a nation.

The nation wins, but it is an empty triumph. A Roman enemy finds him; Roman soldiers surround his house. "Let me release the Romans from their anxiety," he says, "since they cannot wait for the death of one old man." Then, out of the ring he has for years kept ready for this moment, he drinks the poison.

Rome breathes freely once more; but Carthage is too hot on the trail of her dollars even to grieve. And when, a generation later, in her last great struggle with Rome she thinks of him again, it is too late. Once more Roman soldiers enter Carthage, but this time when they leave it, they leave nothing but a barren desolation. The city is burned, the streets are plowed up, the waterworks are destroyed. Rome lives on, century after century, through good and evil fortune. But the city which dreamed only of dollars is a place where hyenas prowl.

SAUL OF TARSUS

THERE he is, this Saul of Tarsus, if you want to see him—that man, not over-tall, with slightly crooked legs, standing near the city wall, a little apart from the mob. Not handsome; no; in spite of the proud lips, the close-cropped, curly hair, the deep gray eyes. He is the one responsible for what we are witnessing, they say; an earnest, terrible man, the hound of the Sanhedrin, going from house to house hunting out the followers of the Nazarene to drive them out of Jerusalem or kill them.

The execution of Stephen is a new triumph, and so far his greatest. He has let Peter and James and the other Apostles alone, but Stephen's saintly spirit has angered him and, perhaps, frightened him too much. So he has dragged Stephen before the Sanhedrin, and the cold masters of the Jewish law have condemned him to be stoned. See, it is at Saul's feet that the Jews are laying aside their cloaks as they get ready to do the evil deed. It is as though Saul were their god and they were giving him an offering to soothe his anger. A stern, hard face! See, Stephen is looking at him, but there is no pity in Saul's eyes, no softness. How the mob howls!

"Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!" That was Stephen's voice, clear and steady to the end.

Look! Saul's face never changes expression; it is as though he has not heard. He is turning back into the city. I hope he sleeps well tonight. . . .

No, he does not sleep well, this young man of Tarsus, though he is successful, known and feared by everyone in Jerusalem, admired and made use of by those same rabbis of the Temple who have managed, in spite of the Roman governor, to put Jesus the Nazarene out of the way three or four years before. In the Temple everybody bows to him, flatters him, speaks of him as a rising young man; but his soul is restless and troubled. He is a Pharisee, devoted to the Mosaic Law, trying to live up to its every precept, from the greatest to the least. But he is finding no satisfaction, no peace; no man *can* obey all the Law, not the saintliest of men. And what is living, if it is nothing more than the observance of ten thousand little rules of how to eat this, how to wear that? What is righteousness if it is nothing more than ten thousand little ceremonies? What is it the Nazarenes have that gives them such a look of peace as Peter has in his eyes, or James, or John; or such as Stephen carried with him to his death?

Enemies of the Law, all of them! Jesus? An impostor, a clever demagogue! But their religion has an appeal to the common people. It will spread if it is not stamped out now in its infancy; spread, and become a rival of Judaism and the Law. The Sanhedrin has been too tolerant. He, Saul, alone recognizes the power and the danger of this new faith, spread abroad by fishermen and publicans and tax gatherers. He will fight it, he, Saul of Tarsus, will defeat it.

He redoubles his efforts. He plays havoc with the Church; he ravages it as a conquering army ravages a city. The Nazarenes are panic-stricken. Saul is like a fierce fire at their backs. He hates them; he scorns them.

"They are absurd, these followers of the carpenter of Galilee," Saul says to himself, "absurd and ignorant and stubborn. And yet, and yet. . . ." They have peace in their eyes, peace and joy; in suffering, in torture, even in death; peace, and a sense of triumph. . . .

Saul asks the High Priest for permission to carry the war against the Nazarenes into Damascus, where he has heard that the new sect is flourishing. The High Priest readily consents. He is rather glad to get rid of this uncomfortably zealous young man. Saul makes the long journey with a caravan, escorted by Roman soldiers. It is a hundred fifty miles, through the hilly country west of the Jordan to the Sea of Galilee—so rich in memories of that Jesus whose followers he is about to destroy. The road turns northwestward across brown and stony wastes toward Damascus; a journey of fierce sunlight and crushing heat and sandstorms, and parching thirst and bitter meditation. Hate has sent him out upon it; hate drives him forward; hate confused by sudden flashes of wild longing. Exhausted by the hardships of the journey, exhausted even more by the confusion in his own heart, Saul draws near to his goal.

Suddenly the gray hills, the blazing sand, the pitiless, cloudless sky, burst open before him. He falls to the ground, conscious of an overpowering radiance—outside him or within. A face that he has pursued and that, in turn, has pursued him, shines upon him, and a Voice "that is softer than silence" cries, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

"Who art thou, Lord?"

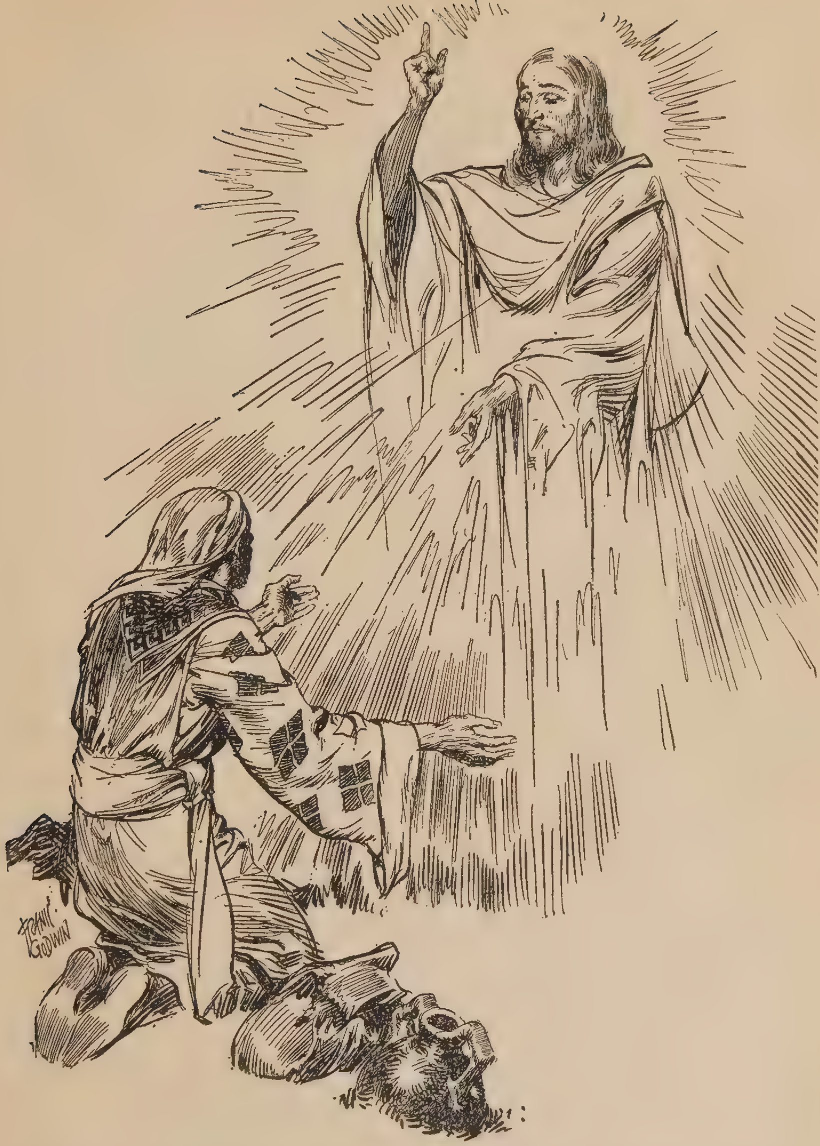
"I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. It is hard for thee to kick against the goads."

Saul is bewildered, trembling, breathless; drowned in the great radiance. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

"Arise," is the answer. "Go into the city. It shall be told thee what thou must do."

His fellow travelers are astonished. He is talking, but not with them. They think the heat has driven him mad. When he lifts his head he is blind. His companions lead him by the hand into the city.

After three days a Nazarene, finding him blind and helpless in a house in the Street called Straight, in the name of Christ gives him back his sight. Saul is baptized. Bewildered, he meets the Nazarenes of Damascus. Bewildered, with suspicious minds and none too friendly eyes, they greet as a convert the man who has come to destroy them. He knows what they are thinking about him. He


FRANK GODWIN

Saul falls to the ground, conscious of an overpowering radiance cannot find it in himself to blame them; so he leaves them. For three years neither Damascus nor Jerusalem sees or hears of Saul of Tarsus.

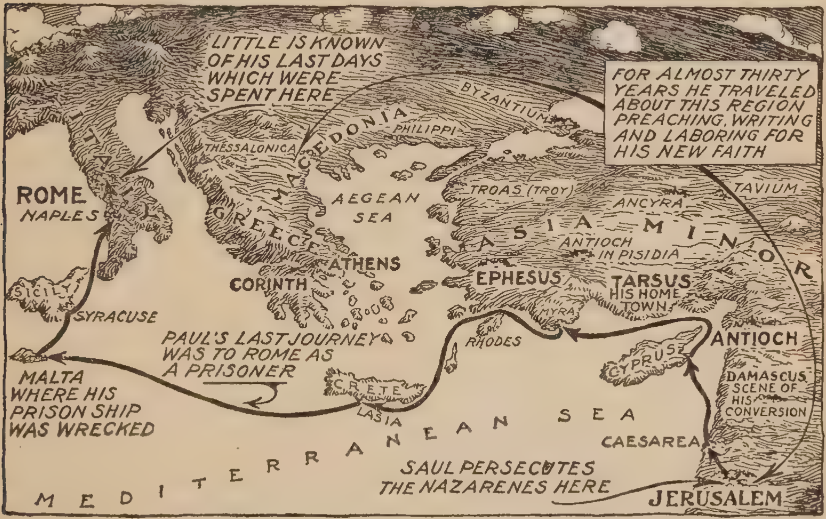
He is in the wilderness of Arabia, trying to think his way through the experience of his conversion, trying to determine what direction his new life shall take. When at last he has found himself, when at last he knows clearly where he stands and what he intends henceforth to do, it is characteristic of his courage and high spirit that he should go first to that city, Damascus, to which he had first come as a scourge of the saints. He preaches boldly in the synagogue of the risen Christ. The Nazarenes are astonished but only half convinced, remembering what Saul has done to the brethren in Jerusalem.

The Jews, on their part, are hotly indignant. Saul hears of a plot to murder him, and is urged by his new friends to escape. It is almost too late; the city gates, even the ramparts, are watched by the conspirators. But one of the Nazarenes takes him to a house built on the wall and from a window lowers him to the ground in a basket.

Where now shall he go? Where else but to the point of highest inspiration, the place of sharpest danger, the city where the Nazarenes hate him almost as much as the Jews? Without wavering, he turns to Jerusalem to meet the Apostles. They greet him coldly, with bitter, hostile glances. Even Peter the large-hearted, and James, the noble and revered, keep him at arm's length. It is a stalwart brother from Cyprus, named Barnabas, whom Saul has met in Damascus, who effects the reconciliation. He tells the story of the light on the Damascus road and of Saul's complete change of heart, tested by three years of meditation in the wilderness. The brethren thaw out little by little, Peter first of all. He takes Saul to his own house.

But the hatred of the Jews pursues Saul as his own hatred once pursued these Nazarenes who are now his companions in the faith. A new plot to murder Saul is uncovered and once more he is forced to flee by night. His friends take him to Caesarea on the coast where he finds a ship to carry him to Tarsus.

Tarsus is his home, if after his years in Jerusalem and in the wilderness he can be said to have any home. It is a city which is Greek in culture for all that it is situated in the heart of Asia Minor and has a Roman governor. The level green plain surrounding it, the snow-capped mountains close by, the flashing river Cydnus, the vineyards, the olive groves, are, for the years that follow, the background of his life. But he barely sees them. Jesus of Nazareth possesses him.


LITTLE IS KNOWN OF HIS LAST DAYS WHICH WERE SPENT HERE
FOR ALMOST THIRTY YEARS HE TRAVELED ABOUT THIS REGION PREACHING, WRITING AND LABORING FOR HIS NEW FAITH
BYZANTIUM
MACEDONIA
PHILIPPI
THESSALONICA
ITALY
ROME
NAPLES
AEGEAN SEA
GREECE
ATHENS
CORINTH
TROAS (TROY)
TAVIUM
ANCYRA
ASIA MINOR
ANTIOCH IN PISIDIA
EPHESUS
TARSUS HIS HOME TOWN
MYRA
SICILY
SYRACUSE
PAUL'S LAST JOURNEY WAS TO ROME AS A PRISONER
RHODES
ANTIOCH
CYPRUS
DAMASCUS SCENE OF HIS CONVERSION
MALTA WHERE HIS PRISON SHIP WAS WRECKED
CRETE
LASIA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
CAESAREA
SAUL PERSECUTES THE NAZARENES HERE
JERUSALEM

From city to city Saul of Tarsus journeyed through Asia Minor, Greece, and Macedonia

It is to Tarsus that his friend Barnabas, great in body and in heart, comes to draw him out of his retirement into the active work of the new faith. Barnabas has been organizing a church in Antioch and needs Saul's brilliant mind to supplement his own enthusiasm and energy. For a year they labor there. Then, in response to a clear call to spread the Gospel among the outlying colonies of Jews, they set out together for Cyprus.

Barnabas knows Cyprus from end to end—it is his birthplace. They preach to the Jews working in the copper mines, but the miners are brutal and fierce and have no ears for the message of the two Apostles. The Roman governor of the island, however, is interested. He has a mind to strange doctrines and keeps a noted magician named Bar-Jesus near him to thrill him with the dark wizardry of Egypt. It is a struggle between Saul and the sorcerer for the governor's soul.

The sorcerer has all the age-old devices of black magic at his command; but in sudden anger Saul turns upon him. "Thou child of the devil and of all unrighteousness, wilt thou not cease to work thy evil ways? Behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season."

Instantly darkness covers the magician's sight. He gropes about seeking someone to lead him by the hand. The governor, breathless, amazed, becomes a convert.

And now, Saul (called Paul after the Cyprian journey) is on the mainland again, making his way with Barnabas through the mountain fastnesses of Pamphylia to another Antioch, in the province of Pisidia. He is the head of the mission now, not Barnabas. His personal power and understanding have won him his place, and Barnabas, too large-hearted for jealousy, is the first to recognize it.

They are successful at first in Pisidian Antioch. Many of the Jews are won over. But a small number, who are opposed, are powerful enough to rouse the whole congregation against them. It has been the same everywhere. The Jews to whom he is offering hope and a larger life do not want the gift he offers. Very good. He has long come to the realization that the gospel Jesus came to preach is something far greater than the old Hebrew dream of a chosen people, led by God, and ruling the rest of mankind.

Boldly, indignantly, he cries out to the riotous congregation in the synagogue, "It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you; but, seeing you put it from you, lo, we turn to the Gentiles!"

Once more they are on their way, stopping here a day, there a month, pursued always by the hatred of the Jews. At one village, Paul escapes assassination only by flight; in another, he misses death by a hair. He has, with a swift word of command, healed a cripple, and the ignorant barbarians have acclaimed him and his companion as gods. Indignantly, Paul and his friend repel their worship. The people cannot understand, and when Jews come from Antioch and stir up feeling against the missionaries, the rabble goes to the opposite extreme, sets on Paul with stones, drags him outside the walls, and leaves him for dead. But he is not dead. His frail body, which is always a burden to him, is somehow tough. The next day he is on the road once more with Barnabas, and a few weeks later is back again among the very people who have tried to murder him. He might have gone back to Antioch by a short and direct route; but he chooses the long, arduous and dangerous way around because he imagines that the new converts may want a word of encouragement.

He reaches Antioch, broken in body by the afflictions he has endured, and depressed in spirit by the untiring hatred of the Jews and the constant menace of death. But he has no time for rest or recuperation. At Antioch there is trouble in the air. Some of the Nazarene preachers are teaching that in order to be a follower of Christ, you must first be a good Jew, keeping the old Hebrew law. Paul's convictions on that matter have become firm as steel; Jesus the Christ belongs to all the races of men.

He goes to Jerusalem. Some of the Apostles want every Gentile to become a Jew before he can become a

Christian, and to pledge himself to follow every little regulation of Hebrew law. Peter, generous of heart, speaks eloquently against the idea of putting an unnecessary burden on the followers of Christ, and Paul and Barnabas tell how feebly the Jews respond to the gospel, how eagerly the Gentiles. The brethren at Jerusalem (who do not love Paul very much) are thrilled in spite of themselves, and officially appoint him Apostle to the Gentiles.

So he sets forth once more, not with Barnabas this time, but with a new friend, Silas. He is a sick man. The exertions of his first journey have left lasting marks on him. His eyes bother him. But his heart is set on his mission, and nothing else counts. He has found a wonderful boy named Timothy to go along as his secretary, and at Troas, on the site of Homer's Troy, a young physician named Luke attaches himself to their party. So there are four of them now, and what Paul suffers, these young devoted friends suffer with him. At Philippi Paul heals a crazy girl who has a kind of second sight and has been earning money for her masters as a fortune teller. Indignantly, the men who have been profiting from her madness excite the mob against Paul and have him stripped, beaten, and cast into prison. At Athens he suffers something worse than persecution, which is indifference. The intellectual Athenians think they know all there is to know and even his magnificent sermon on Mars Hill makes no impression.

But elsewhere the story is different. Men and women welcome him, listen to him, fall under the spell of his burning sincerity, and believe. From city to city he travels, devoted and untiring, toiling on foot over the rough and dangerous roads, across wild watercourses and swollen rivers, in constant danger of brigands, of vindictive Jews, of ignorant Gentiles, of false brethren of his own faith.

He is shipwrecked again and again; abused, imprisoned, beaten, scourged, stoned. He is a spindly, round-shouldered, hook-nosed little Jew, with no body at all as bodies go, but with a spirit which carries his weak frame through cold, weary twilights, and thirsty, famine-stricken dawns, not for a few days or a few weeks, but month after month and year after year. And where he goes he pays his own way, refusing charity always, afraid of nobody, a soldier of his Lord. Christian communities are born wherever he goes. He is like the god in whose footsteps flowers spring up. Throughout the wilderness of a corrupt and ignorant and savage land, he plants his fragrant gardens.

And if he brings the light of mercy and gentleness to hard and brutal peoples, it is because that light has first made him merciful and warm. The fierce, vindictive persecutor of the Nazarenes has not overnight become the man who has written of love as no other man, not even David, has ever written. Only gradually, through suffering and bitterness, that fierce, tempestuous nature has been subdued and made human. Even his brilliant intellect subjects itself at last to his magnificent spirit. He loves, with a rare greatness of love which embraces whole communities and yet never loses the gift of caring for the individual.

During these years of incessant labor and journeying through Asia Minor and Greece and Macedonia, broken only by an occasional period of residence for a few months or a year at Corinth or Ephesus or Antioch, Paul, the lonely wanderer, has in effect become the head of the new Christian sect. It is he who determines that the new religion is to be not for the Jews only but for all. It is he who organizes the strongest of the churches and, through the letters which he writes them, establishes them in the faith. Peter and James and John are saints, but they have not Paul's powerful mind and clear, practical sense.

It is perhaps because he feels that his hand is needed at the headquarters in Jerusalem that Paul, against the advice and tearful pleadings of his friends, goes back there, in A.D. 60. He is told that chains await him, possibly death; but the prospect does not terrify him. With eyes open, ready to accept what may come, he goes to that one city in the world where he is most vindictively hated and feared.

Within a week, his enemies have spotted him and begun to stir up the populace against him. He is seized in the Temple and beaten. "Away with him!" The tumult spreads from the Temple into the whole city. Roman soldiers, despatched to put down the riot, rescue him from the mob, bind his hands with chains and are about to lead him to prison when he turns to the captain of the guard and asks permission to speak to the mob. The captain, who had taken him for an Egyptian agitator, is impressed and agrees. He steps out on the stairs of the Temple and lifts his hand. There is power in that gesture, power in those gray eyes under the heavy eyebrows. The tumult subsides; there is a great silence.

He speaks. He tells them of his days as a persecutor of the Nazarenes; of that sinister mission to Damascus to bring the believers "bound unto Jerusalem, for to be punished"; of his conversion; of the warning vision he has had to stay away from Jerusalem; and of his defiance. They listen, caught by the spell of his sincerity. But when the commanding voice is silent and they are aware only of the emaciated, unattractive face and form of Saul of Tarsus, their anger rises afresh. "Away with such a fellow from the earth! It is not fit that he should live!"

The captain of the guard hurries Paul off to prison to save his life, and to see if scourging will make this eloquent little man confess the sins of which the mob appears to think him guilty. But Paul's father was a Roman citizen and Paul points out quietly that it is not considered healthy to beat a free-born and uncondemned Roman. The captain sees the point, realizes that he may be getting himself into hot water, and, taking the fetters off him, turns him over to the council of the Jews.

At the first word that Paul speaks, the high priest orders a Temple guard to strike him across the mouth. Paul is white with anger, and loses his temper, but in an instant he is calm again, and level-headed. Half his judges are Pharisees, who believe in the resurrection, half Sadducees, who do not; it is of the hope of resurrection, therefore, that he speaks. Thereby he pleases one group and enrages the other. They start arguing with each other. The argument becomes a quarrel, then a riot, out of which the chief captain who has a personal stake in Paul's welfare, fearing that, between the two groups, the Apostle will be torn to pieces, takes Paul by force back to the security of the jail. At three the next morning, having heard of a conspiracy of the Jews to murder his prisoner, he sends him with an escort of five hundred men to the Roman governor at Caesarea.

The high priest with a deputation, including a clever lawyer, come down from Jerusalem for the trial, but do not get very far with their arguments; for, opposed to their vague accusations, is the ardent, enthusiastic personality of the Apostle. Felix the governor postpones the trial, sees Paul privately, finds him impressive and is ready —for a consideration—to let Paul go. But Paul, who has always money enough to feed starving Nazarenes, has none for bribery. He stays at Caesarea, a prisoner, for two years.

And then a new man comes to Judea as governor. Festus is of better quality than Felix, but he wants to please the Jews and is ready to send Paul to them in Jerusalem. Paul, however, is not to be caught again by the priestly cabal in Jerusalem. He asks—as any accused Roman may—to be taken before the emperor in Rome. Festus agrees; he has come to have a feeling of admiration for this fiery, courageous Jew. When Herod Agrippa, king of northern Palestine, comes with pomp and ceremony to visit him, Festus gives his prisoner another chance to defend himself. Once more, eloquently, Paul tells his story. Festus, cool-headed Roman that he is, thinks that Paul is a little mad, and tells him so; but the king is captivated. "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

"I would to God," Paul answers quickly, "that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day were (except for my chains) both almost and altogether such as I am."

Herod Agrippa recognizes nothing about Paul which is worthy of death and is ready to set him free. But Paul has appealed to the emperor, and to the emperor he must go.

Paul is sixty now—or near it—but the prospect of the long and dangerous voyage to Rome does not frighten him; on the contrary, he welcomes it. He has always felt that, before the end of the chapter, he would somehow get to Rome, to preach the gospel of Christ at the very heart and center of the Empire; and he might as well go as a prisoner as in any other way.

The voyage proves even more terrifying than he has expected. The vessel, none too seaworthy at the beginning, is swept off its course, battered by gales for two weeks without interruption and almost overwhelmed. The passengers and crew, nearly three hundred in all, are in panic, and give themselves up for lost. The captain, the owner, the centurion in command of the Roman guard which has Paul in custody, are bewildered and helpless. Paul, the prisoner, is the only man on board who keeps his head. In effect, he takes command of the ship, encourages the passengers, defeats the cowardly attempt of the sailors to launch the only boat and escape from the wrecked vessel, gives the whole crew heart and stamina and finally runs the hulk aground on the shoals off the coast of Malta. Those who can swim, swim ashore; for the rest, broken pieces of the ship serve; not a single life is lost.

Paul is on the island three months, preaching and healing; then he is on shipboard again bound for Naples. Brethren of the faith greet him as he sets foot on the

Italian shore and send word to other brethren at Rome to prepare a welcome for him. Miles south of the capital they meet him whose devotion is their inspiration, whose glory is their glory too. Not as a conqueror, with banners and chariots and captives, Paul enters Rome. He comes as a prisoner, with a guard at his heels and a few Gentiles and Jews at his side who believe as he believes and want to be his friends. But the future is with him, and not with the emperor to whose judgment he is about to appeal. Nero will rage and slaughter and die and other emperors will slaughter and die, and the Empire itself will be great and wither and die. But Saul of Tarsus, called Paul, will conquer and rule in Rome, and will not die.

What remains of his life story is dark; his appeal to Nero, his life in Rome, his death. There are no tales of these things. He lives for a while, not unhappily, as a prisoner. He has friends in Rome, and friends from afar come to visit him. He writes wonderful letters to the churches he has founded, telling of love and grace and faith and the resurrection, of the new man in Christ; and of the things that are seen which are temporal, and the things that are not seen which are eternal.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." From the learned doctor of the Hebrew law, who thirty years before watched the stoning of Stephen, it is a far cry to this generous-hearted "prisoner of the Lord."

"And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. . . . Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. . . . And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

He has lived and learned; he has received and has given in return. "I am now ready to be offered," he writes Timothy, "and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

When Nero sends the other Christians to the lions, it is said, he sends Paul, the Roman citizen, to the headsman and the block. Perhaps; but it is unimportant. Paul walks and talks in every house in Christendom.

FRANCIS OF ASSISI

WHOOP-LA! Make way! Down the narrow street he comes with his gay gang. The burghers frown, the women push close to the wall, the children shout with delight and climb on any little elevation that will give them a better view. The dogs bark their greetings, the cats scamper for cover, and all for young Francis Bernardone and his company of light-hearted blades out for a lark in the winding byways of Assisi. They are not sober, not exactly; and they are not drunk. They are merely in a state which makes them perfectly sure that they are the lords of creation and that no one on earth was ever happier than they.

A crusty townsman says something sharp about "this mob." Well, if they are a mob, they are a most stylish mob. Their doublets are of velvet, their hose are of silk. Their caps are broadcloth lined with satin; costly feathers droop from their caps. Scarlet and purple, orange, magenta, and gay green flash among those colorless walls. A youth in purple precedes the troop with a flute at his lips. At his side, a young man in motley yellow and blue, with a crimson cape floating from his shoulders, swings a stick with three toy balloons. That is Francis, the son of Peter Bernardone, the solid cloth merchant.

We won't go home until morning! Tush, tush; much too respectable! *We won't go home at all!*

Old Peter sees it from the window and pretends to be grieved at the antics of his wayward son; but to Pica, his gentle wife, he says, "Boys will be boys. Besides, he is setting an expensive style with his extravagant clothes and the way he goes through them; and it is good for business."

Peter is nothing if not practical. Pica is not practical at all. She wishes Francis *wouldn't*, but since wishing does not appear to be very effective, she sighs and trusts that if God wants her son to be a good Christian, he will arrange it in his own good season.

All this is in the year 1200, or thereabouts. Young Francis, aged twenty, is not at all interested in becoming a Christian. He is too much interested in other things; a good time, first of all; fine clothes, jolly boys and girls, ten-course dinners, with peacocks and pastry, washed down with twenty varieties of wine, golden or blood-red; parties, lasting for days on end; noisy singing (more noise than song), dancing, gambling, buffoonery, rough-housing. He has been taught that a gentleman must have his fling and he improves on his teachers; he is at home only on the streets.

In his soberer moments, he is interested in glory, dreaming of some day being a great prince bowed down to by the world. His mother, with the tales of knights and high adventures she told him when he was a boy, is responsible for that dreaming. Practical Peter thinks it is silly. Francis' elder brother (who takes after his father and never dreams about anything except money) agrees. Francis laughs and pulls his cap over one eye, and goes off on a new spree. If they hear later that he has met a beggar on the street, and in a burst of sympathy, changed clothes with him, they are very sure that Francis must have been extremely drunk.

War comes, with the neighboring city of Perugia. Francis, who is missing nothing that spells excitement, is in Assisi's little army, and is captured when the battle goes against his town. He spends a year in prison, and proves to be, even behind bars, the life of the party. His fellow prisoners are cursing and wailing; but not Francis. To anyone who will listen he unfolds the dazzling future which he is sure will be his; unfolds it in all its details of fame and grandeur and palaces and high jinks.

"You will see"—one can imagine the tilt of the nose, the sweep of the gesture—"you will see that one day I shall be adored by the whole world."

Everybody loves him for his debonair self-assurance, his playful irresponsibility, his warm, impulsive heart.

He is released, and is back in Assisi, back in the gay round of fêtes and festivals and dissipations. But suddenly he is taken ill, and for many weeks is at the point of death. When at last he is able to go out again into those winding streets which have been the scene of so many light-hearted adventures, he is walking slowly with a cane. He seeks the open country—the rolling hills, the pleasant farms under the clear Italian sky, hoping that the sight of them will give him back his old exultant spirits. But all that they wake in him is a strange sadness that deepens into melancholy. He turns his eyes on his gay years, and realizes suddenly how empty they were and how bitter is the memory of them. And yet, what is there for a rich young blade but pleasure? His family and friends can give him no answer. He plunges into the gay life more deeply than before, half, perhaps, in despair.

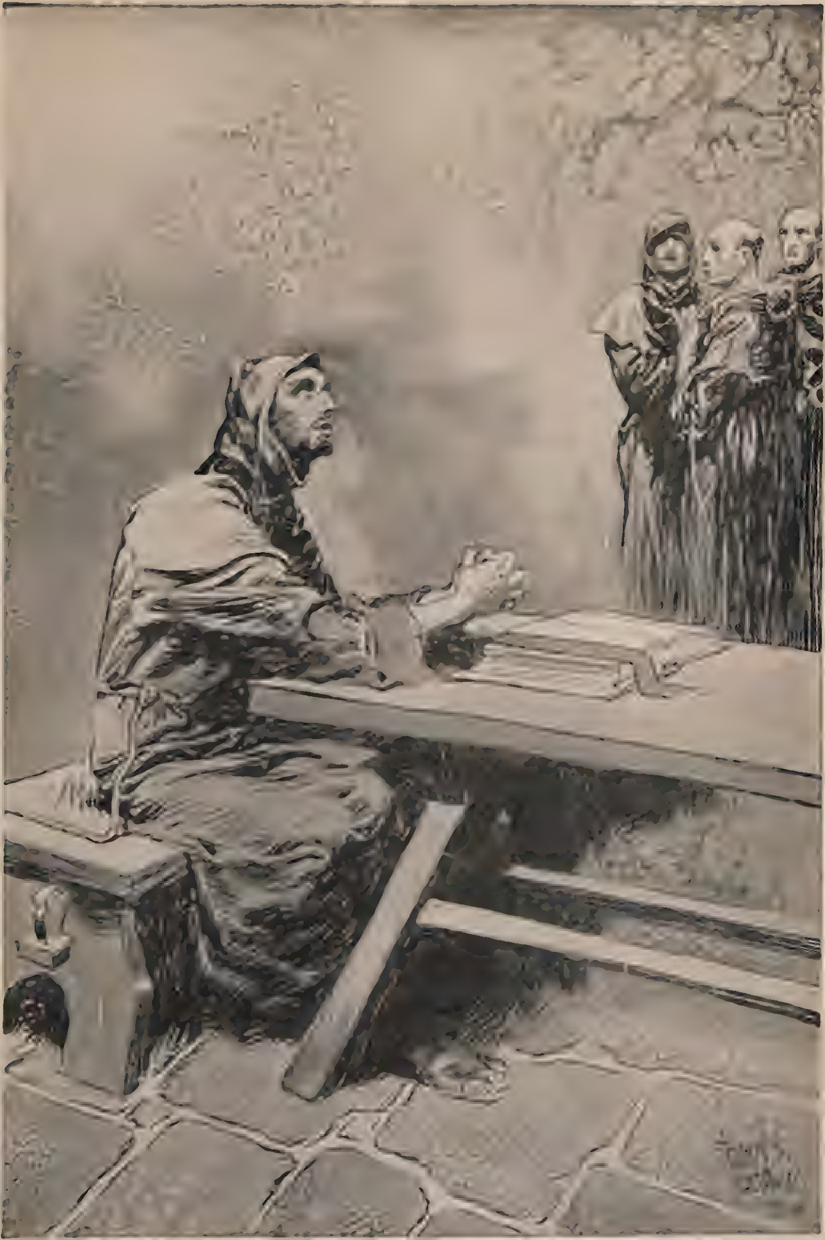
But the life disgusts him, and when a local nobleman asks for volunteers to go on a military expedition in southern Italy, Francis' dreams of glory revive. The dashing military equipment which he persuades old Peter to buy him becomes the talk of the town. There is no question about it, he is going to war in style. His father purrs; but a day before Francis is about to depart, old Peter's complacency turns to fury when he sees all the finery adorning another man, and observes Francis in shabby brown. The explanation is simple: young Francis has discovered someone who seems to need fine clothes more than himself. Francis himself is so elated at the prospect of the glory he is about to acquire that he has lost interest even in clothes.

"I know that I shall become a great prince," he tells everybody; and there is something about him that makes people believe him.

His delight is short-lived. The day after the expedition departs in a tumult of trumpets and cheers, he is back in Assisi, feverish, offering no explanations. As a sequel to his proud departure, his prompt return is humiliating. His father, who has been stalking about the town talking about "*my* boy," is speechless with wrath. Francis says something about a vision in which he was told to go back to Assisi; but he offers no details. He works in his father's shop; he redoubles his charities. He tries to find distraction in the familiar larking and sparking of his former days. But it is no use; his heart is elsewhere, reaching out for a new hope which glows and fades and glows again in the darkness which surrounds him.

On long rambles through the fields and under the silvery olives with a single, devoted friend at his side, he becomes conscious of a Presence of which he has never before been aware. The priests of Assisi have smothered God in dogmas and musty ceremonies, but in the solitude and beauty of the open country Francis gradually finds the living Spirit. Clearer and yet more clear he hears the challenge to "Come out from among them, and be ye separate"; and clearer and ever more clear he sees the contrast between the life which calls to him and the life he has been living. Day and night his heart is an agonizing battleground between the old self and the new.

His gay companions are always after him to lead their revels as in old times, and at last, one day, he consents and invites them all to a sumptuous banquet. At the close, the party rushes out into the street in an uproar of singing and laughter. Francis is here, Francis is there, waving his jingling scepter as lord of misrule; then, suddenly Francis is no longer to be seen. There is a great scrambling and searching, hither and yon. At last he is



Francis of Assisi prays for guidance and light in the little chapel of St. Damian

discovered, plunged in reverie, the gay-colored scepter drooping at his side.

"What is the matter with you?"

"Don't you see that he is thinking of taking a wife?"

Francis rouses himself at that. "Yes," he says with a smile so soft and strange that they scarcely know him, "I am thinking of taking a wife more beautiful, more rich, more pure than you could ever imagine."

His friends give him up; he is in deeper and colder waters than they feel comfortable in. His father is wrathy, his mother troubled and helpless. Only the poor understand him and give him sympathy in return for the tenderness he gives them. He journeys to Rome to gain inspiration there if he can, spills his purse over the tomb of St. Peter and, in order to understand fully what it means to be a beggar, changes clothes with one of the poor wretches at the church door, and asks alms for a day.

Then he is back in Assisi, roaming the countryside, praying at roadside chapels, hearing the Voice always, "Follow thou me!"

One day he meets a leper and turns sharply from him in loathing. His sensitive nature cannot bear the terrible sight, the deformity, the marks of decay. He knows instantly that this is defeat. To cherish such noble aspirations and to show himself in a crisis so cowardly! Slowly he retraces his steps, gives the poor creature all the money he has, kisses his hand as though it were a priest's.

This is victory; this is the beginning of Francis' new life. Not long after, praying for guidance and light in the little chapel of St. Damian, outside the city walls, it seems to Francis that he cannot remove his gaze from the carved figure on the cross before him. Little by little, it seems, the figure comes to life, the chapel is filled with the music of His voice. Francis has the sense that Christ has accepted him as His servant. He leaves old Peter Bernardone's house for the last time. He sells his few belongings.

There is a ghastly scene when old Peter in a futile rage drags him before the bishop's court and Francis strips himself of the clothes which his father bought him and, standing naked before a roomful of spectators, hands to Peter what Peter thinks is his.

"Listen, all of you, and understand it well; until this time I have called Peter Bernardone my father, but now I desire to serve God." Here begins his ministry.

It is a dark and violent world toward which this gentle being with the gaunt body sets his soft black eyes, his delicate and kindly face. War is everywhere; war between the Emperor and the Pope, war between the Emperor and his dukes, war among the dukes and princes, war among the cities. The countryside is wasted by marching armies. The peasants do not dare to till their fields. The highways are infested with brigands and roving bands of soldiers, out for loot. Cities are captured and burned, their inhabitants slaughtered, imprisoned, tortured. There is no law extending beyond the city walls. You travel at your peril. If you have goods to sell you carry along a little army of your own. It is an age of darkness and terror throughout Europe, across which the Church throws only a feeble ray of light.

The Church too has its armies that pillage and burn no less cruelly than the Emperor's. The priests are ignorant and lost in phrases, or crafty and lost in politics. And in the world all is greed and avarice, the hunger for things which a man can see and taste and feel, the sense that the battle is only to the strong, and riches and power are all that are worth having. Here and there, noble souls have raised their voices against it all, but they have been hunted down and burned. The men in power want this kind of world, and woe to any man who seeks to change it.

Francis—though he laments the state of society—has no thought of changing it. Who is he to go against the "principalities and powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world"? His purpose is much more restricted, though scarcely less difficult. He wants, so far as it is possible, to live the life which Jesus lived. The world does not concern him; what is required of him is to set his own house in order.

He sets himself to restore ruined St. Damian's, bringing stones from far and near. A simple fellow townsman, catching the light in Francis' eyes, joins him. Another, a friend of the old gay days, gives everything that he possesses to the poor, and takes the Lady Poverty for his bride. They are three of them now, three humble followers of Christ, says Francis; three crazy idiots, say the Assisians, owning nothing, working for next to nothing, preaching repentance and the Christly life. Another joins them, and another. They finish the rebuilding of St. Damian's; they start work on the little church of the Blessed Mary of the Angels. They have seldom enough to eat or half enough to keep them warm. But they sing at their work, they sing as they tramp the streets, gathering in scraps of food that but for them the garbage can would get. They are the happiest people anywhere near Assisi.

And now they are not three, but thirty. The Assisians may laugh at them, but there are those who do not laugh, men with a hunger which no bread can satisfy short of the bread which feeds Francis and his "little brethren." Gradually, Francis realizes that he has done something more than merely to protest, in his own person, against the worldly worship of money and success. He has started a movement. Soon, he knows, there will be not thirty, but three hundred, three thousand. His heart expands in gratitude, and in humility. God, he is certain, intends that the world shall be renewed in virtue and faith and has chosen him, Francis, the least, the humblest of men, to show that man is not a leader himself but only an instrument for the working of the will of God.

Francis goes to Rome with a half dozen of his brethren to ask a privilege of the Pope. A monastery, a gift of power? No. Only the right to possess nothing—and to preach. They ask it on their knees as though it were a kingdom for which they were asking.

The Pope hesitates. He has had trouble with wandering radicals and pious anarchists anxious to blow up everything which stands for law and government. So he does not greet these shabby pilgrims with much enthusiasm; for the very vow of poverty which the brethren have taken is a reproach to the splendor of the churches, the wide acres of the monasteries.

But something in Francis' eyes, in his gentle speech, in his burning sincerity, fascinates him. The astute churchman who can thunder fearlessly at the brilliant and powerful Emperor Frederick II, finds it impossible to resist this penniless, almost ragged, young man.

The Assisians cease now to make fun of Francis and his shabby but somehow glorious company, for the blessing of the Pope has made them respectable and it takes less courage, therefore, to admit that there is something in this seemingly crazy idea that property is a burden and a nuisance and only the man who has nothing is free. From the walls of St. Damian's and the Church of the Angels the brothers go forth through the countryside preaching the new gospel, which is only the old gospel retold.

The Rule of their Order is most simple; it is all in a few verses of Matthew: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow me. . . . For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Does the Rule seem hard? The "little gray friars" do not think so. They are a merry company; great laughers all of them; "good mixers" is what Francis tells them to be. Francis himself much prefers a merry brigand to a gloomy saint, and insists that song is one kind of prayer. He is a poet himself, singing most tenderly; in love with the beauty of the world and the beauty beyond the world, praising God for the flowers in words as lovely as themselves, preaching to the birds in language which they might indeed understand.

He has extraordinary power over all living creatures. He wrings men's hearts, he uplifts their souls. He heals their diseases. He makes no effort to heal; the healing is entirely incidental. Men and women, seeing him, feeling the radiance of his goodness, his faith, lose consciousness for a moment of their bodies, sinking back relaxed, as it were, in the "everlasting arms"; and when they become aware of themselves again they are healed. Even animals feel his power; he has no fear.

His influence spreads throughout Italy and north into Germany and France. His dreams widen. Miraculous as it seems to him that he of all men should have been chosen for this work, surely God intends now that he shall remake mankind. He has a childlike heart and he knows too little of the world as yet to know how firmly evil is intrenched in it, or how stubbornly men cling to their evil ways. It is well that he does not know how hard the task is which he has set for himself, how reluctant men are, in their self-will, to come to the simplicity and love of Christ. For a time, it really seems as though his dream might come true. He goes to Syria, he preaches in Spain. Everywhere his new-old gospel is welcomed.

And in his own city he wins one who is to be his noblest and stanchest helper. A lovely girl, Clara Scefi, of a rich family of Assisi, runs away from home with a kinswoman on the eve of her marriage, to be the first of a woman's order of Franciscans. Francis receives her, and her irate father can do nothing. Soon other women join her. The "poor Clares" establish themselves in St. Damian's near the little Church of the Angels where Francis and his immediate circle still make their headquarters. The brothers beg food for the sisters and split their kindling; the sisters do the mending of the brothers and weave their linen altar cloths. It is all very simple and tender. Francis and Clara become devoted friends, each strengthening and re-inspiring the other.

Francis is now the head of a great Order, known from Egypt to Britain, from Palestine to the Pillars of Hercules; but his manner of life is unchanged. Is he the master? He is the servant of all, as humble and as poor as on the day he stripped himself naked before the bishop in Assisi. And he is still learning, still growing. The life of poverty is the life which seems to him nearest the life of Christ, but he realizes that all men and women cannot wisely follow it. There are old people who must be cared for; there are children who must be sheltered and fed and taught. Not all can live as the ravens. There must be houses with beds and chairs and kitchen stoves. Let those who will and can, put aside all earthly possessions, but there is a holy life which may be lived in the very midst of the world.

For his followers who remain at home to serve God in the kitchen, the stable, and the counting room, Francis organizes the Brothers and Sisters of Penitence. He bids them love one another and to do good, to work, to be cheerful, to see in the smallest duties of life the service of God. He pleads that they be not possessed by their possessions, that they reduce their wants so that they will have money to give away. Most earnestly he asks that they close their hearts to hatred and open them to the poor, the sick, the outcast; and love peace and refuse to fight except in defense of their country.

The new society spreads throughout Europe and does its part in breaking down the control of the warring nobles over their vassals; bringing to an astonished Old World, for a time, a new truce of God. It lasts for a time—but the time is all too short. The novelty of goodness wears off. The thrill of having a real saint for a commander is lost in other thrills. The aspiration toward God weakens. From all sides at once, it seems, the forces of the world are pressing in on Francis and the men and women who have chosen to be his followers. The nobles object to the idea that men shall not wage aggressive war. In the Franciscan Order itself, men are beginning to question the idea that poverty is as necessary to an apostle of Christ as Francis seems to believe. Francis sees the beautiful structure he has reared crumble about him. It is a palace of snow crystals, sparkling and beautiful as no palace of marble ever was, but it cannot withstand the fierce heat of the common day.

It is only ten years since the joyous day when the Pope blessed Francis and his company and gave them leave to preach, but already the world has largely taken away from his great enterprise those things which made it the thrilling inspiration that it was to a Europe gone mad for money and blood. Francis protests, pleads, prays, exhorts; it is all of no use. The world is too much for him. Prudence and what men call common sense are too much for him. Bishops, good men but far too practical, think they know better than Francis himself what the Order he founded requires. They give it churches and monasteries; they grant the brethren authority and power. Poverty goes, humility goes. The brief and golden dream is over. The Order is just another efficient organization which the world has conquered for its own ends.

For Francis this is all like a scourging and a crucifixion. He resigns as head of the Order; he seeks solitude in the hills. With a few old companions he goes about, preaching and healing, but the old joy has gone out of his heart, and it is only occasionally, under the inspiration of

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

Sister Clara or of some lovely scene at dawn or dusk, that the old French songs he used to sing burst from his lips.

At last, sick in body and spirit, almost blind, tortured by the thought that perhaps his insistence on poverty was wrong, perhaps his life has been wasted, he goes for meditation and prayer to a remote hill in the Apennines east of Assisi. It is a heavenly spot of green glades and many birds, and for weeks he remains there, alone in a little shelter of boughs to which one of the brethren shyly draws near once a day with a little food and drink. In that deep solitude, with nature at her tenderest about him and the stars splendid overhead, he pours out his hopes and griefs to God. The world slips away and is forgotten. His spirit burns with a brightness before which the body is nothing. He is all spirit, reaching out into the darkness to understand the heart of Christ, to know its joy, to suffer its pain.

Out of the darkness, radiant, gradually appears a seraph on a cross. Francis spreads out his hands, and as he gazes, entranced, becomes conscious of a burning in them, a burning in his hands and in his feet and in his side. The vision fades. But in his hands and his feet are the marks of blackish nails, and in his side is a thin wound as of a spear. . . .

Mystically—undeniably, and, at the same time, in a manner beyond all understanding—he has received the marks of the agony of Christ.

He lives one year more, a tragic year. One by one his followers, the friends with whom he tramped the highways and sang and praised God in the early obscure days when they were all nobodies, desert him and betray the cause for which he has lived and is now dying. Only one friend remains who really understands. Clara is as true, as ardent, as steadfast as ever. She knows the soreness of his soul, the discouragement in his heart. With her own hands she helps to build him a little shelter in the convent garden. There, little by little, his courage returns; and now at times Clara and the Sisters hear, mingling with the murmur of the olive trees and pines, the echo of old songs coming from the cell of reeds in their garden.

Praised be the Lord! One day, as he is sitting at the convent table rapt in meditation, the words burst from him, and he recites the "Canticle to the Sun" which he has composed, his hymn of gratitude to God for "our brother the Sun, who brings us the light, our sister the Moon," and for Brother Wind and Sister Water and Brother Fire and "our Mother the Earth."

For a week joy returns to him; then his sorrows crowd upon him once more. But again slowly and at last triumphantly during these closing months of his life he rises out of the shadows and the smoke into the clear air of gratitude and assurance. Have the worldly minds of his followers conquered his dream? Has the Church—in its caution and prudence desiring the best, no doubt—turned it into the very opposite of what he had sought to make it? All hope is past of restoring his Order to what it was. But he can do something more far-reaching in its effects. He dictates his will, and in this document, composed in humility and the deepest love, he tells his followers that conscience is more than authority, and that, though the earthly teachers and rulers are, so far as possible, to be followed and obeyed, the inner Voice is more to be trusted and must be man's ultimate governor.

It is no trumpet call, no matter of resounding phrases, this last message of the dying brother of all mankind. But noble hearts will remember it and pass the cherished spark from one to another, until in Galileo and Luther and Cromwell it becomes the fire on the altar of intellectual, spiritual, and political liberty.

JOAN OF ARC

KING CHARLES VII is what a later generation will call a "lounge lizard," and La Tremouille, his chief counselor, is as crooked as the rutted roads they look upon from the windows of the castle of Chinon. Between them they rule the sickest shadow of a kingdom that a fool and a knave together ever cared to claim. They call it France but the word is a mockery, for the Duke of Burgundy is triumphantly his own boss over a large portion of France, and in Paris and in the north the English are in possession. England's claim goes back to Edward I —it has been reënforced as late as 1415 by Henry V at Agincourt—and in an age when might makes right, Henry's archers are more useful than many documents. Henry is dead but his brother, the Duke of Bedford, rules in Paris, backed by the Burgundians.

What Charles rules no one exactly knows, Charles least of all. Southern France is supposed to be loyal to him but actually, in these troublous times, there seems no longer to be such a thing as loyalty or patriotism or faith between men. Everyone is out for himself. The highways are filled with brigands and soldiers and it is a wise man who can tell one from the other. A duke goes burning and pillaging one way, a baron goes looting and slaughtering another. The towns and villages pay all the bills; the common folk live in terror. There is only one man in France who might bring order and peace out of this chaos of murder and treachery. Charles VII has a real right to the throne, though there are those who doubt it. He has never been crowned—he is still the Dauphin rather than the King—but if he had any spine he might gather around him the men who still love France, who still glow at her name. The young King, fighting his way to Reims where France's kings are crowned and consecrated, might win enough authority and power to drive the English back across the Channel and the Burgundians to Burgundy where they belong.

But unfortunately Charles is Charles, listless, selfish, playing about with his sham court of shifty politicians, accomplished murderers, and shabby, grafting hangers-on. He does not care about being crowned. To be crowned means to go to Reims; and to go to Reims means to fight the English who are besieging Orleans on the road between Chinon and the city of coronations. He is too lazy and timid to fight anybody, least of all the English with their terrifying hurrahs.

Besides, he has no money. At last accounts there are sixteen francs in the national treasury, and eight of those belong personally to the treasurer. The Dauphin hasn't cash enough to buy himself a new coat. How is he going to make war without money? And so he yawns and takes a nap to get ready for dinner and a game of cards. There are those who want to stick pins into this sluggard of a king, but La Tremouille, his right-hand man, is not among them. He is being paid nicely by the English and has no intention of putting an end to a most profitable arrangement.

This then is the precious pair in Chinon which is exercising a shadowy government over a shadowy kingdom on a day in early March, 1429. That is the time when a peasant girl, named Joan of Arc, comes to town and sends word to the Dauphin that she has been commanded in a vision to see the King; and here she is; when will he see her?

The courtiers have no intention of letting her disturb so exalted and busy a personage and try to turn her away as they would any other crank. But there is something about her, something sweet and childlike but firm as iron, that they find it impossible to resist.

Why has she come?

She won't tell them.

In the name of the King they ask again.

Well, that is something different. "I have been commanded by the King of Heaven," she says, "to do two things; one, to raise the siege of Orleans; the other to conduct the Dauphin to Reims for his coronation."

The courtiers stare and want to laugh; but somehow don't. She has something in her eyes that not even these crime-hardened veterans are able to look upon with anything less than wonder. They turn to her companions, six stalwart young men in travel-stained clothes. What do they know about her?

They know a good deal, and not half enough. She is the daughter of a well-to-do peasant named Jaques d'Arc in Domremy on the Meuse; seventeen years old; a notably good girl, full of fun and liked by everybody. She is no more educated than any other peasant. She cannot read or write. Her mother has taught her certain Latin prayers and told her some of the stories of the saints, and that is all. Her childhood has been like that of any other girl of the Meuse country—spinning, harvesting, tending the flocks—with time for play and for dreaming. She has danced around the Fairy Tree in Domremy, garlanded it, sung to it, like the other children.

But since she was twelve, she has been hearing voices, and once or twice she has seen visions. St. Michael has appeared to her with St. Catherine and St. Margaret, radiant, wonderful, telling her that when the time comes she will go to the king and save France. She believes it; how can she do otherwise? Is it not a tradition in the countryside that an evil woman shall ruin France, but a maid from Lorraine shall save her? No trouble about picking out the evil woman—the widow of

Charles VI, who sold her country to England, fits all the particulars. But the savior?

Joan—strong, healthy creature as she is—becomes grave, thoughtful. The years go by. She tells no one of her three saints—her Counselors, she calls them. They become her familiar companions—in the forest, near the spring, beside the Fairy Tree. Were there ever friends like these? Then, one day, Joan hears that the English are besieging Orleans. If the city falls, the way to the south is open. The Dauphin will have to flee the country. France will be France no longer; only an English province.

Her Voices tell her that her time has come. She must go to the King, she must raise the siege of Orleans; she must lead the King to Reims. A sympathetic peasant takes her to a nobleman of some influence, called Baudricourt, in the neighboring town of Vaucouleurs.

"My Lord wishes you to give me a horse," she tells him in her simple, direct way, "and some men who will take me to the Dauphin. My Lord wills that the Dauphin be made king, and it is I who will conduct him to the coronation."

Baudricourt is made somewhat breathless by her tone of command. "Who is your Lord?"

"The King of Heaven."

The nobleman tells the peasant, "Take her to her father's house and tell him to box her ears."

That is all for the moment, but in a few weeks she is back again. She has won over one or two gallant and patriotic knights who put in a word for her with old Baudricourt. The nobleman would like to believe that all this innocent creature tells him is stuff and nonsense; but there is something about her—and he can't. Gruffly, he lets her go. And so in a page's costume, with her hair bobbed, she rides three hundred miles in eleven days through a region infested with Burgundians, and arrives at Chinon; and here she is.

The Dauphin hears the story, and finds it mildly interesting and does not half believe any of it. But he knows that things are in a bad way with him. Orleans cannot stand out much longer, and if Orleans falls, he falls with it. This peasant girl offers a ray of light in a darkness which is otherwise complete. "Let the girl come!"

She comes, in the late afternoon after dinner. The King's audience-chamber is filled with men and women—his court, such as it is. Into this tawdry splendor, Joan comes with her travel-stained page's costume, her arresting face. Hers is no ordinary beauty, but the eyes which fall upon her where she stands illuminated by the crackling fire on the hearth cannot leave her. She looks about, not in the least embarrassed. The King, to test her, mingles in the crowd, and a dapper courtier sits on the throne. Joan —who has possibly heard enough about the craven Charles to know that the meanest-looking man in the room and no other must be the King—ignores the elegant gentleman and marches straight to Charles.

"Very illustrious Lord Dauphin," she says, "I am come, being sent by God to give succor to the kingdom and to you."

The poor royal sluggard thinks it is all a miracle and is thrilled as never before in his empty, shabby life. He draws her aside, hears her story from her own lips, is ready to believe, wavers, is almost convinced. But wily La Tremouille advises delay. There are examinations by churchmen and scholars, first in Chinon, then at Poitiers, fifty miles to the south. Joan is annoyed by the fuss and the waste of time; she has a feeling that her career will be brief.

"I have only a year," she says, "and I must work well"

The examiners are out to trap her if they can, but she holds her own.

"If God wishes to deliver the people of France," one of the wise men points out, "it is not necessary to have soldiers."

"The soldiers will do battle," she replies, "and God will give the victory!"

"But how do we know you are from God? Give us a sign."

"In God's name!" she exclaims, a little out of patience, "I have not come to Poitiers to work signs! But take me to Orleans and I will show you signs why I am sent."

They give up; Joan is a combination of the innocent visionary and the hard-headed peasant which they cannot browbeat. The Dauphin has already succumbed and has actually gone to work, assembling his discouraged army with the help of his able mother-in-law, worth ten of him. The nominal commander of the army is an attractive young cousin of the King, Duc d'Alençon, but the real chief is Joan. She is the mind of the enterprise; and its spirit.

The news that a maid has been sent by Heaven and given command of the armies of France is astonishing enough to spread like pollen in a gale. A thrill runs through the unhappy, war-stricken regions which still call themselves France. Wherever Joan goes, she is surrounded by eager crowds. Her humility, her force, her humor, her common sense, her strange, unearthly beauty, win high and low, statesman, general, peasant, and private in the ranks. They do not merely wonder at her, or admire her; they love her, they almost worship her. The Church blesses her; the city of Tours strikes medals in her honor. Even crooked La Tremouille ceases to oppose her for the time being and runs with the majority.

The time of preparation is a time of such happiness as no one concerned has ever known before. Hope is in the air, and running through all the activity is a sense of heavenly wonder and dedication. Young men are self-forgetful, and splendid in their vigor and enthusiasm as they have never been before and may never be again.

Their reason tells them that Joan is a human being, but they follow her as though she were an angel from Heaven.

She looks indeed like something unearthly. The King has had a special armor made for her of unbrowned steel, bright as polished silver; he has given her a magnificent white horse and a linen banner, dotted with lilies. She is glowingly happy; she has entered upon her work—for Heaven and for France.

From all sides troops come riding to join the Maid—brigands, free-booters, marauders of all sorts, guilty of every crime in the calendar, with their minds less on Heaven or on France than on loot. Joan rides among them, hears what she hears, sees what she sees; and issues an order: The army is the Lord's, its mission is His; therefore all gambling, swearing, and hard drinking must stop. All women traipsing with the army must go; every soldier must attend Mass, say his prayers, make confession of his sins!

The army gives one long gasp of amazement, and grins. The generals carefully explain to Joan why the thing can't be done; but Joan stands firm. And somehow the thing *is* done. The men feel the thrill of something new under the sun, and obey. Even La Hire, the toughest and most profane of Joan's captains, promises reform and offers his first prayer. It is brief and reasonable, "Oh, God, do with me as I would do by you, if you were La Hire and I were God."

And now, singing hymns, the army is on its way to Orleans with Joan in full armor bearing her banner, in the lead. She loves soldiering—she makes no bones of it—and she has enough of the mortal in her to love her suit of mail. The English are in fortifications surrounding Orleans, and it is not long before Joan gives the doubters the sign they have been wanting.

High on her horse, with her banner in her hand, she leads her army again and again to the attack. A wild enthusiasm possesses her captains and her men. She is visible from every point in the battle. More than a general, she is France herself—all the love and all the anger—charging on the invader who has presumed to make France his province. She is wounded, and weeps a little as a girl might when the arrow is withdrawn; and then she is back in the forefront of the battle.

The English might withstand the fierce enthusiasm of the fighting men of Alençon and La Hire, but they cannot withstand that girl of seventeen in shining armor. To them it is like trying to withstand God himself. Even their hard-headed leader, the Duke of Bedford, feels the magic of her. The English withdraw. The siege is raised. The way to Reims is open.

Joan has fulfilled the first part of her mission and returns joyfully to the King at Tours. Charles is as grateful as it is in him to be, but when Joan urges him to go to Reims at once to be crowned and then to move on Paris, he offers objections. The poor creature is just naturally indolent. His mind has to take its own time digesting one fact before it can move on to another. He wants to gather more of an army; he wants to capture some of the neighboring towns first.

Joan points out that now is the time to strike and strike again, while the English are terror-stricken, and before they get their morale back. For a girl of seventeen who hears voices, she has an uncommon amount of sense.

"Do not hesitate to assault the English," she cries. "God conducts our work. If I had not this assurance, I would rather guard sheep than expose myself to such great perils."

But the King in his weak way is stubborn. The fact is, that his perfidious adviser, La Tremouille, with some fresh English gold pieces jingling in his pocket, has been whispering in the King's ear.

Joan can win battles, but she is not made for conspiracies. She returns to Orleans, picks up her army, trounces the English at Jargeau, up the Loire, and captures an English duke. It is a stiff assault, and in the worst of it Joan is knocked down by a falling stone. Instantly, she is on her feet again.

"Friends, friends, up, up!" she cries. "Our Lord has condemned the English. At this moment they are ours. Have good heart!"

The slaughter of the enemy is terrible.

The English gather reënforcements, but the fear of the Maid is like a pestilence in the English camp, sweeping everything before it. Northern France, moreover, is beginning to get restive under English rule, and will require little urging to join the fight against the invader. Joan knows these things; she has an uncanny way of divining a situation.

"Have good spurs all of you!" she tells her generals.

"Are we then to turn our backs?"

"No. The English will turn their backs. You will need good spurs to follow them."

Are her generals losing the fighting edge in long councils of war? "Strike boldly, the enemy will take to flight," she cries. Are they hesitating because the enemy is well fortified? "For God's sake, fight!" she pleads. "If they were hung in the clouds we would have them, for God sends us to chastise them." Are they troubled with doubts? "Ride with confidence," she advises, "and we shall have good guidance."

Verily, she is hard to hold back; defeat is not in her vocabulary. She has more than enthusiasm and confidence. Moreover, she has military genius of a high order. D'Alençon, her right-hand man, a hardened captain, admits freely that she has a sagacity and a foresight in military matters which would be noteworthy in a general of thirty years' experience. The brief campaign which follows the victory of Jargeau is brilliantly successful. Joan defeats the

English at every point and finally destroys one of their main armies.

The Dauphin, who is having a good time at La Tremouille's castle and dislikes having business interfere with pleasure, can now think up no more excuses for delaying his coronation. The towns on the way to Reims surrender one after the other. The ceremony of the coronation has all the splendor which shining armor and trumpets and spears and gorgeous costumes can give it. Joan herself is robed in magnificent velvet, which the Duke of Orleans, imprisoned in England, has sent her as an expression of his gratitude, knowing that under the coat of mail beats still a woman's heart. But it is not of clothes that Joan is thinking as she stands in the great cathedral beside the King and Queen, and knows that the dream she dreamed in Domremy has come true.

Her work is done. The mission on which her saints sent her is completed—Orleans has been saved, the King has been anointed and crowned. Should she return home now? Perhaps it would be the wiser, the safer course. Conspiracies are hatching, and Joan is no match for the guile of politicians. And yet she cannot go. It is too clear that, without her, the army she has inspired and led to victory will melt away in a week. As for the leaders, they are always talking if left to themselves, and not doing; always playing politics instead of going ahead and finishing the job and talking afterwards, which is Joan's way.

For weeks she watches the political game develop, fretting at the delays, while notes go back and forth between the King and the Burgundians, between the King and the English. What is Joan, what is France when there are personal ends to be served?

Joan's advice is no longer heeded. La Tremouille, trickster and traitor, is in full control of the King, and it is said that Charles himself has been bribed by the Burgundians. There are battles here and there, but they are indecisive. The treachery of the King has broken down the spirit of the army. Gallant Alençon has been dismissed. There is a feeling that everything which the inspired Maid and her followers have achieved in battle is being thrown away by crooked and selfish politicians behind the lines.

Joan is heartsick. She knows that the end is not far off. She has somehow always known that she had only a year to work, and now the Voices are telling her that she will be captured soon, and that she must submit. At Compiegne, on May 23, 1430, after a bitter fight with the Burgundians, the prophecy is fulfilled.

The Maid who has saved France is a prisoner of her enemies. Now surely the sluggard soul of the King will feel the spur in his heart and he will rise up and lead his army to her rescue; or scrape the royal treasury to furnish a ransom large enough to buy the freedom of such a prize.

Not at all. The King makes no move to rescue her, he offers the Burgundians not a single *sou* in ransom. The towns she has freed hold processions and offer prayers, that is all. Her friends in the court are silent and inert. Joan has been useful, and while she was useful it was pleasant to adore her. But the King is crowned and France is secure. Gratitude is inconvenient. The Maid is in the way. The King is rather pleased than otherwise at her capture. There are even rumors that he or La Tremouille engineered it.

Then the Duke of Burgundy, unable to sell her to the French, sells her to the English.

The Duke of Bedford, like the gentlemen on the other side, is a politician. He does not want to make Joan a martyr; if possible he wants to discredit her. If he can have her convicted as a witch, her memory will be not honored but execrated, and the coronation of Charles will appear as the work not of God but of Satan. Her trial is held at Rouen before a great court of sixty Church dignitaries and doctors of law. There is nothing hasty about it. For months it drags on. According to their lights, her judges try to be fair. But Joan is given no counselors to defend her. The King sends no aid. None of her old friends come to help her. It is one girl of nineteen against the sixty.

The strain is terrific. She is kept in a vile dungeon, laden with chains, guarded night and day by the very scum of the English soldiery, given no privacy. But her spirit does not fail her. She holds her own with her examiners now as she did in those happier days at the opening of her glorious year.

She answers the questions fired at her, sometimes three at a time, and keeps her head. She hears her own testimony twisted against her, and keeps her temper. Her judges bring her before the rack to force her to reveal the counseling of her saints.

"Truly," she replies, "if you should tear me limb from limb and part my soul from my body, I would not tell you anything more. And if I did tell you something, afterwards I would say always that you made me say it by force."

They call on her to recant, but proudly she answers, "If I stood in judgment and saw the fire lit and the fagots burning, I would say nothing more, and would hold by what I have said until death."

Her judges torment her by day, and by night her guards taunt and revile her and make a drunken bedlam in which she can find no rest. Strong as her mind is, bold as is her spirit, they cannot stand against the combined assaults of judges and jailors. She gives in. Scarce knowing what she is doing, with the stake before her eyes, she signs a paper which she cannot read, a confession that her Voices are a delusion and that she is all that her enemies declare her to be.

But as soon as she is back in her cell, she is overcome by remorse. She feels that she has betrayed God and her saints in order to save her body from the flames. She puts on once more the page's suit she has been forbidden to wear; she takes back her recantation. Everything she has done, she declares for the last time, she has done in obedience to the Voices. Now let them burn her if they want; she is ready.

Her judges make no attempt to hide their pleasure. As the chief judge, Pierre Cauchon, is leaving the prison after the last examination of the tortured, frantic girl, he turns with laughter on his lips to the crowd in the street. "It is done!" he cries cheerfully. "Be of good cheer!"

The crowd gives a hoarse roar; the crowd wants a sensation and knows no more of mercy than anyone else in that grim circle surrounding Joan. It streams to the market place. The stake on its high base of plaster is already set up. She is brought in the executioner's cart, a tall, slender figure in white, murmuring prayers all the long, bitter way from the prison, prayers so devout and beautiful that no one near her can keep back the tears. Roughly she is hurried to the ghastly pedestal and chained to the stake. A priest preaches a sermon—and makes it so long that the crowd, impatient, calls on him to stop and let the show begin.

The fire is lighted, the flames creep. An Englishman in the crowd makes a rude cross and reaches it up to her.

"All I have done, I did by the order of God," she cries. "I have not been deceived by my Voices!" And then a little later, she speaks the name of Jesus; and again she speaks it, and again and again. It is the last word on her failing breath; she dies with it on her lips.

But five hundred years later when a powerful and ruthless enemy once more crosses the Meuse and the Somme to the Marne and beats against the gates of Paris, it is once more Joan the Maid of Domremy who inspires the armies of France.

SAVONAROLA

IN a little church, a voice is speaking, a powerful yet richly sonorous voice that fills the building and reaches to the crowded square beyond. The voice is the voice of a monk in the cowl of the Dominicans—the "hounds of God"—and half the city, it seems, is out to listen to it. The preacher's face is gaunt and stern with its bold, hooked nose and piercing black eyes. He is no soft man preaching soft doctrine as his predecessors. In flaming words he denounces the evil practices into which the people have fallen, into which even the servants of the Church have descended. In biting phrases he describes the sinful lives of men in high places, concealing beneath rich robes and impressive ceremonies the betrayal of the trust lodged in them.

And his hearers listen, wide-eyed, knowing that Fra Girolamo Savonarola is right, and that they, the people of Florence and their rulers, are sunk in the depths of iniquity. Day after day they listen, month after month; listen, and feel a stirring of remorse, a hunger for righteousness, a desire to have done with the cheap surface things to which they yield their bodies and their souls, and to give everything they have to the service of something greater than themselves.

That is a strange emotion for men to have in that pleasure-loving Italian city in the last decade of the fifteenth century. For the Florentines, rich and poor, nobles and underlings, are rather proud these days of their clever heads, their cool hearts, their freedom from any faith strong enough to disturb their conviction that it is the part of wisdom "to eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

Florence is in the full tide of that period which the world has learned to call the Renaissance. A thousand years or more art and literature and learning have been all but dead in Europe, but suddenly they have sprung up, feeling a new life. The Turks have captured Constantinople, and theGreek scholars, fleeing from the Mohammedan scimitars, have come for refuge to Italy, bringing with them the treasures of ancient wisdom and beauty. To the Italians, torn with constant warfare, oppressed by tyrants, ruled by a Church which has forgotten its own holy traditions, this rebirth of pagan art and learning comes like strong drink. People and rulers alike run wild. What is God? What is righteousness? Nothing counts, they cry, except to love beauty and to drink deep and to be gay.

In Florence, Lorenzo de Medici is ruler. Lorenzo the Magnificent they call him because of the glitter of the court which surrounds him, the riches of the library he has collected, the beauty of the monuments of sculpture and architecture he has scattered throughout his city. He is the perfect product of the Renaissance, this Lorenzo, a great patron of the arts, cultured, brilliant, pleasure-loving, unscrupulous, drawing artists to his court and giving them an opportunity to give their best free from material cares, and taxing the poor to do it. Under his rule, Florence develops a splendor such as it never knew before. What if, under the splendor, is rottenness and crime? Who cares—really?

Lorenzo does not care. The artists he employs are busy and happy; they do not care. His magistrates are fat and comfortable—Lorenzo sees to that—why should they care? The Church? The Church has fallen on evil days. The priests are fat and ignorant, the bishops are fat and selfish. The Pope himself, Alexander VI, father of Cesare Borgia and Lucrezia Borgia, is the wickedest of them all. They have drifted far from the great standards of Pope Leo and Pope Gregory, and have, for the time, forgotten all about Christ.

Does no one care, then?

Savonarola cares. With all his heart and soul he cares. He has tried to preach as other monks are preaching, pretending that no evils exist, saying comfortable things in which he himself does not believe; but he fails; there is no spirit behind his words. Then suddenly he sees his mission, clear as morning. He must go out and speak as he feels. A friend of Lorenzo, hearing him in a little village outside Florence, tells the Magnificent of this ardent young monk whose words are flames. Lorenzo, thinking perhaps that a great preacher would be another fine decoration to his city, or hoping, maybe, that prosperity may serve to make his eloquence less dangerous to folk who take their pleasures as they find them, has him appointed prior of St. Mark's.

But honors and position mean nothing to Savonarola except an opportunity to reach a wider public. He "takes" in Florence. Other preachers who have preached to packed churches now preach to a scattered handful, and do not love the newcomer. They have been time-servers saying very eloquently things that hurt no one, not even the Devil; and the Florentines desert them for Savonarola because, like everyone else, they admire courage.

Savonarola hits, and hits hard, sparing neither priest nor magistrate, neither ruler nor people. But it is never the person that he strikes at, but the sin. He has nothing against the priests or the comfortable bishops themselves, only against the flabbiness of conscience which makes them insensible to their duty. And he has nothing against Lorenzo personally; but he strikes sharply the tyranny and wickedness of his rule.

Lorenzo squirms on his silken couch. But what can you do? You cannot shut a man up because he tells people to be good, not even in Florence. Lorenzo calls on Savonarola at St. Mark's to see what sweet words will do; but the monk refuses to see him.

Meanwhile, the Florentines come in ever greater crowds to hear him. St. Mark's proves too small to hold them and Savonarola is forced to move over to the cathedral. So great is the eagerness of the people to hear what he has to say that men and women get out of bed in the middle of the night and form in line outside the cathedral door. Cold does not hinder them, nor wind nor rain. And the tumult outside the church is matched only by the utter silence within.

Lorenzo comes to the end of his days and sends for Savonarola. His conscience at last is smiting him. The monk is gentle with him, telling him that there is yet hope of the forgiveness of God. But three things he must do—have a great and living faith; restore what he has wrongfully acquired; and give the city of Florence back her ancient free government.

The first two conditions Lorenzo accepts, but to the third his answer is silence. Savonarola departs, refusing the dying ruler the blessing of the Church.

And so Lorenzo the Magnificent dies, and his son Piero rules in his place. Piero has all his father's vices and none of his virtues; and when Charles VIII of France invades Italy, Piero goes to him with a crooked proposal to put Florence at the invader's mercy. Charles agrees, but when Piero returns to Florence he finds that a change has come over the spirit of the Florentines. He is repulsed by his magistrates, insolently treated by his own retainers. One man slams a door in his face. Piero, the intellectual who writes verses, cannot think of an answer until it is too late and he finds himself driven out of his own city.

Now begins one of the most extraordinary periods in the history of Florence or of any city. Savonarola promptly goes to Charles, makes him feel that he, the King, is an agent of God to punish Italy for its wrongdoing, and persuades him to treat Florence as a city which is already on its way to reform. Then he returns to St. Mark's.

With Piero out of the way, the various factions in Florence are ready to fly at each other's throats, but Savonarola strides through the crowded, noisy streets to the cathedral and begins to preach. The crowds follow him; the crowds listen. The tyrant is gone. Here is their opportunity to exercise the free government they have cried out for so often. Shall they spend their strength in factional struggles? No! Let them join together to govern themselves in the name of God.

There is much debating, but the strife dies; the angry emotions are still. Is Savonarola their new ruler? "God forbid," the monk exclaims. He has no desire for power; he is reluctant even to make suggestions. The people must govern themselves, but Savonarola realizes that, having had no experience, they are ignorant, and so, from his pulpit in the cathedral, he gives them spiritual leadership. An excellent constitution is adopted, wrongs are righted. Taxes are reduced. For the first time Florence has a government not for the benefit of the few, but for the benefit of all.

The new spirit in control is reflected in the whole life of the city. "Your life," thunders Savonarola, "is the life of swine!" The people hang their heads, and set about to gain a less shabby report.

The aspect of the whole city seems to change. The luxuries and indecent costumes which Savonarola has denounced disappear from the streets. Hymns are heard in place of the carnival songs which before were popular. Men, once devoted to idle pleasures, read religious books. The churches (not his own only) are crowded. Prayer and almsgiving seem to be universal. Men of business restore sums of money which they have unjustly acquired.

The climax of it all comes one day when, under the inspiration of Savonarola's teaching, the people build a great "bonfire of vanities." Out of their houses they swarm, bringing their geegaws to the burning, their carnican twist into a legal reason for his death. He is hideously tortured. He is hung in chains at a great height and dropped suddenly so that his shoulders are thrown out of joint, his muscles strained and torn. Instruments of torture are put before his eyes. Insults are heaped upon him. He is struck and spat upon. Burning coals are applied to his feet.

But he will not retract, he will not confess wrongdoing, for he is conscious of none. Finally a lawyer is found who declares that he can twist everything Savonarola says in such a way that he will condemn himself; but even he fails.

Trial follows trial. But Savonarola's enemies in Florence and in Rome have decided that, reason or no reason, he must die, and at last he is condemned. He is calm and utterly fearless to the end, encouraging the two other monks who are condemned with him and softly reciting the Apostles' Creed. He is so absorbed in devotion that he seems scarcely aware of what is passing around him in the great square, but as he takes his place under the gibbet he casts one look of sorrowful reproach upon the multitudes he has so often taught, guided, and comforted.

An awful silence falls upon the crowd, broken by a harsh voice crying, "Now, prophet, is the moment to work a miracle!"

"Oh, Florence, what hast thou done today!" They are his last words. In the presence of his enemies he is hanged and his body is burned.

And now Savonarola is dead. His ringing voice no longer discomforts the wicked; his clear brain no longer confounds the enemies of free government. Florence goes back to its evil ways. Tyrant succeeds tyrant. Blood and riot possess the streets, evil in a hundred forms stalks in the shadowy places.

Savonarola has failed. His enemies have triumphed at every point; at every point except one. They are the dead dust of history; but Savonarola lives—a burning and a shining light.

MARTIN LUTHER

A BOY is "boning" over his Latin in the little German town of Mansfeld in Thuringia, that rolling country whose deep woods have ever been hospitable to fairies and long-bearded gnomes with knotty faces and mischievous, kindly hearts. His name is Martin Luther and he believes in fairies even though they don't seem to be as helpful to him as fairies are to good little boys in the nursery tales. He'll tell you why they do not fall over each other nights to fill his bowl with food and hammer his lessons into his head, tell you with a laugh.

He doesn't exactly qualify as a "good boy"—at least not the kind of superlatively good boy whom the fairies rush to serve. His parents find it necessary at times to whip him. They don't do it often, but when they do, blood is apt to flow as likely as not. His school-teacher flogs him less severely but much more often. If he fails in a declension, Martin feels the switch. If the conjugation goes wrong, again the switch; if he drops a word of German in the classroom amid the Latin which is demanded of him, again the switch. One morning he is flogged fifteen times. Examinations take on the character of a murder trial. It says something for the boy's love for his parents and his hunger for knowledge that he does not slip out of town some fine day and join one of the robber bands which infest the neighborhood. Perhaps he is thinking that flogging seems to be as much a part of life as food, and he might as well make the best of it.

He is a good lad, this youngster of ten or eleven, and he comes of substantial stock. His father is a frugal, hard-working miner who operates a little furnace at the out-can twist into a legal reason for his death. He is hideously tortured. He is hung in chains at a great height and dropped suddenly so that his shoulders are thrown out of joint, his muscles strained and torn. Instruments of torture are put before his eyes. Insults are heaped upon him. He is struck and spat upon. Burning coals are applied to his feet.

But he will not retract, he will not confess wrongdoing, for he is conscious of none. Finally a lawyer is found who declares that he can twist everything Savonarola says in such a way that he will condemn himself; but even he fails.

Trial follows trial. But Savonarola's enemies in Florence and in Rome have decided that, reason or no reason, he must die, and at last he is condemned. He is calm and utterly fearless to the end, encouraging the two other monks who are condemned with him and softly reciting the Apostles' Creed. He is so absorbed in devotion that he seems scarcely aware of what is passing around him in the great square, but as he takes his place under the gibbet he casts one look of sorrowful reproach upon the multitudes he has so often taught, guided, and comforted.

An awful silence falls upon the crowd, broken by a harsh voice crying, "Now, prophet, is the moment to work a miracle!"

"Oh, Florence, what hast thou done today!" They are his last words. In the presence of his enemies he is hanged and his body is burned.

And now Savonarola is dead. His ringing voice no longer discomforts the wicked; his clear brain no longer confounds the enemies of free government. Florence goes back to its evil ways. Tyrant succeeds tyrant. Blood and riot possess the streets, evil in a hundred forms stalks in the shadowy places.

Savonarola has failed. His enemies have triumphed at every point; at every point except one. They are the dead dust of history; but Savonarola lives—a burning and a shining light.

MARTIN LUTHER

A BOY is "boning" over his Latin in the little German town of Mansfeld in Thuringia, that rolling country whose deep woods have ever been hospitable to fairies and long-bearded gnomes with knotty faces and mischievous, kindly hearts. His name is Martin Luther and he believes in fairies even though they don't seem to be as helpful to him as fairies are to good little boys in the nursery tales. He'll tell you why they do not fall over each other nights to fill his bowl with food and hammer his lessons into his head, tell you with a laugh.

He doesn't exactly qualify as a "good boy"—at least not the kind of superlatively good boy whom the fairies rush to serve. His parents find it necessary at times to whip him. They don't do it often, but when they do, blood is apt to flow as likely as not. His school-teacher flogs him less severely but much more often. If he fails in a declension, Martin feels the switch. If the conjugation goes wrong, again the switch; if he drops a word of German in the classroom amid the Latin which is demanded of him, again the switch. One morning he is flogged fifteen times. Examinations take on the character of a murder trial. It says something for the boy's love for his parents and his hunger for knowledge that he does not slip out of town some fine day and join one of the robber bands which infest the neighborhood. Perhaps he is thinking that flogging seems to be as much a part of life as food, and he might as well make the best of it.

He is a good lad, this youngster of ten or eleven, and he comes of substantial stock. His father is a frugal, hard-working miner who operates a little furnace at the outskirts of town for the smelting of copper. But he is very poor, and his quiet wife, bowed a little by poverty and toil, has to bring the firewood in from the forest on her own back. They are pious people; that is, they believe what everyone else in the town believes, though it is a wrathful God the Father and a stern Jesus to whom they lift their frightened prayers. And always around the edges of their world they are seeing demons. They tell Martin about them. He believes it all and looks carefully before and behind, to right and to left, when he goes through any dark place.

When Martin is thirteen—in 1496, therefore, for he was born in 1483—he is sent to a religious school at Magdeburg. Any day thereafter for the next five years—at Magdeburg and later at Eisenach—he may be seen with a bowl in his hand begging bread from house to house. It is considered no disgrace to beg in that fashion; it is merely the accepted way for boys who want an education to get a living. The monks who are his teachers are good men and turn his face toward the religious life. When he is ready to enter the University at Erfurt, his father has become prosperous and is dreaming of young Martin's becoming a great lawyer, but Martin is saying to himself, "I am an unhappy sinner. What must I do to be saved?"

He is not thinking of joining the Church, however. He is a handsome, lighthearted, companionable soul with a good voice and considerable skill with the lute. But his mind is seeking answers to certain portentous questions. He finds the philosophers at the university powerfully dull, still building their wisdom on what the Greek Aristotle said eighteen hundred years previous, and debating with gravity regarding the number of angels who can dance on the point of a needle. More and more he finds his mind turning away from empty talk to the realities of sacrifice and service. He tries to study law, but it bores him, and he does not like the ways of the lawyers he knows. Then one day, to the grief of his father and the dismay of his friends, Martin Luther announces—characteristically at a banquet, for he loves a good dinner with his friends—that he has made up his mind to become a monk.

The monastery of the Augustinians is the best of the cloisters in Erfurt and for three years Luther studies there. They are years of bitter inner struggles. He is convinced that he is the most abject of sinners. How can he be saved? Only by his works, say the monks. He secures a scourge and beats his body until it bleeds; he goes without food for days and without sleep for many nights. He exposes his body to the cold, lying without covering on the stone floor of his cell. But still his despair grows. From *fearing* the God of Wrath whom the monks preach, he begins to *hate* him.

He finds relief at last in the Bible. He has not read it; few monks ever do. It is considered a wiser course to read what pious churchmen have said about it. But Luther discovers to his amazement that the Book itself is an utterly different thing from that which the religious writers have made it out to be. There is divine wrath in it, but there is mercy too; and in Jesus all is mercy and there is no wrath at all. Luther's despair slowly goes from him.

It is while he is teaching at the University of Wittenberg a year or two later that he comes upon a sentence in the Epistle of Paul to the Romans which finally cleanses him of his misery and gives all life new meaning in his eyes. *The just shall live by faith.* Not by man's work, it seems, is man saved, but by his faith, his spiritual understanding, his willingness to yield his own will to the divine.

With a new joy in life, he goes at his work at the university, lecturing on the Bible, mainly on the New Testament. The students love him. He is young, he is human; he has fire in his eyes and on his lips, a touch of laughter, and a gentle heart. He loves the woods, the green slopes, the birds, the little rabbits which scurry across the plowed fields. He hates cruelty; he cannot bear to see the huntsmen pursue their defenseless quarry. Young men love him for his human qualities and sit at his feet because his eyes see through the walls of tradition and his mind helps them to find their way through a most perplexing world.

But their elders look askance at this master of theirs. For he is saying things which have not been said before—and proving them.

A new day is dawning. Old men can feel only the chill of the night, but young men are seeing the first white light of day in the east. The youths who crowd young Dr. Luther's lecture room know little about the new learning which is flooding into Europe with the Greek scholars who took to flight when the Turks captured Jerusalem. They know next to nothing about the monk Savonarola who has been hanged some ten or fifteen years before for trying to establish true republican government in Florence. They cannot guess what the invention of printing, the introduction of gunpowder, will mean to the life of Europe, or what the thrilling voyage of a certain Christopher Columbus will ultimately bring to the world. But all these matters, which touch their lives, some closely, some very distantly, together kindle their imaginations. The world is changing. In some fashion which they themselves cannot yet understand, the old order is breaking up. They want guidance in their thinking; they want a leader. They find him in Martin Luther.

He is the right person to interpret the new age to them. His head is above the smoke and dust of the market place, but his feet are on the ground. He has vision, and he has courage. What other people have said or are saying means nothing to him if he thinks it is wrong. Occasionally he expresses some sharp truths even about the authorities of the Church at Rome.

Luther regards himself as a good Catholic, all the more loyal because he dares to say in public what many religious men in the cloister and out of it are saying among themselves. Things are in a bad way with the government of the Church at Rome. There have been a succession of popes who have been worldly, to express it in its gentlest terms, surrounding themselves with establishments which cannot be distinguished from the court of any extravagant and reckless prince of Europe, and conducting their affairs in a way which would have made some of their predecessors, like the great Pope Gregory VII, cover their eyes in horror and indignation.

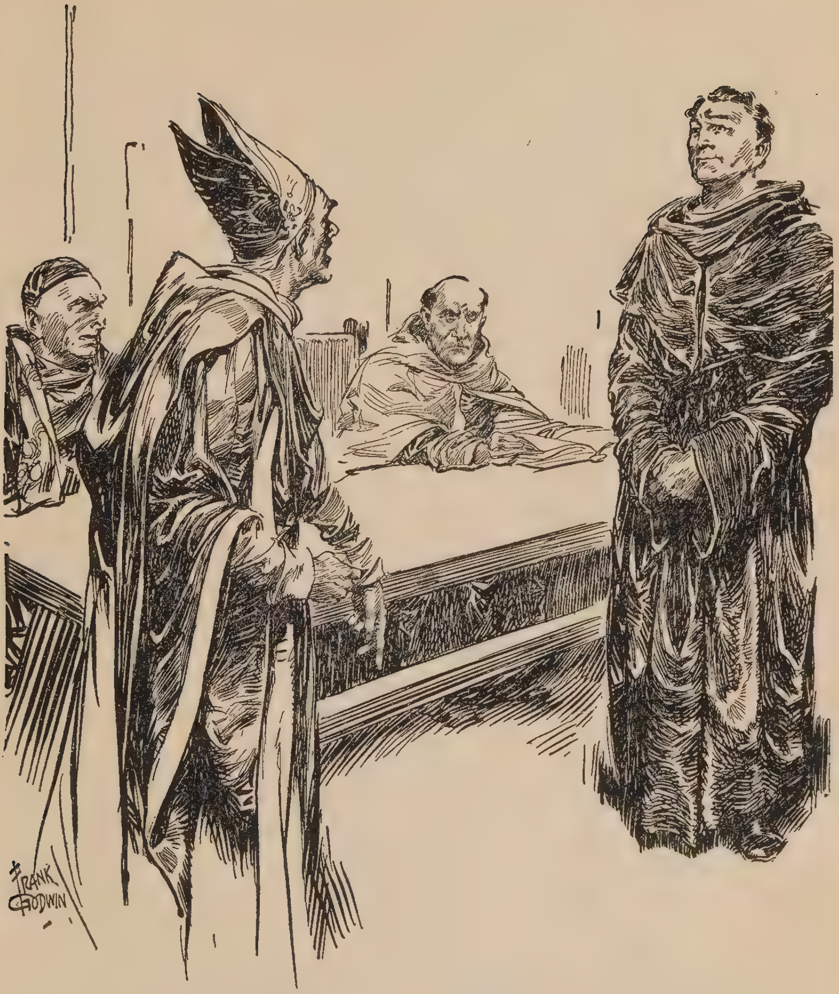
Luther has seen it at close hand. He has been to Rome, and he cannot get the memory of what he saw out of his mind. There is a group in charge of the Church—in charge of its religious as well as its political affairs—which apparently has no respect either for the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount. It is not a representative group. It does not stand for the Catholic Church or its membership any more than it stands for Jesus of Nazareth. It is a political gang, made up mainly of Italian nobles, who have seized the machinery of the Church as any other kind of political gang will seize the machinery of a party or a city or a state, against the will of the majority of the citizens.

Just as such a gang, moreover, will, in a city or a state, use patriotism or the ideals of popular government as a cloak for its grossness, so these particular politicians are twisting the noblest doctrines of the Church to their own selfish uses. They sell a German prince, Albert of Brandenburg, three great bishoprics for a million dollars. In order to get his money back, the prince hires a monk named Tetzel to worry the people about the state of their souls and to get them to buy everlasting pardon. It is all very simple. The sinners, after having been reminded in fiery words of their sins, are told that they can receive an "indulgence" by paying Tetzel a certain sum of money adjusted to the size of their transgression. The majority of the people are just foolish enough to fall into the trap. The money, of course, goes straight to the bankers who helped the prince buy his bishoprics.

Luther rages against the crooked little game, declaring it an offense against common sense and religion, and offers to debate on the subject. He draws up ninety-five arguments or "theses" and on October 31, 1517, nails them to the wooden door of the castle church in Wittenberg. The same day he writes his archbishop indignantly about the situation. But the archbishop is no other than that same Prince Albert who, unknown to Luther, is at the bottom of the whole scheme. Like the rest of the unholy gang who have got control of the Church, he is really not a churchman at all, but a politician out for gain. In anger at "the presumptuous monk's" interference, he sends Luther's letter together with the ninety-five theses to Rome.

The theses have created an enormous sensation. Everyone has been thinking what Luther has alone been bold and clear-sighted enough to say. Overnight, he becomes famous. His theses are printed in Latin and German and read all over Germany, and across its borders. The authorities of the Church are furiously angry. Luther is haled before the head of the Augustinian Order and commanded to recant. He refuses. He is directed to come to Rome within sixty days. He answers humbly, but does not agree to appear. Thereupon he is summoned to Augsburg to answer for his utterances to a special legate of the Pope.

His friends beg him not to go, even though the Emperor Maximilian has given him a safe conduct. Such documents have been violated before. But Luther is not afraid of what men can do to him. He is so certain that he is right that he is willing to risk such an unimportant thing as he regards his body in defending his convictions.


FRANK GODWIN

"Your business here may be summed up in word: Recant!"

The Cardinal at Augsburg is stiff-necked. "Your business here," he says to Luther, "may be summed up in one word of six letters: Recant!"

But Luther won't recant. He wants to show the Cardinal why he is right. But the Cardinal won't listen. The Cardinal begins to shout, and then Luther begins to shout. Neither gets anywhere; and one night Luther slips quietly out of the city and returns to Wittenberg. From the Cardinal comes an angry order to the Elector of Saxony, Luther's sovereign, to send Luther to Rome. The Elector refuses.

The authorities in Rome are indignant, but before they can take action, the Emperor Maximilian dies. The politicians are afraid of the Elector of Saxony and, during the fourteen months which the princes of Germany spend in electing a new emperor, Luther is left alone. He spends the time preaching and debating.

Martin Luther is the first man to make full use of the new invention which has thrilled the civilized world—the printing press. In pamphlet after pamphlet, distributed by thousands all over Germany, he takes up the Church's claim to authority over men, and disposes of it. Point by point, he shows how the German people can and must free themselves from the domination of the pope and cardinals of Rome. He preaches liberty and independence and he preaches them in such simple terms that the most ignorant man can understand. His "Address to the German Nobility" is a rousing appeal to his countrymen to right the wrongs from which Germany is suffering, and it has a tremendous effect. He follows it with a pamphlet entitled "The Babylonian Captivity of the Church," written in Latin and addressed especially to theologians. A third pamphlet, "The Liberty of the Christian Man," addressed to the Pope himself, lays down the new rule of conscience for the individual.

The authorities of the Church decide that Luther must be crushed before he sets all Europe afire. He is ordered to recant on penalty of excommunication. At Liége and at Louvain, his books are publicly burned. Luther answers by lighting another fire outside the walls of Wittenberg and, in the presence of a great crowd, burning the "bull" or document threatening his excommunication.

He is summoned now not before the rulers of the Church but before the Emperor. The newly elected monarch, the young Charles V, is holding his first diet, or parliament of princes, in the city of Worms on the Rhine. Luther rejoices at the opportunity of expounding his views before so notable a gathering. Again his friends, more anxious about his safety than himself, warn him of the danger of putting himself in the hands of his enemies.

"Here is no place to weigh ruin and safety," he answers. "Rather we should take care not to abandon the gospel, lest we give cause to our enemies of boasting that we dare not confess that we teach and shed our blood for it. You may expect me to do anything but flee and recant. I will not flee, much less will I recant."

His journey to the Rhine is a triumphal progress; at Worms he is greeted by the people like a conquering hero. On April 18, 1521, he is called before the Diet. About him as he stands facing the Emperor are all the splendor and power of the Empire, clothed in satins and silks, sparkling with jewels and gold. Martin Luther has nothing splendid about him except his soul, nothing powerful except his mind and his indomitable spirit. The princes have authority on their side, the decrees of councils, established tradition. Who is this man, this emaciated monk with the white face, to say that his conscience is a better judge of the righteousness of an action than all the wise men who have built up the law of the Church?

It is a tremendous moment. For what it says—apart from any words which Luther or another may speak—is that the old world of authority is face to face for the first time with the modern spirit of freedom. Authority may shout, "Thus shalt thou do!" and bring armies to support its decrees. But the conscience of man has the last word, and in the long run no armies can stand before it.

Luther is ordered once more to recant. He makes a brilliant speech, but there is too much reasoning in it to suit his judges. They want a more simple and direct answer. He gives it to them.

"Since Your Majesty and Your Lordships ask for a plain answer," he replies, "I will give you one without either horns or teeth. Unless I am convicted by Scripture or by right reason, I am bound by the texts of the Bible; my conscience is captive to the Word of God. I neither can nor will recant anything, since it is neither right nor safe to act against conscience. Here I stand. I can do no other. God help me. Amen."

That is Martin Luther's greatest moment—and it is one of the greatest moments in the history of mankind.

Luther takes the homeward road to Wittenberg, but he does not arrive there. In a lonely spot in the Thuringian Forest, his carriage is surrounded by masked men, and he is captured.

A cry of dismay goes up all over Germany at his disappearance. It is generally supposed that he has been murdered. Where, men ask in despair, shall they find another leader such as he? The fact is, that he is alive and well. His capture has been a sham, engineered by his loyal patron, the Elector of Saxony, who, knowing that Luther would never take steps to protect himself, has had him brought by his own pikemen to Wartburg Castle overlooking Eisenach.

In that noble stronghold where St. Elizabeth lived and died and the poets of the German Middle Ages held their contests, Luther lives a year. He talks about his "indolent idleness," but actually he works all day and half the night translating the New Testament into German.

Then he is again at Wittenberg. The great Reformation which he has launched through his own vision and courage is here and there running to extremes. Shouting liberty, men are smashing the images of saints, looting churches, pillaging monasteries, slaughtering monks and nuns. Anarchism and communism are rampant. Violence is in the air—violence first against the churchmen, then at last against all rulers. The new freedom has gone to men's heads.

Luther's presence brings quiet and order. Day after day, he preaches, condemning violence, urging faith. "Violence is of the devil," he declares, "Christian liberty is liberty to serve one's neighbor in love."

"Faith must be gentle and unforced," he declares. "Had I wished it, I might have brought Germany to civil war. Yes, at Worms I might have started a game which would not have been safe for the Emperor, but it would have been a fool's game. So I did nothing, but only let the Word act."

The Word! He builds a Church upon it. Month by month, he labors at the foundations and, year by year, he works upon the walls. He teaches and preaches. He writes books and pamphlets and hymns—none in all literature nobler than his great song, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." He appeals for popular education, for schools and libraries. He strives for peace among the Protestants and for the firmer establishment of the new faith.

His life is rich and full. He marries a former nun, Catherine von Bora, to the scandal of his enemies and to his own enduring happiness. Home life, a household of children, many friends at his board, serve to mellow this fierce fighting man who has defied Pope and Emperor successfully, and to bring to late flowering all those qualities which charmed his students in the early days of his teaching. He has a grand sense of humor. For all his greatness and his fame, he lives close to the soil. He puts on no false dignity, no "front." He teases Catherine unmercifully—and loves her better with every year that passes. He adores his children and when he is away from them writes them fascinating letters, full of gay fancies which one does not associate with a doctor of theology. Everything about him is robust and vigorous, and when he makes a mistake at all, it is generally a big one. He is as common as a carrot even while he is as keen as a diamond and as clear-souled as a saint.

He works tirelessly, joyously, in spite of sickness and pain, laughing his great laughter. In 1546, he lays his body down. But his strong hand has its part in Cromwell's revolution in England and in Washington's revolution in America; and wherever men gather to work for the enlargement of man's freedom, he speaks and acts.

And still youths grow into heroes, hearing his words at their ears: "Here I stand. I can do no other. God help me. Amen."

ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND

THERE she comes; look at her. Her face is oblong and fair; her eyes small, black, piercing, yet pleasant. Her frizzled hair is red, her forehead high and broad, her lips thin, her nose a little hooked. She has pearls in her ears, a small crown on her head, a collar of gold and jewels about her throat. She is neither tall nor short; and she has a stately air as she comes through her throng of courtiers and ladies-in-waiting. She is dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls as large as beans; a mantle of black silk shot with silver threads hangs from her shoulders. As she comes, she speaks first to one, then to another, in English, French, Italian, Spanish. Men and women fall on their knees as she passes. "Long live Queen Elizabeth!"

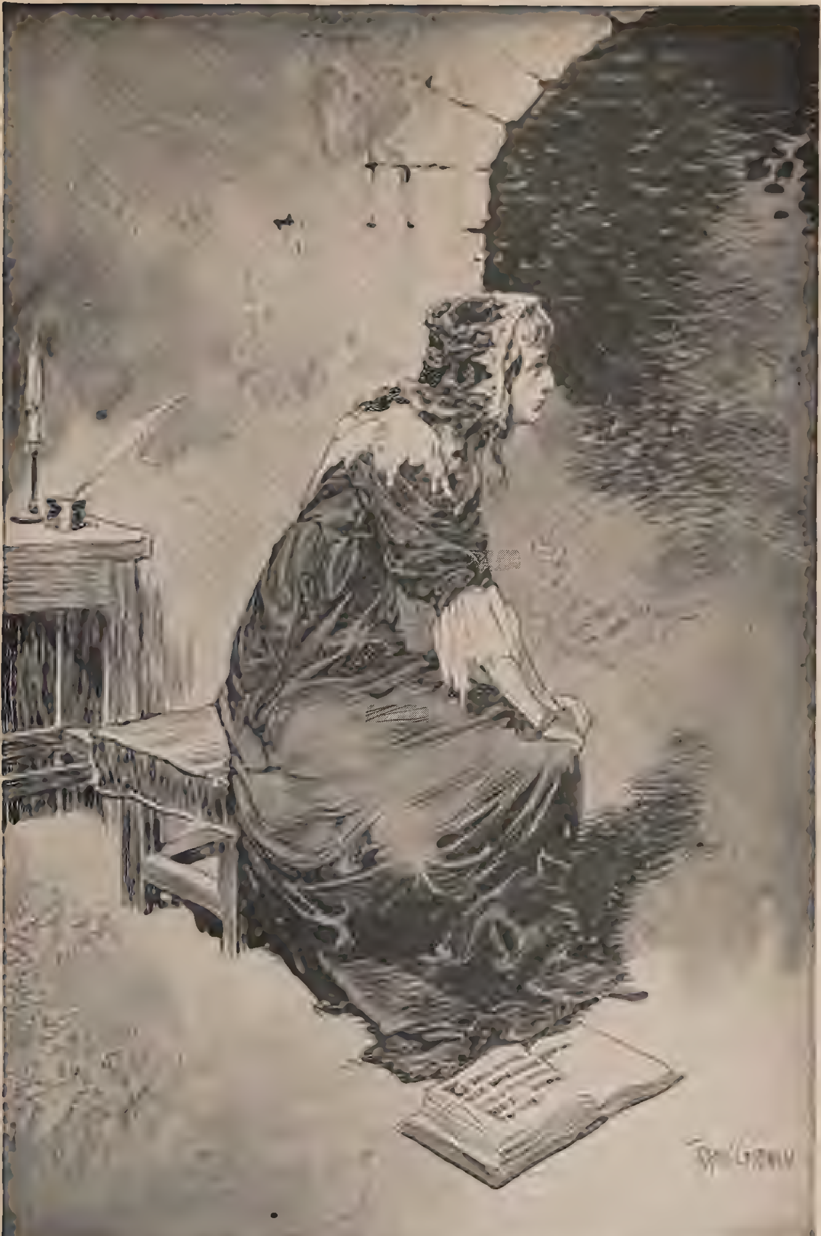
Kneel down; you had better. Even her councilors kneel before her. If you are wise, you take no liberties with this powerful lady. She might send you to the Tower, or box your ears then and there. They call her "the manliest soul in England"; but she has faults, men's faults, women's faults. She is vain of her looks—which are not what they were—vain of her learning, and her gifts, jealous as a cat, changeable, subject to fierce outbursts, a little too able a diplomat to be entirely trustworthy. That is, she is not an ivory saint; she is a human being, very human, masterful, solitary, perhaps from birth a little afraid and self-distrustful, and therefore doubly eager to be told how bright and great she is. Can that, perhaps, be the reason why the thoughtless call her vain?

Look at her. A woman passing by, a queen. Say what you want about her. Call her all the names which the wise as well as the stupid have flung at her. Say she is hard, cruel, despotic, selfish, wicked in a dozen ways. Perhaps she is all those things; and, again, perhaps those qualities are just the outward expression of a lonely soul imprisoned in a queen's trappings in the midst of a violent and hostile world. But whatever you say, know this: she who is passing by has laid the foundations of an empire greater than the empires of Alexander or of Rome, and by her own vision, determination, and courage, has changed the whole course of history.

Who is she, this woman with the proud face, whom men hate and men adore? She is the last of the Tudors, daughter of Henry VIII and of the pretty, frivolous wife for whom he divorced the noble Catherine. Anne Boleyn was the girl's name. He had her beheaded when he grew tired of her and wanted to marry Jane Seymour; beheaded when her little daughter, Elizabeth, was three. Such a childhood—with one stepmother after another; then, at thirteen, her father's death, the succession of her sickly little brother as Edward VI, and his death six years later.

Then her elder sister Mary becomes queen. "Bloody Mary," England comes to call her. She is a Catholic, and everywhere Protestants are persecuted, imprisoned, beheaded, or burned at the stake. Poor, sick, embittered Mary, lonely, too, and blindly striving to burn her way to God! She hates Elizabeth, whose mother drove her own mother off the throne and out of the King's heart; she imprisons her, threatens her with death. For months it is touch and go; then she releases her from the Tower only to imprison her in a little manor house far from the world. The girl never knows when Mary will reach out her bloody hand and send her where she has sent so many others.

And then, after five years, Mary is dead, and Elizabeth, twenty-five years old, beautiful, brilliant, is queen of England. It has a great sound, but exactly how much, in that year 1558, does it amount to? She has England to rule, and only England. Scotland is not a part of her realm



For months Elizabeth is imprisoned in the Tower

nor Ireland; and England is hers only so long as she can hold it. All the great kings of Europe look askance at her and make plots to get rid of her. Half her own people wish she were dead. The Pope in Rome refuses to recognize her right to rule, for she is a Protestant. She is not against the old religion, but she will not accept the Pope as head of the English church—in that she is determined and not to be shaken. She is "merely English," she says; she wants Englishmen to direct the English church, Englishmen to direct the English government. *England for the English! Outsiders—hands off!*

A woman on the throne of a little wave-beat country, rumbling with threats of rebellion. Up north, Scotland is none too friendly, and, across the English Channel, is France, the ancient enemy. Spain is ruled by His Most Catholic Majesty, Philip II, who had been her sister Mary's husband. The Pope, the most powerful man in the world, is relentlessly seeking her downfall in order to bring England back to the ancient fold.

Elizabeth gazes upon her enemies and presses her lips together. "I have the heart of a man, not a woman," she says, "and I am not afraid of anything." And she adds, "I am more afraid of making a fault in my Latin than of the kings of Spain, France, Scotland, and all their confederates!"

No, she is not afraid. But she is not courting trouble. She has no desire to enlarge her dominions, to invade the countries of her neighbors. "I am contented to reign over mine own, and to rule as a just prince."

So she lets her enemies plot and spend their thought and their resources on endless warfare with each other. She does better, she encourages commerce; she develops industries; she gives the great minds of her kingdom a chance to think and dream. The soldier, the blusterer, gives way at her court to the man of ideas and imagination. She likes to read, and men feel encouraged to

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

write. She likes to go to the theater, and men feel encouraged to make plays and act them.

In the old days, what was a poet? Something, perhaps, on a social level between the family tutor and the village schoolmaster. But Elizabeth has a weakness for poets, playwrights, historians. They interest her; they have something to tell her; they brighten the gray loneliness which is a sovereign's life. And under her encouraging eye, England begins to blossom with poets and makers of plays. Men who in other ages might have turned their talents to the futility of warfare, turn them now to literature. Spenser writes *The Faërie Queene* and dedicates it to Elizabeth. Christopher Marlowe comes up to London and startles the theater goers with *Tamburlaine.* Greatest of all lands and of all times, Shakespeare comes from the Islands of Magic and spreads his wares before a gasping and delighted city. These are not all; there are others, scores—Sidney, Lyly, Peele, Beaumont & Fletcher, Ben Jonson.

The spirit of adventure, kindled throughout Europe by the discovery of America, the explorations and conquests of the Spaniards, the voyages of Vasco da Gama and Magellan and the Cabots, is waiting in England merely for a gust from somewhere to blow it into flame. Elizabeth provides it. No wars waste the bold ardor of her young subjects and spill the tumultuous blood in the fields of Flanders. She herself has a wide-ranging, adventurous spirit. The daring and audacious eye, catching her own, is always certain to warm a little that heart which the world says is all ice. The youth with courage written in his face is sure of preferment with her.

And so, Englishmen start roaming. Hawkins, Drake, Frobisher, Raleigh; and more, by thousands, who have left their legacies to posterity though their names are forgotten. Look! Englishmen in little ships are breaking the ice searching for a northeast, for a northwest passage to India and Cathay, freezing off the shores of Muscovy, setting foot in Newfoundland. Englishmen are hunting slaves in the wilds of Africa, journeying across the steppes of Russia into central Asia, buying silks from the Turks on the shores of the Golden Horn, swords from the Arabs in Damascus, pearls from the sallow-faced traders in India. Raleigh sends a shipload westward to found a colony, and presents an empire, which he calls Virginia, to the Virgin Queen. Drake captures Spanish galleons; Drake sacks and burns Spanish towns in the New World.

Drake! He is the thorn in the flesh of the Spanish king. Is Spain not at peace with England? "What right then," ask his ambassadors angrily, "has this English sea rover to attack his ships, steal his gold, burn his towns?"

What right indeed? Elizabeth is grieved, and she will look into the matter. But Drake is off and away again and she has no police on the sea to stop him, even if she wanted to. And her heart is with Drake and his fellow adventurers on the Seven Seas carrying the English flag to the remote corners of the earth.

"These rovers are pirates, nothing more!" the Spanish King Philip protests.

Perhaps, perhaps! But what are the Spaniards, conquering the Incas, the Aztecs, robbing, slaughtering, enslaving peaceful and cultured peoples? There is not much to choose between this party and that. Philip keeps his temper because he has an idea that he will marry Elizabeth, which, it seems to him, is a much easier way to keep her in order than to fight her.

But Elizabeth, after playing with him and coquetting a while, decides she will have none of him. The point is that Holland, which is a part of King Philip's empire, is in revolt; Philip is merciless in his efforts to crush the rebellion, but the Dutch, who are fighting for their lives, their homes, and their religion, being Protestants, are putting up a defense which the world will remember as long as it remembers anything. Elizabeth would much rather have Dutch Protestants in control on the other side of her English Channel than Spanish Catholics, and sends an army to help them. At this Philip decides to invade and conquer England.

Fifteen eighty-six, eighty-seven, eighty-eight. Now, if Elizabeth is a coward, if she has a quaking heart, or an unsteady hand—now it will show! For the king of Spain is feverishly building ships to strike the Queen from without, and secretly stirring up plots in England to strike the Queen from within. He sends one man after another to assassinate her, fifteen in all.

"It is very strange that the king of Spain should make use of such measures," she says. "I would rather die a thousand deaths than to behave so toward him."

Failing with assassination, Philip plots with certain enemies of Elizabeth to place her cousin, Mary Stuart, on the throne. The plot is discovered. The English Parliament demands that Mary be executed; Elizabeth signs the death warrant. But the death of Mary only strengthens the determination of Philip to punish Elizabeth, to conquer England. His great fleet, his grand Armada, is almost ready. England has no fleet, only a few fishing boats and the ships of her bold sea rovers.

And Elizabeth? She is a great diplomat, they say. And surely here is her chance to play one king off against another, to make promises, to hesitate, to take the edge off the issue. Ah, that may be Elizabeth's way at moments when peace seems more important than the cause at issue; but not now. She knows there are times to palaver and times to fight. She turns Drake loose on the Spaniards.

But not even Drake can turn Philip from his plan. For every ship Drake destroys the king of Spain builds two new ones. And then, in May, 1588, he sends his Armada off.

And Elizabeth? She is among her troops, on horseback, wearing a glittering steel corselet, carrying a marshal's baton. She has no retinue; she is attended only by the Earl of Leicester, the commander-in-chief of her little army, by the Earl of Ormond, bearing the great sword of state, and by the page who carries her white-plumed helmet. She has been warned that it might be dangerous for her to go among her troops at all, and her answer has been not only to go, but to go without a guard. She knows that this is the hour for courage for all Englishmen, and shall she be afraid? She speaks to her soldiers with quiet confidence in them and in the cause.

"I am come amongst you, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom and for my people, my honor and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king—and of a king of England too!—and think foul scorn that Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm!"

The men of the army hear her words and catch fire; and the men at sea, though they hear no ringing speech, feel the great Queen's spirit among them, valiant in her leadership and calling forth the valor of the defenders of England and their faith. Hawkins, Grenville, Howard, Drake! In their little ships, they sweep among the huge galleons of Spain, strike here, strike there, fly this way, that way, return, strike once more!

And Elizabeth, in London, is praying, "Oh, let thine enemies know that thou hast received England, which they most of all for Thy gospel's sake malign, into Thine own protection. Set a wall about it, O Lord, and evermore mightily defend it!"

English valor is the wall, and the Spaniards cannot pierce it.

England is saved, Protestantism is saved. The war is not over. For fifteen years England and Spain will fight here, fight there. But something has happened to the English soul. Englishmen have thrust back an attack of ten times their strength. A new confidence, a new courage, is in their hearts. They are the children of the morning, the lords of the new day.

The Queen feels their ardor and responds to it. Her people! Her Englishmen! Returning by torchlight from a council meeting after the great victory, she is stopped by the cheering crowds. "Ye may have a greater prince," she says, "but ye shall never have a more loving prince."

And so she passes by.

Vain, say the books, jealous, treacherous, petty, without faith, without heart? No. A far-flung empire which she founded and a national soul which she helped to mold, they tell a different story.

FRANCIS DRAKE

THIS is his home—this battered old hulk, half afloat and half ashore in Chatham Reach at the mouth of the Medway. Once it has sailed the sea with the best of its fellows, cruised among the West Indies, perhaps, had its brisk turn with a Spanish galleon, brought home its cargo of Spanish gold; but now its sailing and its fighting days are over and all that remains to it of glory is to shelter the Protestant preacher, Edmund Drake, and his family of twelve sons. Young Edward VI, son of Henry VIII, has appointed Master Drake as "Reader of Prayers to the Royal Navy" with the old hulk as his "official residence." The navy is as big a joke as the residence. There are certain warships which in time of peace are used as merchantmen and certain merchantmen which in time of war are used as warships; and that is all. The government does not own them, and only remotely controls them. At the sight of a Spanish sail the crews of all of them turn buccaneers.

There is no question that the mariners who drift in and out of the Medway or loiter about the docks at Chatham Reach need to have prayers read them; but whether the reading does much good is another matter. The Englishman of this middle of the sixteenth century takes his religion hard; but he takes it externally. He will go through the streets roaring for the Pope or against him but he will not let his religious convictions—whatever they may be—interfere in the least with his freedom of action. He is a hard living, hard drinking creature, holding life lightly and taking it without much scruple; brutal, undisciplined, but daring as a hawk. Here on the seacoast he is at his worst and his best, and it is safe to say that the Reverend Drake makes not the least impression on him.

He makes no particular impression either on his sons. They have more fascinating, more thrilling teachers. The sailors tell them yarns of the great deep, of voyages into the sunset, of storms; of Spanish cities in the West Indies and Spanish cruelty and Spanish gold, and swift attacks and incredible booty. Parson Drake's prayers haven't a chance beside tales such as these weather-beaten old cut-throats tell.

Francis has imagination. Living on the old hulk, scrambling up the rotting rigging and along the slippery spars, it is not hard for him to feel that he is himself at sea, venturing where these sailors have ventured, spying a Spanish galleon, making ready to board. The prayers which the parson reads make solemn music, but the tales the mariners tell young Francis make his own blood to sing. So far as the salvation of his soul is concerned, it is not much loss when, on King Edward's death, "Bloody" Mary gets after the parson and his prayer book, and sends the old fanatic scurrying for cover.

Francis is ten or eleven, and on his own. He is apprenticed as ship boy on a channel coaster carrying on a trade with France and Holland. The education which the sailors of Chatham Reach have begun, the men and the storms which buffet him through his boyhood carry forward. A sailor's life on board an English trading craft in 1555 or thereabouts is not an existence which can be described in terms of rosewater. It toughens Francis Drake inside and out.

But it does something else. In Holland, Philip II, king of Spain, is carrying on a bitter war to subdue the Protestant Dutch. From the lips of refugees Francis hears of the persecutions, the tortures. The Spaniards have many excellent qualities, but they are not good "mixers." They know nothing of the philosophy of "live and let live."

Everyone who disagrees with them, they kill or torture or enslave. Drake has heard often enough of the cruelty of the Spaniards to the Indians, the Aztecs, the Incas; but those tales were of regions far away. The Dutch, however, are neighbors; Protestant neighbors, and therefore doubly close to Protestant Englishmen. What happens to them strikes close home. Drake feels his Protestantism as he never felt it before; and he begins to hate Spain with a fervor which is part religious and part patriotic.

Catholic Mary—unhappy soul—dies, and Protestant Elizabeth is queen. Francis is fourteen years old and such a favorite with his master skipper that when the old man dies a few years later he leaves the youth his ship. For a while Drake trades up and down the coasts, but not for long. The Channel is swarming with privateers and it is a case either of turning privateer himself or going under. The temptation, moreover, to go out and plunder is great. Up from Spain or out from the West Indies, one after the other, come the great swinging Spanish galleons, gorgeous to look at and marvelous to loot. Saffron, cochineal, and silk; gold, silver, precious stones; linen, tapestry, and wine. Each cargo is worth a king's ransom. If you have scruples about taking it, you remind yourself that much of all this was stolen in the first place; and isn't all fair in war?

The fact is, of course, that there isn't any war. England and Spain are at peace. Various ambassadors, in fact, are now trying to arrange a marriage between Philip of Spain and Elizabeth. The Queen is most indignant that any rash subject of hers should presume to attack a ship of His Most Catholic Majesty; indignant, that is, in public. Privately she expresses other views. She does not love Spain but she is aware that England is not strong enough to risk a war with the bigoted Philip. So she plays him, and plays her pirates too; frowns on them, smiles on them; then again frowns. They are never quite sure, when they drive into Plymouth Sound after a successful haul, whether

Elizabeth is going to lay a gold chain about their necks or a rope.

Drake serves his day with the Channel rovers but his heart is set for wider waters. His kinsman, John Hawkins, wears—without a blush—the distinction of being the first Englishman to engage in the slave trade, and recommends the business to Cousin Francis as being both exciting and profitable. So in October, 1567, Drake sails with him as pilot, with a squadron of six vessels armed and victualed for a long voyage. The Queen knows nothing of the expedition—officially; unofficially she knows a lot. She has, in fact, contributed two ships to the little fleet and most of the ammunition. It is not that she enjoys being double-faced; but she can't resist helping along an adventure like this. One suspects that she would give much if she could go herself.

On the coast of Guinea in western Africa, Hawkins and Drake pick up their black cargo, partly in trade for beads and nice red coats, partly by force of arms. Then, with five hundred slaves packed in the holds, they sail across the Atlantic. When they try to dispose of their booty, however, they run into a difficulty. The Spanish government has forbidden the colonists in the West Indies to trade with the English. But when there is a man who wants to sell and a man who wants to buy, it is hard to keep them apart. Under cover a lively "bootleg" trade goes on, and in cases where everything else fails, force is a powerful persuader. They exchange their slaves for gold and silver, for pearls and sugar and hide; and joyfully turn homeward.

But a Caribbean hurricane disables the squadron and sends it scurrying for shelter to the harbor of Vera Cruz in Mexico. The sight that greets their eyes as they enter is such a one as comes to a good pirate only once a lifetime. In the harbor, laden with the year's produce of the West Indies—gold and silver to the amount of ten million dollars—lie twelve Spanish merchantmen, unarmed, waiting for the escort which is to convoy them to Spain.

The Spanish fleet duly appears outside the harbor the morning after Hawkins and Drake arrive. For the moment it lies at the mercy of the English. If Hawkins chooses he can make the Spanish fleet stay outside the harbor until another storm comes and smashes it, then seize the treasure on the merchantmen and sail for merrie England; or he can trust the Spanish admiral's solemn pledge that he will leave the English unmolested and let him sail in.

Hawkins is in a very real sense between the devil and the deep blue sea. It isn't that he has any scruples whatsoever about stealing the treasure but he is not sure that such an act will fit into the political game of his Queen, and even ten million dollars is poor compensation for the gallows. So he lets the Spaniards enter the harbor. The next night, ignoring their promises, they suddenly fall upon the English with overwhelming numbers. Hawkins on one little ship, Drake on another, manage to fight their way out of the harbor, but the smaller craft carrying their spoils are sunk.

It is an evil day for the Englishmen, but it is an even more evil day for Spain, for it gives two of England's ablest seamen a grievance which they will not forget though they live a thousand years. Hitherto their emotions about Spain have been based largely on stories other men have told them; but now they have had their own taste of Spanish perfidy. For both henceforth it is war to the death.

They return to England with nothing to show for their journey except battered ships and half-starved crews; but they have a story to tell which flies from mouth to mouth and stirs men's rage. Drake goes himself to the Queen and pleads for a fleet to harry Spanish commerce wherever he may find it. The Queen is almost as angry as Drake. She has a stout English heart beneath her laces and her ruffs, and covertly helps him to get ready. He takes his time; there is no danger that his grievance will cool.

In 1570 he sails off on a reconnoitering expedition, and the next year again. He makes no startling foray; he merely picks up a galleon or two to pay expenses. The main object of his journeys is to look around and see where, when the time comes, he can strike the Spaniards to best advantage. Then, in 1572, he is ready to do something.

He sets out with seventy-three men and a squadron no more formidable than a covey of racing yachts, the largest of seventy tons, the smallest of twenty-five. It is a young men's party. Drake himself is only twenty-eight and only one man of the seventy-three is over thirty. In the gulf of Darien, off the Mexican coast, they run into a friendly pirate from the Isle of Wight who has captured a Spanish caravel, and, combining forces with him, make for Nombre de Dios, the treasure house of the Spanish Main.

At midnight they land under the bluff at the point of the harbor, and, at the rising of the moon, move in two parties boldly with trumpets sounding and drums beating, toward the town's central square. The fight with the Spanish garrison is hot while it lasts but it does not last long. The Spaniards run; and the Englishmen look around for the treasure. There is plenty of it—silver bars in a pile seventy feet long, ten feet wide, twelve feet high; eight thousand cubic feet and more of solid silver. But Drake will not let his men touch it. This is chicken feed to what he expects to find—and finds—in the treasure house near the water's edge. But a sudden, tropical storm drenches the powder of his raiders and loosens their bowstrings, so that when the Spaniards renew the battle, the Englishmen lose their nerve. Drake himself is wounded and, against his own violent protests, is carried off to his ship.

His first effort to despoil the Spaniards has been a failure but he has other plans up his sleeve. For six months he lies in hiding in the Gulf of Darien waiting for the end of the rainy season. One by one his men die of fever until only forty-five of his seventy-three survive, but his enthusiasm for his enterprise does not weaken. He secures the aid of a tribe of escaped negro slaves, and sets out through the dark jungle for the pass in the Cordilleras through which he must go to reach the treasure highway across the Isthmus of Panama.

It is from a high tree on this pass that he catches his first glimpse of the Pacific. No Englishman before him has stood where he stands, with the Atlantic at his back and the Pacific stretching in purple beauty bewitchingly southward. He is a hard man, with a hard conscience, a vindictive hater, out for spoils; but the sight of this great ocean never furrowed by an English keel kindles his imagination, strikes awe into his tough heart.

"I pray Almighty God in his goodness," he cries fervently, "to give me life and leave once—on an English ship—to sail upon that sea!"

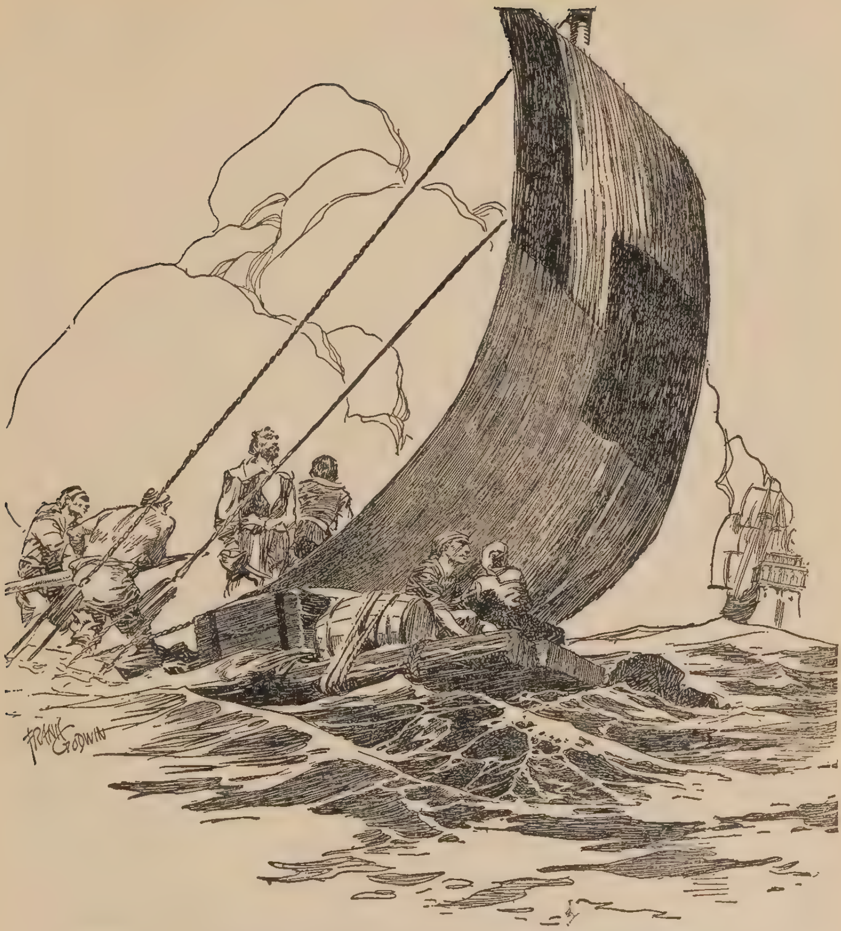
Is it the tropical beauty of dark blue waters framed in dark green foliage; is it the romance of the wide unknown, the dream of God knows what enticing lands over the horizon's edge, which works upon his romantic spirit? He scarcely knows himself; but even his hard-bit young companions recognize that the man who descends toward the Panama trail is a different man from the one who climbed the long ascent on the other side. Hitherto he has been only a sea rover and a pirate; henceforth he is a man with a dream.

But the dream does not prevent him from setting about with care to waylay the Spanish mule train on its way from Panama to Nombre de Dios. His ambush is perfect, but one of his gentlemen adventurers, who has had "too much *aqua vitae* without water"—as the record states—takes it into his head at a critical moment to look out from the underbrush. The advance guard of the Spaniards take fright and send back word to the captain of the expedition, who craftily substitutes the victual train for the treasure train, so that when Drake and his men leap out of the brush to seize the rich booty, they fall upon a few bags of grain and nothing more.

What Drake says to the young man who has betrayed him history does not record; but it is no doubt adequate to the occasion. Drake, however, is not the sort to waste much time in profanity or lamentation. Knowing that he has been discovered, he knows he must fight his way out of the country; and it is characteristic of him that he does not wait to be attacked. He marches boldly to the attack himself, thrashes a Spanish force at Vera Crux and cuts his way back to his ships. It is a long march, and Drake gives his men no rest; but he lightens the journey by his own good cheer. Has his treasure hunt failed? *Heigh-ho and a merrie-o!* Spain has other treasures waiting for gentlemen adventurers!

For two months or more Drake plays hide-and-seek with the Spaniards, attacking a ship here, a ship there, a town on this bay, a fort on the other headland. He strikes and is gone. With incredible speed he seems to cover the miles in the swift little pinnaces he has brought from England for just this purpose. The Spaniards begin to speak of *El Draque* in awed whispers and some of them are ready to believe that he is the Devil himself. For what mortal man can be in two places at once?

Then once more he is in ambush with his men waiting for the tinkle of the mule train laden with treasure. This time there is no blundering; but when Drake and his men, with pockets bulging with gold, return to the harbor where they have left their pinnaces, the little craft are gone and seven Spanish ships are riding at anchor where they lay. Drake is equal to the emergency. Out of sight of the Spaniards, he builds a raft of driftwood, raises a biscuit sack for a sail, improvises a rudder out of a tree and starts



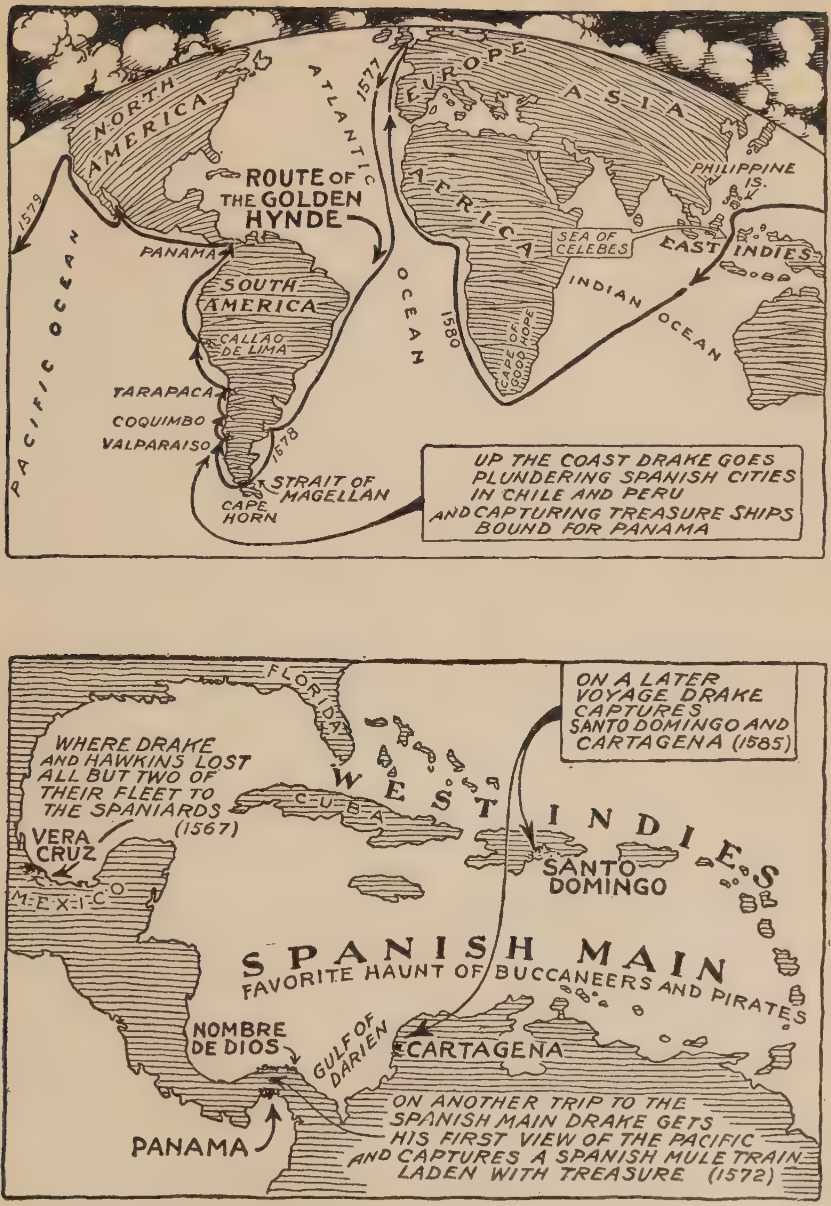
FRANK GODWIN

With a raft made of driftwood and a biscuit sack for a sail
Drake starts forth

forth. He and his company nearly perish of hunger, of thirst, of the heat, and of the raging of the sea. But they outride all four perils and find the pinnaces with their crews snug in a little cove waiting for them. Two weeks later they are on their journey homeward. All Plymouth celebrates their arrival.

Drake is for starting off again at once. The sight of the "southern sea"—that blue Pacific stretching before him through the tree-tops of Panama—has started a fever burning in him, and he cannot rest until under his feet he feels an English keel parting those fabled waters. The Queen is not at all averse to his going. Drake's story of that vast ocean has stirred her imagination, too—the adventurous strain in her throbs in response to it—but her advisers are otherwise minded. Burleigh, her chief counselor, is trying to patch up some kind of diplomatic arrangement with Spain, and he is tired of having his negotiations again and again knocked galley west by some highly scandalous exploit of Francis Drake's. As a patriotic Englishman he has a soft spot in his heart for the gay-hearted young pirate, but as a statesman he prefers to keep him safely in England. It takes Drake four years to fit out another expedition. The Queen invests a thousand pounds in it; but nobody knows it except Drake, certainly not cautious old Burleigh.

In November, 1577, Drake sets sail with five ships, the largest, the "Golden Hynde," of a hundred tons, the smallest of fifteen. For diplomatic reasons he says he is sailing for Alexandria; there is no use in warning Spain to get ready; but near the coast of Morocco he turns suddenly westward and sails straight for the southernmost tip of South America. He is out to fulfil his dream at last. But misfortune dogs his course. He runs into one gale after another, into fog, into tempestuous seas. A friend proves faithless; on the bleak shore of Patagonia there is a court-martial, and an execution. Two of the ships have to be condemned and


NORTH AMERICA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
EUROPE
ASIA
AFRICA
1577
1579
ROUTE OF THE GOLDEN HYNDE
PHILIPPINE IS.
SEA OF CELEBES
EAST INDIES
INDIAN OCEAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
PANAMA
SOUTH AMERICA
CALLAO DE LIMA
TARAPACA
COQUIMBO
VALPARAISO
1578
1580
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
STRAIT OF MAGELLAN
CAPE HORN
UP THE COAST DRAKE GOES PLUNDERING SPANISH CITIES IN CHILE AND PERU AND CAPTURING TREASURE SHIPS BOUND FOR PANAMA
FLORIDA
ON A LATER VOYAGE DRAKE CAPTURES SANTO DOMINGO AND CARTAGENA (1585)
WHERE DRAKE AND HAWKINS LOST ALL BUT TWO OF THEIR FLEET TO THE SPANIARDS (1567)
CUBA
WEST INDIES
VERA CRUZ
MEXICO
SANTO DOMINGO
SPANISH MAIN
FAVORITE HAUNT OF BUCCANEERS AND PIRATES
NOMBRE DE DIOS
GULF OF DARIEN
CARTAGENA
PANAMA
ON ANOTHER TRIP TO THE SPANISH MAIN DRAKE GETS HIS FIRST VIEW OF THE PACIFIC AND CAPTURES A SPANISH MULE TRAIN LADEN WITH TREASURE (1572)

Drake's love of adventure led him on many hazardous expeditions left behind. In a wild storm in the straits of Magellan, a third sinks with all on board; a fourth turns back. When the gales die down and Drake is in the Pacific at last, he finds that his "Golden Hynde" is alone.

He spends no time in repining; he holds a religious service, takes the Communion, and looks around for a Spanish ship to loot. He finds one in Valparaiso harbor laden with thirty-seven thousand ducats, appropriates it, captures the town, seizes a fine stock of wine, rifles the local chapel, and sets himself straight with the Deity by presenting the silver chalice and the altar cloth to Master Fletcher, his chaplain. Then, before the Spaniards have recovered from their amazement that any English ship should be in these far waters to challenge their supremacy, Drake is jauntily sailing northward.

At Coquimbo, he has no luck—the Spaniards outnumber him—but at Tarapaca on the pier waiting to be loaded he finds thirteen bars of silver lying beside their sleeping guard.

"We took the silver," the record runs, "and left the man." Quite by accident, close by, they run across eight Peruvian sheep laden with fine silver, and toss the whole lot on board, beast and burden together.

At Callao de Lima, Drake hears that a Spanish galleon has just sailed for Panama with a cargo of gold and precious stones, and instantly starts in pursuit. It takes him nine days to catch up with her, but he gets her at last, and rifles her in midocean. Into the hold of the "Golden Hynde" he transfers twenty-six tons of silver, eighty pounds weight of gold, and jewels beyond computation. Never before was there such a haul.

Drake is ready to turn homeward now. But it strikes him suddenly that, between the storms and the Spaniards —already, no doubt, lying in wait—the straits of Magellan offer a poor chance for an English ship weighted to the gunwales with Spanish treasure. Besides, he is reluctant to leave this "southern sea" before he has traversed it and skimmed its farther shores.

"What about Magellan and his voyage around the world? What a Portuguese has done, cannot an Englishman do?"

Drake thinks of the Spaniards waiting for him week after week, month after month among the storms of Cape Horn, and the temptation to keep them waiting till the stars freeze in their courses is too strong to be resisted. He makes an audacious decision; he will go home by going not eastward but westward.

In a bay of Lower California he settles down for a month to overhaul his ship. The natives are friendly, for Drake is kind to them; he is not hard in his dealings with men, except with Spaniards, and is ready now to admit even in their case that he has revenged himself fairly satisfactorily. He is, in fact, in a happy mood, and inclined to give the Lord his due for the loot he is going home with, calling on Master Fletcher frequently to offer prayers and read the Scriptures as all good pirates should. The Indians find him altogether admirable; finally their chief abdicates with ceremony and offers Drake his crown. The Englishman accepts it in behalf of his Queen. It is all very friendly and warm.

Then Drake and his "Golden Hynde" are sailing into the sunset, past the Carolina Islands, past the Philippines, past the Moluccas. In the sea of Celebes, they run upon a rock. It is a bitter moment, but luck is with the daring. After twenty agonizing hours, just as they are ready to admit that they are beaten and the jig is up, the wind veers, the ship slides off the reef, and once more Drake's stanch craft is on her course down to the Cape of Good Hope.

England's welcome is tumultuous. Drake has been given up for dead long ago and such a return as he makes, with millions in his coffers, seems too good to be true. But the Queen is in a quandary. Her advisers have been rejoicing that this troublesome man Drake is at the bottom of the sea, and here he is suddenly back with his ship dripping with Spanish plunder.

What now will Spain say? What will Spain not say? The Queen thinks hard for a few days, and then the fighting soul in her wins over the diplomat. She is not going to give a red farthing what Spain does say!

She sends for Drake; then she sends for the "Golden Hynde." Swinging in the Thames the stalwart vessel becomes the talk and the pride of all London. A public banquet is given Drake on board, to which the Queen herself comes; and at the conclusion of it she confers knighthood upon him. "Rise, Sir Francis Drake!"

So far as Spain is concerned, she could not do more to make clear where she stands. She has, in fact, made up her mind that war is bound to come and there is no use pretending otherwise. Drake finds her an eager listener when he talks of the possibilities for England in supremacy on the sea. He lays before her his plans for establishing a navy that *is* a navy, his projects for smashing Spain's world power by breaking up her trade.

But once more politics intervenes. Lord Burleigh is never for the dashing, the startling thing. Drake frets in inaction while year after year passes.

At last, in 1585, he is off once more. Philip of Spain has seized English grain ships, and the war is on. Drake goes forth this time not as a sea rover, a pirate, out for plunder, but as a naval commander with a real fleet—two men-of-war, eighteen cruisers, numerous store ships and pinnaces, and two thousand men—on a definite commission from his government.

He raids St. Iago on the Cape Verde Islands, crosses the Atlantic and captures the city of Santo Domingo, collects a ransom of $250,000, destroys the shipping in the harbor, and moves on to the Spanish Main. By skilful strategy he captures Cartagena and secures $150,000 more ransom money. He turns his eyes on Panama, but many of his men have died of the tropical fevers and there is no fight left even in the living. He turns homeward content with the mark he has made on Spain's oversea power.

When he arrives he finds the air full of rumors of a gigantic armada which Philip of Spain is said to be building for the invasion and conquest of England. Proofs of the rumor are not slow in coming, and Drake is commissioned by the Queen to go out and smash the Spanish fleet before it can set sail.

He finds it assembled in the harbor of Cadiz protected by fortresses and shoals at the mouth of the narrow channel which is the only entrance. His captains are unanimous in saying that no ship can enter that channel and survive; but Drake promptly orders his whole fleet in. The very audacity of the attack brings victory. The Spaniards are too surprised and dismayed to fight. He cleans up the outer harbor, captures all the stores collected for the armada and scuttles the store ships; then he raids the inner harbor. One after the other the great vessels of war are plundered and burned—twelve thousand tons of them. Then, on the first fair breeze, Drake sails out of Cadiz bay, not having lost a man.

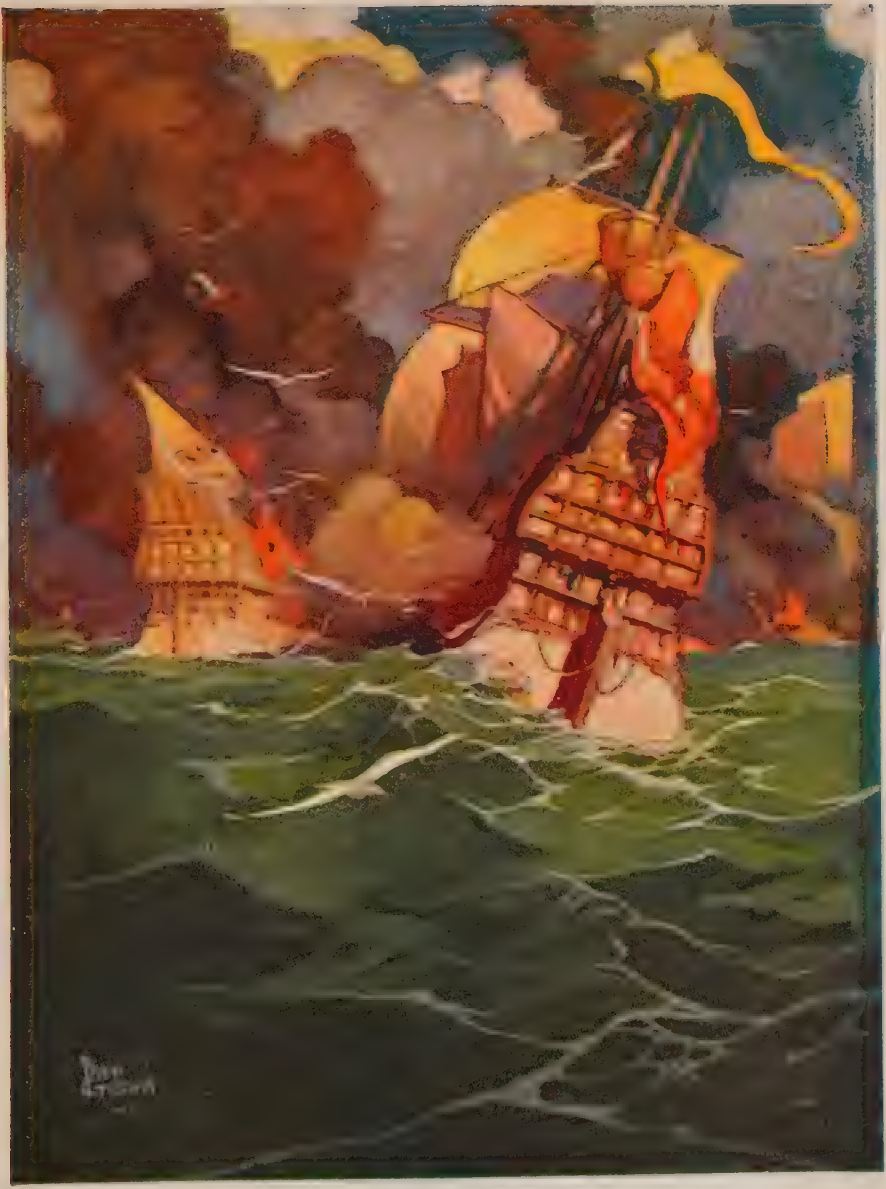
But Philip, bigoted and grim, builds new ships; in every harbor he builds them. Drake wants to strike again before the Spaniards are ready, but the Queen's counselors are of two minds, and orders given today are countermanded tomorrow. Then at last news comes that Philip is ready, with a hundred thirty ships, three thousand cannon, twenty thousand men on board and sixty thousand waiting in Flanders to be transported. And on every ship come the instruments of torture which Philip and the Holy Inquisition have found useful in Spain.

Out of Plymouth, out of Southampton, out of the Thames, dash the fishing boats and the converted merchantmen which are all that England has to send against the invader. It is an insignificant fleet compared with the towering sea castles of Spain, but it is lighter on its feet than the Spanish ships. For days the swift sea rovers tease and harass the clumsy galleons, striking and fleeing, striking elsewhere and fleeing again.

The great armada is checked and moves forward, is checked and again moves forward—eastward up the Channel to the straits of Dover. There where, for a night, the armada lies huddled in the narrow waters, Drake devises a stratagem. He sends a burning ship into the midst of the Spanish fleet. A great wind rises. What the flames begin Drake and his ships carry forward and a hurricane completes. The great armada is driven through the Dover Straits and up the east coast of England to be smashed on the shores of Scotland and the Hebrides.

That day is Drake's great day. What happens after it is insignificant. He goes on new journeys, he conducts new raids. Once more he sets forth for the Caribbean to pick up Spanish galleons and treasure trains from Panama.

But the fevers which were nothing to the buccaneer of twenty-five are too much for the weather-beaten admiral of fifty-two. He dies in 1595, and is buried in those southern waters which have brought him riches and fame. The Spaniards, sailing in their galleons over that lonely resting place, are lucky if they do not see a ghost.



Drake sends a burning ship into the midst of the Spanish fleet

GEORGE WASHINGTON

BROTHER LAWRENCE finds his sixteen-year-old brother "promising." Lord Fairfax, his neighbor, thinks him "steady"; but the girls of Alexandria and the "Northern Neck," as they call the peninsula between Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac, where young George may most often be seen, are not enthusiastic. He is tall and stalwart—altogether too much so, they will tell you. He is bashful and at the same time too easily won; and he has an awful nose. He dances—well, how would that sort of overgrown country boy dance? No, the girls are not for George.

He knows it and it distresses him. He writes his friends about it, and he would probably drop such tears as the most masculine of young men do drop in the year of our Lord 1748, were it not that a succession of new faces brings balm to a succession of wounds. His love remains constant, only its object changes; he is always in love and never rewarded. It is very romantic and very sad; and very funny.

But Brother Lawrence sees nothing of all this; and George's employer, Lord Fairfax, noting his young surveyor's sentimental efforts with the Fairfax girls, his nieces, smiles, and likes the husky, honest, serious-minded, heavy-footed boy better than ever. George is an excellent surveyor for all his youth; a first-rate rider too, taking the fences like a gentleman; a frontier boy, hardened by rough living, yet kept gentle at heart by companionship with men and women of cultivation and trained instincts. He has a good background. His father, Augustine, is of strong English stock, his mother is a sensible, courageous woman, who manages her husband's four children by his first wife and her own six with vigor and skill. He has not had much education; the family funds have been too limited. His spelling is his own, but his writing is strong and clear, he is a demon at arithmetic, and he can "apply himself," as they put it in Fredericksburg, across the Rappahannock from his mother's farm. He is observant, moreover self-reliant, interested in everything that comes under his eye.

Lord Fairfax, wishing to have his lines pegged down on the western edges of his vast property, sends young George out to do it. It is a grand adventure along the Shenandoah and the upper Potomac, with another boy his own age for company and two or three assistants. They sleep under the stars; they make their way across swollen rivers; and in a month are back with their survey, to the noble lord's huge satisfaction.

For three years thereafter George, as county surveyor, is living the richest and rarest kind of life that a young man can live, divided as it is between the hardships of the primeval wilderness and the cultivation of the manor house with its echoes of civilized London, its intelligent talk, its walls of good books. The young man does not read much, but he plays about with men who do, men who in their time have been sizable frogs in a big puddle and can croak of politics and literature in London, and of old corruptions and new ideas in Paris.

Without his quite knowing it, the young surveyor acquires not only the manners of cultivated society, but something more solid—a knowledge of history and of affairs, of armies and government. Especially, no doubt, he learns of kings and of rebellions, for surely the memory of Charles I and Oliver Cromwell is matter for sharp debate among these transplanted Englishmen. Young Washington is a fine listener and a most capable rememberer.

Then suddenly, the surveying days are at an end. Brother Lawrence is ill and wants George's company on a trip to the West Indies. George goes, has a marvelous time, falls in and out of love, catches smallpox, and returns, somewhat scarred but otherwise in fine feather, only to have the full burden of manhood fall suddenly on his shoulders with Lawrence's death. At twenty he is the owner and manager of Lawrence's estate, called Mount Vernon, the executor of his will, and the right-hand man of his mother in the management of two farms and eight children. He has, meanwhile, grown into his big frame; and his huge nose does not seem to come at you out of his florid face as it formerly did. A year later, Dinwiddie, governor of the colony, already speaks of him as "a person of distinction."

It is not his fault that he is not married; he has tried hard enough. But the vote against him seems to be unanimous.

While young Washington is getting himself settled at Mount Vernon or riding to hounds with his neighbors of the Northern Neck or dancing the minuet in the colonial capital at Williamsburg, matters are stirring in the wilderness west of the colonies which are going to have resounding consequences all over the world. France claims that western country by right of exploration and settlement, but England claims it as the huge back yard of her seaboard possessions.

It is an empire of magnificent proportions which is at stake in the dispute—the whole region between the Appalachian Range and the Mississippi. France has forts here and there, two towns, Quebec and Montreal in the north, and a third, New Orleans, in the south—that is all. Into this vast, unsettled region, Englishmen are beginning to sift, men with the restlessness and adventurous blood of the pioneer for whom Virginia and the other colonies are becoming too civilized. Some bring families and establish farms. The French look upon their coming first with uneasiness, then with indignation; and decide to put up the bars while there is yet time.

News reaches Virginia that the French are building forts along the Allegheny River, and the governor picks young Washington, now a major of militia, to bring them word that they are poaching on English land. In November, 1753, with a half dozen companions he starts on horseback for the frontier. It takes him six weeks of desperate travel on bad trails or none at all, over swollen rivers, through snow and rain, in constant peril of attack by Indians, to reach the French commander.

Washington is tactful and patient, the Frenchman is courteous—and firm. They part, understanding each other perfectly.

Washington carries back to Virginia the information that if the French are to be got out of their new forts, they will have to be driven out with soldiers and guns.

The governor is a man of action. He promptly sends a party of men to build a fort where the Allegheny and the Monongahela rivers join to form the Ohio; and sends young Washington with a hundred fifty militiamen to hold it. But the Frenchman is not letting the grass grow under his feet either. Before Washington arrives, he has driven off the fort builders, completed the building himself, called it Fort Duquesne, garrisoned it, and raised the French flag.

So far no shot has been fired; England and France are still at peace. But Washington is young; he has an itch for battle. At the head of a scouting party he comes on a patrol of French soldiers in the forest. He orders his men to fire; and for fifteen minutes he has the fighting that he has been looking for, and loves it. Then the Frenchmen surrender. The war is on; a colonial major of militia has started a conflict which will rage for years in three continents.

But his act brings him no immediate glory. Reënforcements come, but the British officer who heads them refuses to obey Washington's orders. His men are taken sick. The rains of June put his rude fortifications in the Great Meadows under water. The French attack Washington's little army and thrash it. A sadder and a wiser man, he takes his sick and battered militiamen home.

But this is not the end; it is only the beginning. The next year he is back again as second-in-command of a force of British regulars and Virginia militia. His general, Braddock, is a brave soldier, but self-assured and stubborn. Washington's warnings that wilderness fighting is not like a plotted battle on a European field, never get past Braddock's ears. Shall British soldiers skulk like Indians behind trees? Never!

So he marches them as on parade into a ravine where the French lie in ambush with their Indian allies. Two-thirds of the British force are slaughtered, Braddock among them. Washington is everywhere in the fight, cool, fearless, and able. Two horses are shot under him and four bullets pass through his clothes, but he rescues what remains of Braddock's army.

Virginia is loud with his praises and for three years keeps him where he is most needed. With fifteen hundred men he patrols four hundred miles of frontier. It is a heartbreaking enterprise. The Indians are swift and cruel. No man or body of men can protect the families on the scattered farms, yet these families, brave and high-hearted, are the seed of the civilization of tomorrow.

"I solemnly declare," Washington cries, "I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease."

All he can do is to drive back the savages where he can. He proves himself the ablest Indian fighter of his time.

Quebec is captured by the British. The war which Washington in his youthful ardor began has ended on the Plains of Abraham with the downfall of French power in the western world. The young colonel is back in Mount Vernon, picking up loose ends, balancing his accounts, ordering some very smart new clothes, and courting the ladies. The delightful Mary Philipse of Yonkers, alas, marries his British rival, but the young widow of Daniel Parke Custis is kinder; and in January, 1759, they are married at Martha Custis's house on the Pamunkey River.

Now for fifteen years, Washington lives at Mount Vernon as a country gentleman, with occasional interruptions when his duties as a member of the House of Burgesses take him to Williamsburg. Through his marriage he has become one of the wealthiest men in Virginia, but he is as thrifty as though he were forced to run his household on the meager returns of his farm. He has slaves—as all Virginia planters have—and he sees that they work. He keeps a close eye on his overseer; his accounts are precise. He himself superintends the building of a goose pen or a blacksmith's shop, the cleaning and threshing of the wheat, the shearing of the sheep, the killing of the hogs. He even invents a new kind of plow, and when he catches a game poacher on his estate he thrashes him with his own strong right arm.

But he finds plenty of time to enjoy the pleasures of life. He hunts, he fishes, he rides to hounds, he dances, he plays cards. He is a social being—he likes people around him—he is, in fact, a little lost without them. And Martha is dear and good, but not exciting.

In the midst of all this agriculture and social coming-and-going, however, Colonel Washington is thoroughly aware of what is happening in the great world outside his unprofitable but delightful acres overlooking the Potomac. A great political battle is going on between Englishmen and their king. George III is not a bad man or by nature a despot; but he is stupid, and he is not an Englishman. His family have come from a small German court where the princes have been accustomed to have everything their own way, and it seems to him outrageous that he should not have his own way in England and America. The French and Indian wars have been expensive; and it is going to cost more money still to protect the great region which England and the colonies have won from France. The British government feels that, since the protection of the frontier is a benefit to the colonists, they ought to help pay for it; and starts in to tax them in various ways. The colonists loudly protest. Unless they are to have a chance to say how the money is to be spent, they refuse to pay taxes. "No taxation without representation," is the cry.

Now it happens that that same cry is being raised in England also. Certain Englishmen, under the leadership of William Pitt, are pointing out that some of the largest cities in the kingdom have no representatives in Parliament, while some villages of a dozen inhabitants or less have two delegates, appointed by some lord or other because such hand-picked men will do as the King wishes.

Pitt wants to change all that. He wants to throw out the "cuckoo" delegates and put into Parliament the men who pay taxes in the great towns. The King knows that such men will limit his power, so he bends every effort to defeat Pitt's plans. He does not want to get into trouble with the American colonies, but he can't give in to them without seeming to give in to Pitt. The struggle then is not so much a struggle of the colonies with England, as a struggle of certain progressive Englishmen in England and the colonies against a bull-headed king and his advisers.

The conflict becomes more and more sharp as the years pass. No one is talking about independence, but a great many people are in those years thinking about the possibility of an armed struggle. Washington, outwardly composed, is full of indignation at the folly and injustice of the home government. Prosperity has not weakened his devotion to the public service. He may dine and ride with his old friends the Fairfaxes who take the King's side; but everybody knows where he stands.

Washington is a member of the first Continental Congress when it meets in Philadelphia in the fall of 1774, a grave, rather solemn man now, who talks little, but, when he does, talks excellent sense; "a modest man," a fellow Virginian says of him, "in action cool, like a bishop at his prayers." No one thinks of him as a genius; he has a careful, steady mind but not a great intellect. He has rather something rarer, which is character. People think of him as a rock on which they can build.

The spirit of the Congress is warlike. "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!" That is Patrick Henry.

Washington is much less eloquent and much more to the point. He says, "I will raise one thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march myself at their head."

King George stubbornly digs his heels in, for all that Pitt can say, and, six months later, the colonists have driven hot shot into an advancing column of redcoats on the road between Lexington and Concord; and the war has begun.

There is only one man for commander-in-chief of the colonial forces. The Massachusetts folk, who dislike the Virginians only a little less than they dislike the British, would prefer not to admit it, but they give in gracefully and themselves nominate Colonel Washington for the post. The Continental Army is at Cambridge, outside Boston, besieging the British in the city. It is not much of an army, and Washington's heart falls when he sees it; no uniforms, few arms, little ammunition, and not too much enthusiasm. The men complain. They have no discipline. Some even desert; a few have to be taken out and shot.

Washington takes hold. The unruly troops feel something stiffen all along the line. They see the skill with which he outwits the British and drives them out of Boston. They feel his determination. They note how he is building them—farm hands as they are—into an army.

A riot breaks out among the troops. A company of Marblehead fishermen has been making fun of the buckskin suits of a company of frontier riflemen from Virginia. The frontiersmen answer in appropriate terms, and instantly the argument becomes a free-for-all fight. Washington hears of it, mounts his horse and does not wait for his colored servant to open the gate. He is over the gate and the servant both at a bound and among the rioters; then he is off his horse and in the thickest of the fight. He seizes two brawny fighters, shakes them, lectures them—and the riot is over.

His scraggy soldiers begin to realize that here, leading them, is a man. But they do not know yet how high-hearted and great a man he is. They see only the rather austere figure of the General moving among them on his magnificent horse. They know nothing of the heartache, the vexation, the despair behind that calm exterior; nothing of the bickerings with the Congress at Philadelphia, the pleas for ammunition which are not answered, the struggles of a soldier with the politicians snug at home far from the battle lines.

The defeat at the battle of Long Island is an agony to him. The trained Britishers, outnumbering his young army two to one, are too much for them. His men run.

Washington flings his hat on the ground in a passion of anger. "Are these the men with which I am to defend America?"

He is in the very midst of the fight, his sword in one hand, a pistol in the other, alone finally, within eighty yards of the enemy. An officer seizes the rein of his horse and draws the commander out of danger.

His wrath dies quickly. In a moment he is the cool general once more, trying to save what he can from the disaster. He does the impossible and in the dead of night gets his ten thousand men across the East River before the British can cut off his retreat.

More troubles are in store for him. An American army of three thousand men is captured. Another of seven thousand men is prevented from joining him because of the disloyalty of its commander who wants to see Washington defeated in the hope of getting the supreme command for himself. A quarter of his own men are sick.

But Washington keeps his head. He crosses the Hudson, marches through New Jersey, destroying bridges, destroying food supplies, stringing out the British army pursuing him, determined to avoid a battle except on his own terms. Congress gets fidgety and begins to growl. Wiseacres are perfectly sure they know better than the commander-in-chief how the campaign should be fought.

But Washington keeps on his course. In the icy December weather he crosses the Delaware. His army is in bad shape. The discontent in the Congress is growing.

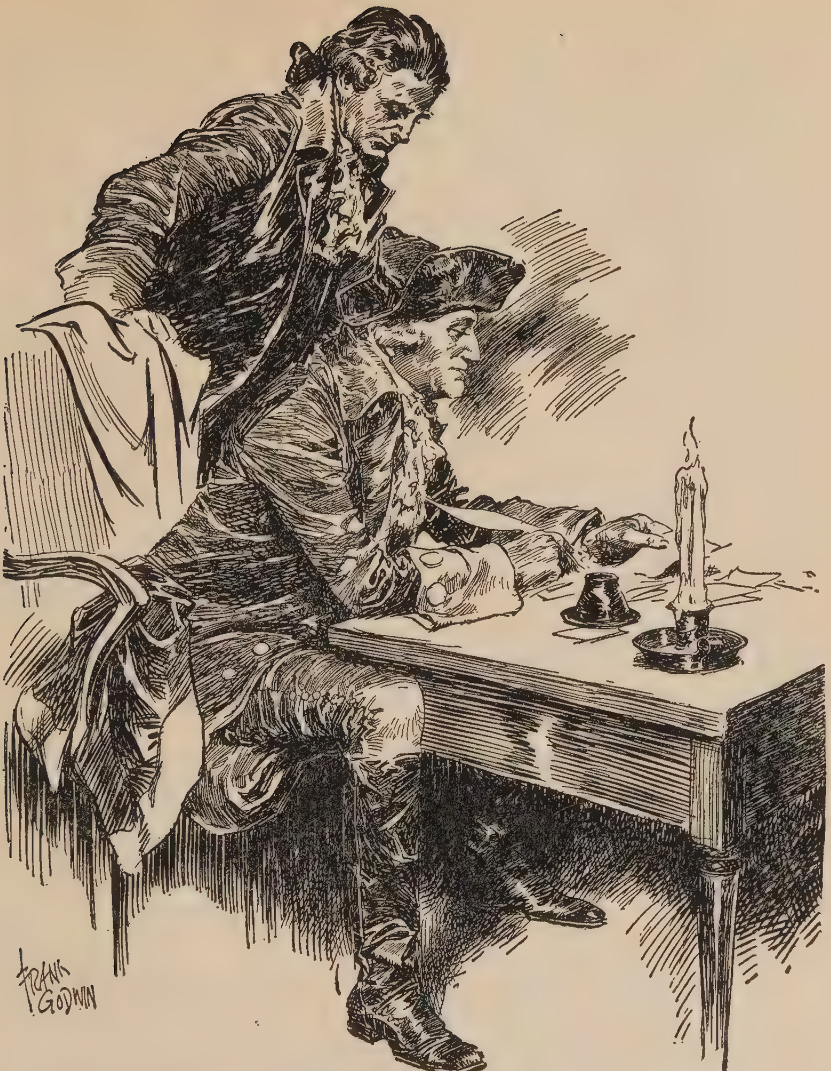
On Christmas Eve a friend talks with him for an hour, wondering what it is that the General is scribbling on bits of paper as he converses. As he departs, he sees one of the slips on the table and on it reads the password for the next day—*Victory or Death.*

The General knows that he has come to the end of his tether.

The next night he secretly crosses the Delaware again amid floating ice, pounces upon Trenton, captures it, together with a thousand Hessians and considerable ammunition and, ten days later, takes Princeton. Then he is ready to settle down with his army for the winter.

The British—with new respect—speak of him as the Old Fox. Frederick, king of Prussia, the greatest soldier in Europe, exclaims enthusiastically that Washington's campaign in New Jersey is the most brilliant bit of military strategy of the century.

As the months pass, the burden that lies on the shoulders of the commander-in-chief of an army dwindled to three thousand men, grows heavier and heavier. He has a twofold campaign to fight—the British with guns, his enemies in the Continental Congress with arguments, pleadings,


FRANK GODWIN

General Washington scribbles on bits of paper as he converses with a friend indignant letters. There are great men in the Congress, but there are some yellow dogs, too, and they spend their days and nights yelping at the heels of the only man wise and forceful enough to save the young nation from disaster.

The surrender of a British army under Burgoyne in 1777 makes all Europe sit up, but it is followed by a darkness which seems the darkness of the end. A group of Washington's enemies in the Congress conspire to put General Gates in his place. Washington lets the plot come to a head; then, with a word smashes it.

But he has worse troubles. His army has no food, no clothing. The commissary department of the government has broken down, and though the harvests are good, the food somehow does not get to his soldiers. His courage, his determination to do or die, remains unshaken. He is cautious where his army is concerned, but reckless of his own safety; alert, day and night, and fatigued at times almost beyond endurance. A little girl in a house where he is to spend the night begs for a sight of the great man. She has her wish.

"Well, my dear," says the General, "you see a very tired man in a *very* dirty shirt."

Yes, he is tired, and at last almost despairing. The winter encamped at Valley Forge nearly breaks even his strong spirit, but he sticks, because it is not in him to accept defeat; and the very privations harden the bodies and the spirits of his men. And here and there is a ray of light. Young Lafayette, graceful and brave, old Steuben, gruff and able, come to do what they can. But nothing can bring light into the tragedy of Benedict Arnold's treason. They are friends, Arnold and Washington; and when Arnold betrays the American cause, it is to Washington worse than the loss of many battles. "Whom can we trust now?"

Seven years of fighting and heartbreaking difficulties; seven years of privation and endless pestering! Again and again, there seems nothing that Washington wants so much as to resign, to let his critics run the army and to go back to Mount Vernon and live again the pleasant life of the years after the French and Indian War. But—modest as he is—he knows in his heart that he is the American army, the American government, and that, if he withdraws, the hope of the nation collapses. His strong spirit upholds him; he has stanch generals at his side, and noble civilians to help him. France sends money, ships, and men. With the sense that they are on the upgrade at last, his countrymen stand by their great chief. Cornwallis surrenders; the war is over.

But Washington's troubles are not over. England is slow to make peace, and it is not safe to disband the American army. But the army has not been paid, and the Congress is making no move to pay it. There are dangerous rumblings. Some of the officers urge Washington to permit the army to declare him king, and are bitterly rebuked. Matters grow worse. A new rebellion is in the air. Washington quiets the anger of the soldiers with sympathetic but firm words, then goes to the Congress and pleads for the nation's defenders. The Congress yields; peace comes; the army is sent home satisfied. Once more Washington has carried the day.

And now he is at last back at Mount Vernon where he has so often longed to be, a country gentleman free of public duties and public cares. Visitors speak of his stately dignity, but they speak too of his humor and his warm heart. He is occupied all day long getting his estate into shape again, but at the same time he is watching events as they unfold in these new United States of which he is the first citizen. He is uneasy about the lack of a solid government. When the Convention meets to establish a Constitution, he is chosen presiding officer. He takes little part in the debates, but his very presence is an argument for the high and the enduring thing.

And then a few more months of his beloved Mount

Vernon, and he is sadly and reluctantly departing for New York to take the oath as the new nation's first President. He does not want to be President. He is a soldier, he feels, not a statesman; but he realizes that he is being called not to a new undertaking but to the completion of the one he began when he took command of the American army at Cambridge fourteen years before.

The work proves as difficult and exacting as he has feared it would be, but he goes at it with the courage with which he met defeat on Long Island and suffered privation and neglect with his men at Valley Forge. The country is poor; if it is to exist it must have money. If it is to be self-respecting, old state debts must be paid. But no one wants to pay taxes. The administration goes from one storm to another.

The second term is worse than the first. In France revolution has broken out, and has gone wild, and Americans, carried away by enthusiasm, want instantly to join France in her war against England. But Washington knows that the young nation has no money, no strength to engage in a foreign war, and stands firmly for neutrality.

He is bitterly abused, called base, incompetent, traitorous. Such exaggerated and indecent terms as are applied to him, he complains, "could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket." Scarcely in the darkest days of the Revolution has his courage been put to the test as now. His friends plead, his enemies shout and sneer. He stands firm in his course, regardless of abuse, knowing that when the air clears, that course will be seen to be right.

The storm passes, and once more his countrymen, recovering from the blindness of an hour, recognize and honor him for the wise and single-minded servant of the Republic that he is. There are tears in their eyes, as in his, that March day in 1797 when he lays aside his office and returns once more to the beloved house on the green slopes overlooking the Potomac. His "own vine and fig tree," he calls it. To the world it is already a place of pilgrimage where the grand and the simple folk come to talk to a man who is great not because God made him brilliant, but because in a critical time he was level-headed and brave, self-forgetful and farseeing, strong in body and spirit, and true to the best that he knew.

And the best that he knew was very high; so kings come to his grave and learn of him.

DANIEL BOONE

IT is a grand place and time to be a boy in—this Pennsylvania country in the seventeen hundred forties; and the son of Squire Boone makes the most of it. The primeval forest presses close upon the stone house and the cleared acres, dotted with stumps which surround it, and through its solitude stalks peril and in its silence waits romance.

Daniel has tasted both before the baby's toddle becomes the child's uncertain walk. The forest is his nursery, his playground, and it becomes his school. What he learns there, he learns as few boys ever learn anything out of books; for the punishment which hangs over him for sloth or negligence is something more serious than the schoolmaster's hickory. In that forest he learns to move as silently as a wild cat, because if he doesn't, an Indian on a hunting expedition may see Daniel before Daniel sees the Indian and carry him off to captivity. He learns how to use a compass and to make his way about where there are no trails, for that knowledge any day may be all that lies between him and a miserable wandering in circles until he drops from exhaustion and dies. He learns which berries and nuts and barks are good for food; he learns to trap, to stalk, and to shoot; to hide his trail, to make invisible camps. He learns other things. He learns to walk swiftly for hours and days, to get wet through and not to mind it, to meet sudden danger, and give it an instant response. He does not learn much about spelling or reading or writing or "figgering"; but he learns to make the most of his body and his mind in the surroundings in which he is placed, which is the best that any form of education can do for a man.

Daniel goes to a great school, and he has wise teachers. Day by day, his father and his neighbors train him in the lore of the woods, and night by night they instruct him in the mystery of the perilous world in which he will live his days. They scarcely know that they are instructing him. They sit before the blazing logs and tell stories of Indian fights and Indian tricks and of white men's efforts to beat the savage at his own game; tell them, not to pass the time, but as football players will tell each other of bold or crafty plays they have seen in order to get new light on an exacting game. To his Quaker mother, trying to teach him his letters, Daniel may seem a little inattentive; but he is getting his education.

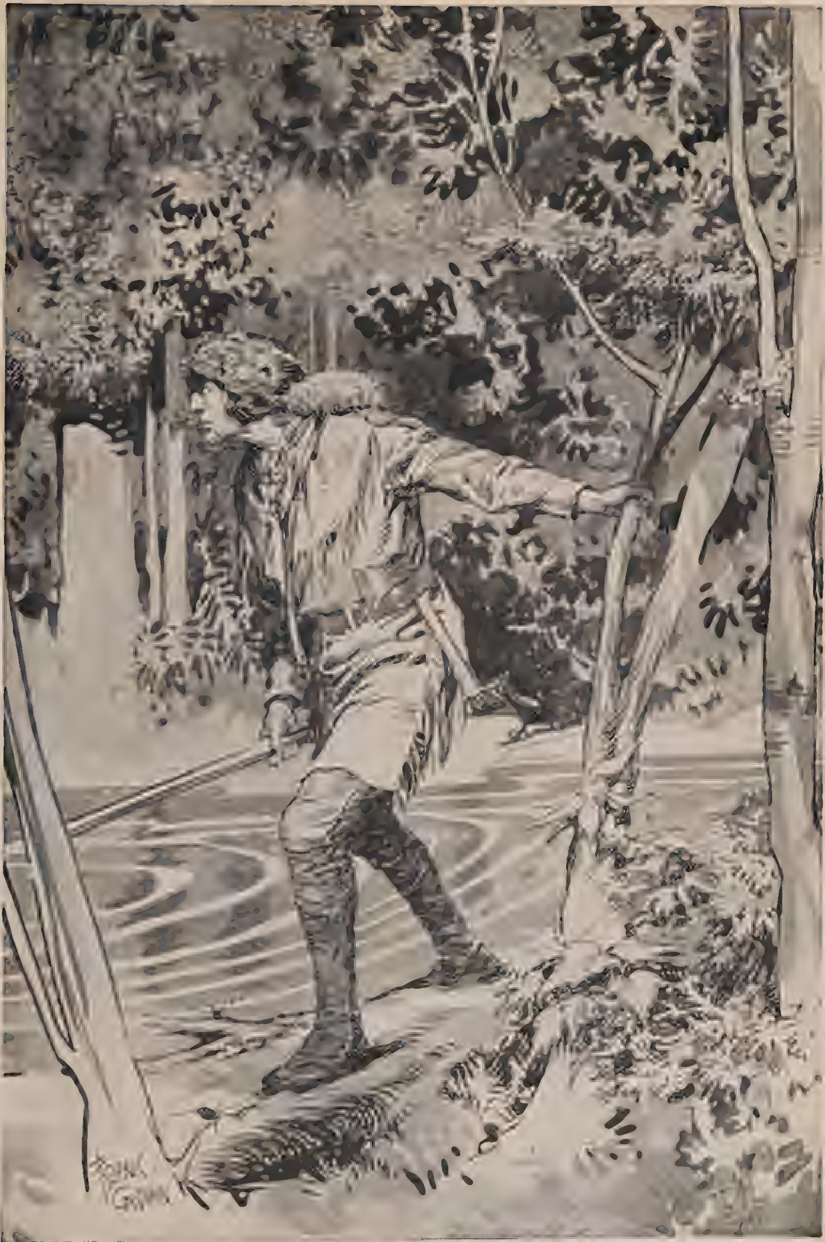
He proves an apt pupil. By the time he is ten he can kill rabbits for the family larder with a light spear he has himself fashioned, and before he is twelve he can give a good account of himself with a rifle. In summer he goes off with his mother for months at a time to a lonely cabin in the hills where the Boone cows are in pasture, and, while Sarah Boone makes butter and cheese, he watches the herds and drives them to the cowpens for milking. But in the autumn, he roams the forests with his gun. It is not long before all the family hunting is left to Daniel.

The Boones have a good farm but they are a restless clan and their Quaker neighbors think them a little more belligerent than good Quakers ought to be, so they pull up stakes and move to the wilder country of western Carolina where there are fewer people to sit in judgment on them. There is stern but thrilling labor, building a new house and barns, clearing new fields. Daniel—tall, deep-chested, muscular, keen-eyed—is carpenter, farmer, hunter, and, at last, twenty-one and a man. That year he marries and when he builds himself a house of his own it is a little farther out in the wilderness than his father's.

Daniel Boone likes "folks," but he does not like them too near. The wilderness is his true home and he is always dreaming of "the region beyond the ranges." The ranges are at his back door; from his own acres the long blue slopes of the Appalachians rise westward. Beyond? Beyond? What lies beyond those ranges? No one knows, though everyone has his own legends to tell, legends almost as wild as those which sailors told of the western seas before the first voyage of Columbus. Mountain or plain, fertile or barren, a strip of coast and then an ocean—or what? One man's guess is as good as another's.

Boone hears the stories and feels a great itch to explore that strange, far country. But there is work at home, a family to feed, and more than once a soldier's duty to perform. The years pass; Boone is twenty-five, thirty, nearing thirty-five, the age when a man with eight or ten children begins to think of strengthening his fences and settling down for life. But Boone's eyes are on the western country more than ever. Settlers are coming into his valley; he begins to feel crowded. Beyond the ranges there are no neighbors; beyond the ranges is the country for him.

At last he meets a man who has actually seen the country. He is a wandering peddler, hunter, and general adventurer named Finley, and the tales he tells are music to Boone's ears; tales of a region fertile beyond belief, of wooded hills and grassy clearings, marvelously rich in game. Boone can wait no longer. What though the region be the hunting ground and the battle field of the Algonquins in the north and the Cherokees in the south, a "dark and bloody ground" of savage warfare? He has met Indians—and dodged them—before. He organizes a party of six, and in May, 1769, starts out. Five weeks later he stands on the crest of the mountain wall between the settled country and the country of his dreams. There, at last, the region beyond the ranges lies at his feet—dark forest and bright openings and a vast level plain. Excitedly, he and his companions make their way into it.



Alone Daniel Boone goes on with his hunting and his explorations

They find it a hunter's paradise where all the woods seem a-flutter with wild turkeys, where deer and elk roam in herds, where bear are everywhere, and buffalo shake the ground as they thunder by in thousands. All summer and through the autumn there is such hunting as Boone has never known before. In the little cabin on the Red River, which is their headquarters, the pile of pelts grows.

But suddenly, three days before Christmas, without warning, disaster comes. Boone and one of his friends are surprised by Indians and captured, and when a few weeks later they make their escape, they find the cabin ransacked by savages, their pelts stolen, their companions gone. It is a stiff blow, but they cannot afford to give in to their discouragement. They have gone into debt to gather their equipment; they cannot return empty-handed. They build a new hut in a more secret place and begin again from the beginning.

Mysteriously, the last of Boone's five companions disappears in the forest, never to return; scarcely less mysteriously, his younger brother, Squire, who comes to search for him and to bring him fresh supplies, appears like a heaven-sent messenger out of the forest's depths. Squire turns eastward again with the pelts and, utterly alone once more, Daniel goes on with his hunting and his explorations.

He is the only white man in a wilderness of savages, but it happens that he has learned to play the redman's game better than the Indian himself can play it. His cabin is craftily concealed; he builds fires only at night; in ingenious ways, along the smooth bark of fallen trees, in watercourses, or by swinging on the tough vines of wild grape, he breaks his trail. Once only the Indians trap him, coming upon him from three sides as he stands on the brink of a precipice looking out over the country he has come to love with an absorbing devotion. Without hesitation he leaps over the cliff, sixty feet into the green top of a beech tree; and before the Indians can recover from their astonishment, he is safe on the ground and away, his rifle still clutched in his hand.

He has his lonely moments, for he is devoted to his wife and children, but his nature is not given to repining. He has a burning love, moreover, for the earth in her wildness; she speaks to him in a deep language to which his spirit deeply responds. What was his nursery and then his school has become also his church. He is no more afraid than a child is in his mother's arms.

Utterly out of touch with civilization, living on game and fish and berries, boiling his salt from the salt springs, his sugar from the wild cane and the maple, month after month, he maintains himself while he wanders through the wilderness looking for the place in this "second paradise," as he calls it, which shall be his home. At last, he finds it.

His return is a thrilling event not only to the Yadkin valley where his cabin stands but to all the eastern seaboard. Here is a man who can tell of the mysterious land beyond the ranges, and he tells of it with glowing eyes. *There is our future home!* No one disputes the statement; but it is two years before his enthusiasm is able to overcome the natural reluctance even of brave men and women to venturing all they love and all they possess on an expedition into a country which might indeed be rich and fertile but which, after all, has claimed five out of an exploring party of six.

In 1773, a few neighboring families join Daniel's and Squire's and start into the mountains with all the materials for settlement—cattle and swine and pack horses, kettles and axes and seeds. But within a few miles of the Cumberland Gap, an advance party is surprised by Indians. Boone's eldest son is among those killed. The sudden tragedy halts the enterprise then and there. All the families with the exception of the Boones turn back; and the Boones themselves, staggered with grief and disappointment, settle down in a valley near-by.

The attack which has brought disaster to the expedition proves merely the beginning of a long period of bitter border warfare. Between the Indians who hold the western country and the white men who want it, no enduring peace is possible. Both parties to the conflict are in the right and both are in the wrong. The Indians have many noble traits, and they are defending what is their own; the white men are many of them brutal and treacherous, but, where they pass, ultimately civilization comes. The Indian remembers how white men have cheated him and robbed him, dulled his mind with rum to get from him what they asked, repudiated clear treaties, treacherously murdered tribesmen on peaceful errands; and decides that he will defeat this invader once and for all while there is yet time. The settler remembers what the savage has perpetrated on his neighbor's homestead or his own—the burning cabin, the children slaughtered, the tender young wife carried off to captivity and torture, and makes up his mind that there is no good Indian except a dead Indian. The redmen are getting ready for war; the whites are anxious for it.

The governor of Virginia, seeing trouble ahead, wants someone to warn the surveyors who have ventured into Kentucky, and sends Boone. He covers eight hundred miles in sixty days and returns none too soon. Some reckless Indians attack some white traders; some reckless borderers retaliate by murdering the whole family of an Indian chief who has been the white men's best friend. He goes wild with frenzy, burning and scalping; the Algonquin tribes rise, and the war is on. It is bitter while it lasts. The Indians are confident that they are getting the upper hand; the whites are determined not to be turned back from the newly opened paradise beyond the mountains. Boone is in command of a number of border forts, facing Kentucky, longing always for the chance to make his home in that magical land. In his heart he believes that he has been ordained of God to conquer the wilderness, and he patiently waits for his time.

It comes at last.

In a fierce battle, the Algonquins are defeated and give up all their rights to the land south of the Ohio. But the Cherokees in the south are still to be reckoned with before the "dark and bloody ground" will be safe for settlers. In North Carolina, a man named Henderson, a promoter and self-made man, has a grandiose scheme of buying the rights of the Cherokees and building himself a democratic empire with himself as Lord Proprietor. The project has many holes in it, chief among them the fact that the claim of the Cherokees to the land is only a little less shadowy than the claim of Virginia.

But Henderson is an optimist and trusts in the old adage that possession is nine points of the law. He gets hold of the one man who knows the country—Boone—and sets out to make a deal with the Indians. The Cherokees do not pretend that their claim is better than it really is, or that they can make their young men observe the terms of the deal; but Henderson and Boone accept what they can get, and pay in ammunition and arms.

Instantly the promoter makes plans to settle the region. But first he must have a road to Transylvania, as he calls his new "empire." He calls on Boone to survey it and superintend its construction.

With thirty men Boone sets to work, widening the trail which he and his brother made a half dozen years before, joining it to other trails, to buffalo roads, to Indian paths—a direct line northward from Cumberland Gap to the Ohio River. For a man without technical education it is an extraordinary feat of engineering. Once the Indians strike, but Boone repulses them; and in ten weeks the work is done and he is on the site he has long picked out for his own.

They are busy, anxious months which follow. The men with him at Boonesborough, as the settlement is named, are intoxicated with the country, and are more interested in hunting and exploring than in building a stockade and a fort. Lurking bands of Indians attack and are driven off; and some of the settlers become panicky and make tracks eastward for the mountains. But there is no idea of withdrawal in Boone's mind. Henderson comes with more men and supplies, the fort is completed; and the place is ready for women. Boone goes back to North Carolina for his wife and family.

Life is different at Boonesborough after the "womenfolk" begin to arrive; and soon Rebecca Boone and her daughter, Jemima, are joined by others who bring gaiety and a decent respect for hairbrushes and razors to the settlement. It is a brave company which lives in and about the little fort in the wilderness, and a singularly happy company; working hard but dancing hard, too; making work a pastime whenever possible with "raisings" of logs for a neighbor's house and coöperative working parties, or "bees" of every description. The danger which is always in the air lends a sharp zest to the free life. What if the available army at Boonesborough dwindles at one time to twelve men? The women, even the children, can handle a gun at the loopholes, at a pinch.

That first year is peaceful and prosperous, and Daniel Boone is happy, seeing his dream realized.

But trouble is in the air. Beyond the mountains eastward the first battles of the Revolution have been fought. British agents are everywhere moving among the Indians, stirring them up against the settlers. The Algonquins and the Cherokees both have stood loyally by their treaties, but their young men are getting restless. One still, hot, midsummer afternoon, Jemima Boone, paddling down the river in a canoe with two other girls, is captured by a band of Indians and rushed up a thickly wooded ravine toward the Warrior Trace leading to the Ohio River.

It is evening before the absence of the girls is discovered;

then instantly two parties set out in pursuit. The Indians have covered their trail, but Boone and the men with him, three of them the lovers of the girls, are craftier in finding than the savages in concealing. The girls, too, do their part, unnoticed by their captors, letting their feet drag, tearing bits off their clothing, breaking twigs.

At last Boone and his party come upon the Indian camp and through the heavy brush see the girls lying, tattered and despairing, at the foot of a tree. It is a tense moment; a single, slightest sound and the tomahawks will be plunged in the girls' heads. The rescuers advance, silent as panthers, then suddenly four fire and the rest with yells rush forward. The Indians are taken completely by surprise, and in triumph the girls are brought home.

The carefree, happy days of Boonesborough are over; the threat of Indian forays hangs over the settlement. News comes of attacks here and burnings there. Many of the settlers return over the mountains. In the three settlements in Kentucky—Boonesborough, Harrodsburg, and Logan's—there are only a hundred fighting men in all. At Boonesborough, Boone is captain and counselor and general inspiration. There is never any question when he is near, who is the leader. Other men may have a higher military rank, but Boone is the man others look to for directions.

He is fitted as few men ever have been to command in the wilderness, for he is both cautious and brave, wiser in woodcraft and in the ways of the savage than any of his fellows, and amazingly resourceful. With these qualities, moreover, he has others which draw men to him with deep devotion. His guile is only for the redmen; among the people of his own race he plays no stratagems. He is tenderhearted, gentle, tolerant; there is no hate in him, not even for the Indians; and landsharks and cheats are the only whites against whom he ever bears any bitterness.

With every art he has learned in forty years, Boone prepares the settlement for defense. He has a grand right-hand-man in a crafty backwoodsman named Simon Kenton. Between them they make Indian attacks bad business for the Indians, and when on one occasion Boone is wounded, Kenton throws him over his back and, still fighting, carries him to safety.

"Kenton," remarks Daniel, "you're a fine fellow." That is all the reward Kenton wants.

But Indians are not the settlers' only care. No supplies have come down the Wilderness Road, the salt is exhausted, and Boone sets out with a large party in winter to boil the salt out of the water at the Blue Licks. He is returning alone in a blinding snowstorm with a pack-horse load of salt and game when suddenly he finds himself surrounded by Indians.

He knows when he is beaten and makes no resistance; in fact he laughs as though it were all a great joke. The savages instantly recognize him and take him in triumph to their camp; here is, indeed, a prize.

Boone has quick eyes and ears; the party, in spite of the winter season, is on the warpath, and its destination is Boonesborough. Boone gives no hint of the dismay which grips him. The fort is in disrepair; thirty men are at the Blue Licks; the settlement cannot possibly survive an attack. Boone knows the fate that will come to his wife, his children, the families of his friends; but not by the flutter of an eyelash does he betray the fact that he cares. In a quiet fashion, reserved and yet friendly, he gives the savages to understand that he is rather glad at being captured, that he welcomes the chance to step out from his own people and live among the redmen. All the tribes of that western region have long known him and admired him; he plays their game so well and so fairly. In his character he is so near their own ideal of courage and honorable dealing, that they have always wondered why he has not long joined them. They crowd about him and, though they guard him well, they treat him more as an honored guest than as a captive.

But, even while he smilingly converses with them, Boone's mind is moving swiftly. How can he save Boonesborough? He knows of only one way—to divert the Indians' attention. With bold vision he makes his plan and executes it. No one who does not know the Indian as he knows him would dare to take the responsibility of the act which he commits. For what he does is nothing less than to betray the whereabouts of his twenty-seven friends at the Blue Licks.

Boone has told himself that it is better that twenty-seven men should be captured and possibly tortured than that the women and children in Boonesborough should fall into the hands of the savages. For he knows that with such a party of prisoners the Indians will not press the attack on the settlement; they will be too elated, too eager to show off the result of their prowess.

His insight proves sure; the attack is given up. From village to village of the Indians the party moves like a circus parade. Boone gives the impression that he loves it, and the Indians begin to regard him as one of themselves. At the fort of Detroit, the English commander offers to purchase Boone's liberty for a large sum, but Black Fish, the chief, refuses to give him up. Boone has played his game a little too well. Black Fish formally adopts him as his son, and to all appearances, Boone is content to be "Black Turtle" for the rest of his life. But he is merely waiting for the opportunity to elude the guard who is never far from him, and he does his hunting for the tribe with half the powder and lead allotted him and saves the rest for the great emergency which he knows must soon come.

Then once more he notes preparations for battle. The chief makes no secret of his plans; Boonesborough is to be attacked. Boone offers no objections; in fact, he makes some excellent suggestions in matters of strategy. But under the placid, even gay-hearted surface, he is tormented with the thought that unless he can warn the settlement it is lost. The braves make ready to move to the attack; everything is prepared. No moment could be less propitious for flight. But he can no longer wait for the favorable hour. He goes off for a hunt—and strikes out for Boonesborough, a hundred fifty miles away.

His escape is discovered almost at once and the whole tribe starts out in pursuit. For five days he walks thirty miles a day without food, not daring to shoot, not daring to make a fire, again and again almost surrounded by his enemies, and never far beyond their reach.

At last, he comes to the Ohio River. It is in flood and he is a poor swimmer, and the Indians are like hounds at his heels. What now, what now? By a miracle which he will never be able to explain except that, indeed, he has been "ordained by God to open a way into the wilderness," he finds a canoe at the very base of the bluff on which he stands, almost despairing. The canoe leaks badly but somehow he manages to get across the turbulent water to safety.

Boonesborough is warned of its danger, and the meager garrison sets frantically to work to prepare for defense. The Indians come, and offer peace, but it is such a peace as those independent, self-reliant frontiersmen and women refuse to consider.

The fight which follows is the longest in the history of Indian warfare. It is a little battle as battles go, with five hundred Indians outside the stockade assailing thirty men and twenty boys defending their womenfolks within. But in this little fight more than the lives of a few Americans is at stake. Behind the Indians are the British, with their eyes on this western empire for themselves. If Boonesborough falls, Harrodsburg, the other American settlement in Kentucky, cannot hold out, and the British can march down from Detroit and take possession.

But Boonesborough stands fast; for nine days it withstands the assault which never rests by day or by night. In mysterious ways Nature takes a hand in the great game. When the Indians set fire to the stockade and the defenders see the end at hand, a sudden thunderstorm quenches the flames. When the savages dig a deep mine under the postern gate, and all possible countermines have been dug and Boone and his friends can do nothing but wait for the explosion, another rainstorm softens the earth until the tunnel caves in. Assault, stratagem, treachery, all fail. At last, in disgust, feeling that destiny herself is fighting against them, the Indians withdraw.

This is the high point of Boone's career; his great work is done; the country he opened is the white man's, not the Indian's. The victory brings new vigor to the colonists struggling to keep their hold on the "dark and bloody ground." A new procession of families and wagons and cattle comes bravely down Boone's Wilderness Road. Boonesborough grows, Harrodsburg grows; new settlements spring up, a government is organized. But the Indian menace, though checked, still remains. The savages have the British behind them, furnishing direction and ammunition, and, day by day among the scattered cabins, the horror grows. Everywhere is massacre and burning and torture. Boone leads one expedition after another against the Indians. At one council of war, his cautious advice is overridden by the hotheads of his company, and in the fight at the Blue Licks the whites are disastrously defeated. Boone's second son is killed at his side; Boone himself is the last to leave the field and barely escapes capture.

The years pass. Gradually peace comes to the beautiful and fertile country purchased with the blood of so many brave men. Boonesborough becomes a town. Honest men make laws and dishonest men take advantage of them. Boone, who has opened an empire to settlement, is told that he has no legal claim to the farm which he staked out when he was the only white man in Kentucky. Bewildered and grieved, he fights for his rights in the courts, and is defeated. He appeals to the Kentucky Legislature, but his appeal remains unanswered. At fifty-five, one of the most famous figures in the New World, he is homeless and worse than penniless, having lawyers and court fees still to pay.

He goes hither and yon, hunting, trapping, trading, fighting Indians. For a time the valley of the Kanawha is his home. There, one day, three hunters from beyond the Mississippi visit him and tell him of a new country where game roams in great herds as in Kentucky in his adventurous youth, and where there are no money-mad landsharks with their greed to spoil the picture. The tales they tell get into his blood; even along the Kanawha he feels the neighbors pressing in on him on all sides, and once more, as twenty years before, he feels the urge to step westward into a new, untrodden country.

"It is too crowded here," he murmurs, "I want more elbow room."

He goes to Missouri in Spanish territory, welcomed and honored at every settlement where the flatboat touches which carries him and his family down the Ohio into the Mississippi. The Spanish governor grants him a thousand acres of land, and for four or five years he is happy—a local judge (more loyal to justice than law books), an honored citizen, adored by his children and grandchildren.

But Missouri becomes American territory. Once more it appears that there is a flaw in his claim to his land; the farm is taken from him, and once again he is without land or money. But he is not embittered, only hurt and more than a little bewildered. He turns trapper; growls because, at seventy-eight, the government will not accept him for the army in the War of 1812; takes long trips of exploration. At eighty he is in the Yellowstone; at eighty-five he is dreaming of pulling up stakes again and beginning life afresh still farther westward. The Rockies fascinate him, as fifty years before, the Appalachians. He wants to know *what lies beyond the ranges.* He asks hungrily about California.

But it is eastward, not westward, that he takes his last journey—back to Kentucky to pay the lawyers and the courts. He returns penniless again, but happy. Then at last the politicians in Washington remember him, and grant him a clear right in his thousand acres in Missouri. So, at eighty-six, he has his homestead at last, a little late.

When he dies, he does it quietly and with dispatch, as if he were just shifting camp from a green glade on one side of the river to a green glade on the other.

ANDREW JACKSON

A TALL, lean man with a long, narrow face and reddish hair is riding back and forth behind the American lines; riding not like the ordinary general on inspection, not at all, but fiercely, at a gallop, drawing up suddenly here and there so that his horse rears and foams as he gives a sharp order or points out some defect in the fortifications. His army is a rag-tag-and-bobtail affair—volunteers from Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee. Few of them are in uniform; the majority armed with hunting rifles or shotguns, some of them not armed at all; but fighters all, seasoned by the grim warfare of the frontier. The fortifications are as rough and ready as the army, flung up at the last minute, no one really knows how, no one except the tall, lean man with the hot temper whom everybody fears and everybody adores.

He is as crude as his army, a Westerner, too, for all that his cradle stood in South Carolina. Tennessee claims him. He has a fine brick house, a farm and a hundred fifty slaves a few miles out of Nashville, all won by his own efforts as a lawyer and a shrewd trader. He is not a very learned lawyer. He has never been a student. He finds books useful mainly as projectiles to hurl at an abusive opponent; but he has an indomitable will and an endless supply of hard common sense, and men like to have him on their side. In his time he has been a roysterer and an exceedingly wild young blade, a fighter with his fists or a sword or pistols—what you will. But men trust him because with all his belligerency and his flaring temper, he is honest as the morning sun, and chivalrous to women and children, and as eager to fight for others as for himself.

And here he is riding behind the lines, a major general of militia with one brief but bitter Indian campaign to his credit on the military side, but about him something which means more to the common soldier than honors or decorations. The rank and file, lying in the gloomy, semi-tropical swamps that surround New Orleans, call him "Old Hickory." Unquestionably, he is a tough brother, but so are they—fierce, violent creatures, defiant of discipline, impatient of restraint except by a man who can beat them on their own ground.

They and the General understand each other perfectly. He gets things done in the frontier fashion, disregarding established ways and rules which older communities find useful. The result is not always pretty, but it is generally effective. To him as to them, moreover, fighting means *to fight*, and not to quit until the scrap is over and over *right*. So they tell each other, drawling, that they reckon Andrew Jackson is *all man*, and that as far as they are concerned, what he says goes, now and forever, amen.

And Andrew Jackson, with flashing eyes, dashes up and down, and in three weeks, out of a strip of flat country and a few thousand frontiersmen, makes a fortress and an army.

What kind of army? The fellows on the British warships who know more about matters military in their little fingers than General Jackson knows in his whole body, will tell you what kind of army this man Jackson has—will tell you with much laughter. There are ten thousand of these other fellows; ten thousand in spick-and-span uniforms, fine scarlet coats and flashing headgear; ten thousand, trained by the Duke of Wellington in battle against Napoleon. They have licked Napoleon, captured Paris, humiliated and deposed the master of Europe. Now they have come, under the brother-in-law of the "Iron Duke," to clean up these Americans, sack New Orleans, and capture the whole vast territory of Louisiana.

For it is 1814, and for the second time England and the United States are at war. It was inevitable that, sooner or later, they should be at each others' throats again. England has not been able to reconcile herself to the loss of her American colonies; she has missed no chance to show her contempt for them. On the seas she has been particularly high-handed, stopping American ships, seizing American sailors.

On the seas, when war came, John Paul Jones has taken a handsome revenge; but on the land, the antics of the American forces—on the Canadian border and around Washington—have been ridiculous and shameful. Is there a chance—is there a ghost of a chance—that these rough-and-readies of the frontier will be able to stand against the picked soldiers of Britain, when American regulars in the East were unable to stand against ordinary British infantry? There does not seem much hope; and if they don't, all the country west of the Mississippi goes to England.

Jackson knows it, and waits for the fight to begin.

The redcoats land. Dusk; and mist over the swampy lowlands; and Old Hickory with two thousand men is out among the Britishers before they dream of danger. Hand to hand is the fight that night under a dim moon until the fog closes in and no man can fight. But Old Hickory has done what he went out for. He has checked the advance, given the enemy something to think about, given himself time to strengthen his fortifications.

Two weeks pass. Rifle in hand the Americans wait, determined, ready. Then one night there comes a murmur of preparation from the enemy's camp and, next morning, not a quarter of a mile away through the mist are the gleaming coats, the shining rifles, the bugle's brazen call!

The long line comes on in battle array, comes on as it came on, victorious, at Badajos and San Sebastian in Spain, comes on with gorgeous courage and confidence. Old

Hickory lets them come on. He has done his work and he is confident too.

The redcoats come within two hundred, within a hundred fifty yards. At last the Americans fire; fire with the deadly precision of the frontiersman who has learned by bitter experience in Indian warfare that he dare not miss his mark. The red line falters, falls back. But the British general, Pakenham, as brave as his men, dashes forward; rallies them; falls. The line presses forward and breaks. Against the men that Old Hickory has brought together, trained, inspired, there is no advancing. The British have lost two thousand men, the Americans eighty. New Orleans is saved. The western country stays American.

The news of the victory is great news to American ears. It builds self-respect. The eastern statesmen may shrug their shoulders and disparage the victory, but the average plain citizen takes Old Hickory to his heart.

And for thirty years, through good and evil fortune, he keeps him there. The General is sent to Florida to put down disturbances on the frontier, which the Spanish government, which claims the peninsula, seems unwilling to bother about. He hangs one or two men who clearly deserve hanging, and "talks turkey" to the Spanish governor in a fashion which sounds adequate when the newspapers tell about it. Spain angrily protests. Congress debates whether Jackson ought to be reprimanded. But the average man, especially the man west of the Alleghenies, thinks Jackson is great, and says so in a very loud voice. He loves this fiery man of action and won't have him muzzled.

And he has good reason to love him. Old Hickory understands the common citizen as no public man has understood him since the nation was founded; not even Jefferson, who talked about him a great deal but kept him at a distance. Old Hickory has lived close to the ground; he knows what makes people cry and what makes people laugh. The Federalists, in power in Washington, are excellent folk, devoted to the public good, but they live apart from common men in stately houses, and their thoughts and feelings are a bit stately, too; and a bit unreal. They have a tendency to think, moreover, that the world begins and ends in New England or New York; that west of Jersey City all is barbarism.

As for democracy, well, as an ideal it is very fine, but, really, the people are not fit to govern. Even a republic to be successful must be governed by aristocrats. That is what the Federalists are saying to themselves and to each other. "And here we are," they say, "and aren't we governing you well?"

The average man isn't so sure. The aristocrat always wants a high tariff, and the man in the West and South isn't sure that a high tariff helps him very much. Besides, what does a stiff-necked Bostonian know about the needs of Tennessee? But Old Hickory—he understands. And because he understands the common man in Tennessee, he understands the common man in Georgia and in New York also. Old Hickory has no trimmings, no "front," no "dog." He is just you-and-me *plus*.

So the General is nominated for the Presidency, and beaten; and nominated again four years later and triumphantly elected. He sets the whole American government instantly on its head. He believes in the people, sincerely, earnestly; believes that the ignorant man's instincts are more likely to be right than the educated man's reasoning.

He turns all the tried-and-true officials out of office to make room for the swarm of his supporters. "To the victors belong the spoils." Democracy comes to her own with a whoop. The result is not happy. The nation will feel the effects for a century. But perhaps it is only thus that the people will learn that public office belongs of right neither to the man at the top nor to the man at the bottom, but to the man at the top, the bottom or between, who understands and knows.

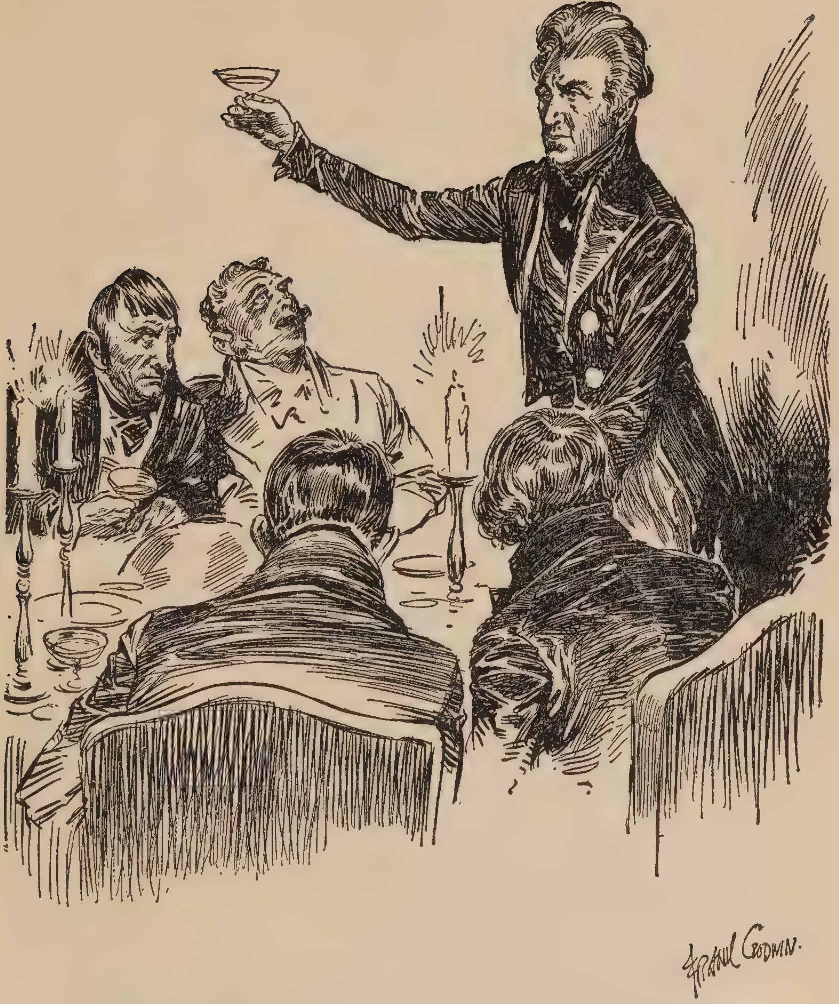
They call the old man in the White House a king, and men will speak of his administrations as "the reign of Andrew Jackson." He knows what he wants and no opposition can turn him aside from what he believes is right. His temper is as bad as ever and now and again it leads him wrong; but on the whole his judgment is sound. His courage nobody questions. He fights the Federalists, he fights the monied interests; smashes them singly and in groups. Then, with the cheers of his triumphant party in his ears, he turns abruptly and, because he believes that, on one great issue, his enemies are right and his friends are wrong, he takes the side of his enemies and throws a thunderbolt among his friends.

The cause is the same as that over which, a quarter of a century later, North and South will fight for four bitter years; the cause for which Abraham Lincoln will battle and die—the *Union.*

Jackson's party, which was Jefferson's party, believes passionately in state rights. The United States is not a nation, they say, but a confederacy, bound together by a compact from which any state may, when it sees fit, withdraw. The southern states object to the tariff bill. South Carolina says that she will not allow it to be enforced, that as far as she is concerned this law which Congress passed is not law at all. Men take sides earnestly; where does the President stand?

Where would he stand but with his party? Old Hickory has always preached state rights; it is his party's fundamental doctrine. The Federalists are angry and dismayed. Is the work of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Marshall, to go for nothing? If any state can nullify a national law, there can be no nation, and the republic is doomed.

The President's party stages a great feast on Jefferson's


Frank Godwin.

"Our Federal Union—it must be preserved!"

birthday. It is to be a glorification of the new doctrine and the President himself shall set the seal upon it. The crowds gather. The leaders are all there, the "nullifiers" and their friends, triumphant and happy.

The President comes. Old Hickory is dignified but friendly, his lined face a little gray. And when his turn comes to propose a toast he speaks only seven words. But those words are: *Our Federal Union—it must be preserved!*

There is consternation among the diners. Some are livid with rage; some shake their heads in fear of civil war. Their man, their leader, their Old Hickory has gone back on them! Yes, Andrew Jackson admits it. He is for the party on all ordinary matters but he is for the Union first. And if the Federalists are right regarding the Union and his own party is wrong, he will stand with the Federalists.

For weeks the excitement grows. South Carolina is defiant. The politicians crowd about the President. "You are breaking up the party!"

"I'll take my chances on that!"

"But South Carolina will rebel!"

"All right. But it won't be healthy for her!"

Quickly, he gives his orders to the army, to the navy; not much of an army, not much of a navy, but more of either than South Carolina has.

"If every state is going to have the right to say whether it will or will not enforce a federal law," he says grimly, "our country will be like a bag of meal with both ends open. Pick it up in the middle or endwise, and it will run out. I must tie the bag and save the country."

"I hope things go right," says a friend unhappily.

"They *shall* go right, sir. By the God of heaven, I will uphold the laws."

As the weeks pass, the politicians work on him but he is not to be moved. "No man will go further than I will to preserve every right reserved to the people or the states. But the Union must be preserved, and it will now be tested by the support I get by the people. I will die for the Union."

From all sides comes the support he seeks. The cause of the nullifiers wobbles and falls. But the politicians about him are afraid for partisan reasons to let it fail altogether. They say the nullifiers must be permitted "to save their faces." They make a deal here, another deal there.

Andrew Jackson has given the country a golden opportunity to smash the idea of nullification and secession once and for all. But the little men around him have not the vision or the courage to take it. They arrange matters so that both the President and the nullifiers shall think they are victorious, and feel very proud of their astuteness. And thirty years later it will take Abraham Lincoln and a million men four years to do what might have been done by a dozen determined men in four weeks.

But Lincoln's task will be just a little less difficult than it might have been, because Andrew Jackson spoke the ringing words: *Our Federal Union—it must be preserved!*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

SO this is the man who thinks he can argue down the Little Giant! So this is the man who dares answer Stephen A. Douglas—this lanky prairie-politician with a face like wind-beaten granite, this Illinois lawyer in badly fitting clothes! Look, he takes off his coat; he is going to make his speech in shirt sleeves! How undignified! And what a contrast to Douglas—this polished statesman in frock coat and low-cut waistcoat, choker collar and black satin tie, who looks like Daniel Webster when, in off moments, he does not look like an elderly second-rate actor. Lincoln is six feet four; there is a foot less of Douglas. The long and the short of it; with education and experience and fame all on the side of the Little Giant.

Abraham Lincoln—a funny name. Who is he, anyway? A retired politician in the middle forties; a former member of Congress; an honest attorney, droll in his speech and well liked about town. People who know him say he has ideas regarding slavery, but he has not been making much noise about them. He has not sought this debate; neither has Douglas. But Douglas—in this year of our Lord 1854—is running for the senatorship on the Democratic ticket, running on a platform which means the extension of slavery; and the antislavery people in Springfield have asked Lincoln to state their side of the case.

And here he is unscrambling himself from his chair and facing the audience; awkward decidedly, but certainly not embarrassed. He speaks at first in a slow, hesitating manner, but it is clear from the start that he knows what he is going to say, knows, too, that he is right. His voice is thin and high-pitched, but it is powerful and carries to the bustling edges of the crowd in the statehouse. His angularity disappears as he warms to his subject, his voice deepens, he takes on a singular majesty. You forget the shirt sleeves, the baggy trousers. His words begin to come faster, his face lights up, his manner becomes impassioned. He is like some Hebrew prophet in his fiery sincerity. The people look at him, motionless, silent.

"Slavery is founded in the selfishness of man's nature; opposition to it in his love of justice. . . . When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government—that is despotism. . . . Little by little, but steadily, we have been giving up the old for the new faith. Near eighty years ago we began by declaring that all men are created equal, but now we have run down to the other declaration, that for some men to enslave others is a sacred right of self-government. These principles cannot stand together. They are as opposite as God and Mammon."

He talks for three hours, and the crowd stays and listens. He does not thunder, he does not orate; at times it seems almost as though he were just thinking aloud, examining his own mind. He shows up the Little Giant for the tricky politician that he is, but that does not seem to be his main object. His real purpose seems to be to find out and state as clearly as he can where he himself stands. To the common man, listening, it is as though his own heart were speaking. "I don't keer fur them great orators," a farmer says as he turns homeward. "I want to hear jist a plain, common feller like the rest on us, thet I kin foller an' know where he's drivin'. Abe Linkern fills the bill."

Yes, there is no question about it—old Abe is a "plain, common feller." There are no frills, nothing "highfalutin" about him. Born in a log cabin in Kentucky, raised on the open prairie of Indiana, taught little more than he could pick up when a book came his way, he has been a worker from his boyhood, a rail splitter in his young manhood. He is strong as a giant, hard-fisted, gentle-hearted, full of quaint yarns, generally much to the point, patient, tolerant, wise, with a passion for the right and hatred for cruelty. Yes, he's a "plain, common feller." He has known bitter hardship, suffered from the cold, struggled for his bread, his education, made his way among his fellows by his own fists, his own wits. He has been storekeeper, surveyor, flatboat hand, postmaster, captain of militia, politician. Out of nothing at all except his keen mind and his rugged character he has built himself the best law practice in Springfield. And at forty-five he is still the same "plain, common feller" he was as a boy on the Sangamon River, loving manliness and truth, despising trickery and greed; sweet-natured; liking "folks," liking conversation. He still drives in the family cow from the pasture, milks her himself, splits the kindling, makes the kitchen fire and takes as patiently as a human being can the scoldings of the devoted but high-tempered Mary Todd, his wife.

He is a godsend to the plain, common people like himself who are his neighbors. They need someone who can see things "in the large" and can talk a language they can understand. The times are troublous; the subject of slavery is in all men's minds. Was the slavery question settled once and for all in 1820 with the Missouri Compromise? Wise folk in Washington said it was; both North and South seemed satisfied with the proposal that north and west of the Missouri there should be no more slave states. For a generation the great dispute between the North and the South has been silent. But under the surface, it has been seething like some volcano which looks dead and is merely storing up gases for an explosion that will blow off the top of the mountain. Suddenly the old angry debate flares up again. The South wants to extend slavery to the new territories being opened to settlement west of the Mississippi; the North insists that these territories shall be free.

Once more, in 1850, the sections agree to compromise; but the new arrangement actually settles nothing. Congress passes a Fugitive Slave Law demanding that, even in free states, escaping slaves must be arrested and sent home to their masters. Indignation boils up again in the North; in the South, in answer, men talk hotly of withdrawing from the Union and organizing a new republic based on slavery. In 1854, Congress adopts a law that Kansas and Nebraska, when they become states shall decide for themselves whether they will be slave states or free. That law repeals the Missouri Compromise, and the fat is in the fire again. Everywhere feeling rises; the extremists on both sides talk big; in Kansas and Nebraska, the free settlers and the slave settlers fight for control with Sharp's rifles.

Lincoln, practicing law in Springfield, watches the struggle, says little and thinks much. He has been against slavery ever since, as a young man, he visited New Orleans and watched a slave auction; and he never sees a group of slaves chained together on a Mississippi steamboat but his blood rises. Does the South say that slavery is an institution sanctioned by God and the Bible? He knows it is a rotten-evil thing, and he has made up his mind that if he can ever hit it he will hit it hard.

But he is not an abolitionist; he does not propose that slavery shall be done away with at once, as the eastern agitators demand. He would like to see that happen, but he is a practical man; he is willing to take one step at a time. What he asks is that slavery be not extended. If it can be restricted within the border of the Southern states, sooner or later, he feels, it will be done away with of itself. The South believes that too, and for that reason will fight to the death before it will permit it to be restricted.

The struggle becomes more bitter, month by month. The year 1856 is a presidential year. Lincoln sees that none of the parties in opposition to the Democratic South will take up the fight for the restriction of slavery, and with his friends in Illinois and elsewhere forms a new party pledged to "free soil." Fremont, their candidate for the Presidency, is beaten by Buchanan, the Democrat, but everywhere the principles of the Republican party, as its founders have called it, have taken hold. In the East, the leader of the new party is William H. Seward, but in the West it is Lincoln.

In 1858 Lincoln's old opponent, Douglas, comes back to Illinois to fight for reëlection to the Senate. He has become a big figure in Congress. He is aiming for the Presidency in 1860 and he has so skilfully played the game that he is strong both in the North and the South. The Republicans of Illinois, assembled in convention in Springfield, nominate Lincoln as their candidate for the Senate; and send for him to tell them what he wants them to stand for.

He is ready; for months he has known that he would be nominated, for months he has been dreaming over his speech. In the very first paragraph he tells the people of Illinois and the rest of the country what everyone of intelligence has known and no one has had the courage to say: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other."

The words are like a strong electric current which sets the whole country jumping and jigging. The South is wild in its abuse; even Lincoln's friends think he has gone too far. But Lincoln, feeling for the first time the cold loneliness which is the reward of the man who dares to be a leader, says that if he were to choose one thing out of his record which he would want to have live, it would be that speech.

That summer is a great season in American politics; for week after week, Douglas and Lincoln, here, there, and elsewhere in Illinois, debate the issue of slavery. Douglas is smooth and oratorical, a cagy gentleman, not to be beaten at his own game; Lincoln is ungainly, uncouth almost, but deeply persuasive. The weakness of Douglas is that he is playing politics; the strength of Lincoln is that he is trying to clarify a tragic and confused situation.

With relentless logic, he drives Douglas into a corner. "Is it just that a fugitive slave who has lived as a free man in a free territory shall be returned to his master?"

Douglas answers *yes;* for that is gospel with the slave-holding South.

"If just," Lincoln goes on, "can that doctrine be put in force in the territories?"

Douglas is trapped; if he answers *yes*, he loses the sympathy of Illinois, where he is running for senator; if he says *no*, he enrages the South. He tries to dodge, he wraps an evasive answer in many words; in effect, he says that though the doctrine is just, it cannot be enforced in the territories. That pleases Illinois and gains him votes, but it angers the South.

"He's done for," Lincoln remarks gleefully. "He can never be President now."

"It has done for you too, and elected him senator."

"I am killing larger game," Lincoln replies serenely. "The battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this."

That battle has, in fact, already begun. Everywhere, the Lincoln-Douglas debates have been read and discussed. The East is talking of "this man Lincoln," risen up out of the prairie and making speeches that have the simplicity and clarity and, in parts, the beauty of the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress.* They want to see him, hear him themselves. He is invited to make a speech at Cooper Union, New York. He accepts, but not without misgivings.

He is not used to "the New York crowd"—the cultivated, critical ladies and gentlemen. His people are the simple prairie folk like himself—with brains, oh, yes—

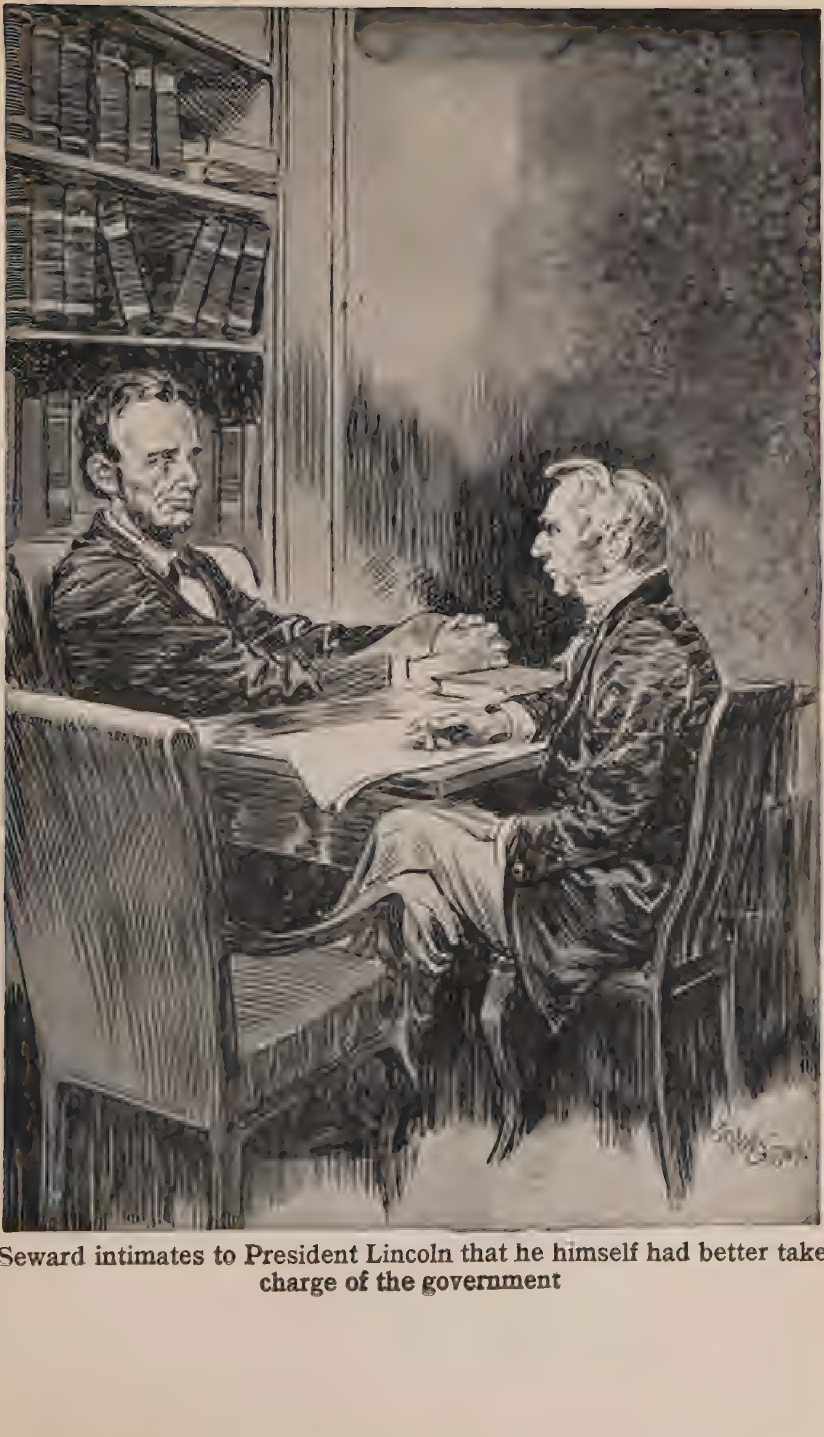
but without frills. But he carries these Easterners off their feet with his clear, ringing speech, his irresistible logic, his burning sincerity, as he has swept his own people along again and again. Four months later, at the Republican convention in Chicago, he defeats William H. Seward, who was the idol of these Easterners, and is nominated as the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

It is as a "plain, common feller" that Lincoln, in Springfield, receives the news and goes with it to "a little woman on Eighth Street who would like to hear about this." It is as a "plain, common feller" that he learns of his election in November over a badly shattered Democratic party, and humbly, with many misgivings, makes ready to take over the power which his countrymen have placed in his hands.

The times are desperate. The South, enraged at his election, prepares to break up the Union. The outgoing President and his cabinet are Southern sympathizers. Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, seeing armed conflict coming, scatters the Federal army here, there, and everywhere, and transfers ordnance and ammunition from northern arsenals to the South. Before Lincoln arrives in Washington for his inauguration, nine states have withdrawn from the Union and set up a government of their own as the Confederate States of America.

There is a black sky overhead when the "plain, common feller" from Illinois comes to the White House. He knows what he wants but he doesn't pretend to know how he is going to get it. He wants the Union preserved; without war, if possible; but if the South wants war, then with war to the bitter end. Slavery? He stands where he has always stood. He hates slavery, but as long as the Constitution sanctions it, he will not make any move to destroy it. But it shall stay where it is; it shall not spread.

The big men in Washington look with critical, pat-



Seward intimates to President Lincoln that he himself had better take charge of the government

ronizing eyes on this long, lean backwoodsman whom the popular will has, for good or evil, thrust into the place of power. They note that he does not say very much at first, or do very much, and conclude that he is a kind of Simple Simon whom they will have to take in hand and lead in the way that they think proper. Seward, his Secretary of State, brilliant but unstable in judgment, has an idea that he himself had better take charge of the government, with the "plain, common feller" signing the documents as Seward indicates; and tells the President so in a careful memorandum. Lincoln quietly squashes that odd notion, but bears no ill will toward its author. Was Seward's suggestion an affront? Lincoln cannot bring himself, in times like these, to bear a grudge; Seward can be useful to the nation, that is all that is important. The Secretary of the Treasury, Chase, makes trouble in other ways, unable to admit that Lincoln is as big a man as himself. He learns slowly, but he learns. So does Seward; so do the others; so does Congress. But it takes time.

And long before they have learned, the country is at war, Fort Sumter has been fired upon, Lincoln has called for volunteers and from everywhere in the North young men are coming to the colors. The backwoodsman discovers that he has a new job for which his past experience has prepared him even less than it has seemed to prepare him for the other work of the Presidency; for he is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy; not only in name, but in fact. The commanding general of the regular army is a veteran of the Mexican War, now doddering and useless; and until a general can be found who has ability and courage and drive, it is Lincoln who carries the army on his shoulders. He brings to this new responsibility all the powers of his great mind, all the experience of his long struggle among keen, powerful men, all the patience, which disappointments have taught him, all the gentleness and tolerance which have set him apart among the rough diamonds of his community. He needs all his resources. From all sides men come at him with advice, threats, forebodings. Why does he do this, why doesn't he do that? Who is this man Lincoln anyway? A backwoods lawyer! What does he know about governing the United States, about running a war? Here we've been at war a month, two months, three, and not a blow struck! And the Confederates getting ready to capture Washington any day! If he's a man, why doesn't he fight?

"Why don't I?" says Lincoln. "I haven't got an army."

"What about those seventy-five thousand volunteers who came at your call?"

"Pshaw! They're not an army; they're just a lot of fine boys that we've got to make into an army."

"Nonsense! They're as good an army as the Confederates have. Go out and fight."

Senators, Congressmen, editors hammer at Lincoln day and night. He staves them off as long as he can; then, knowing that the only way these urgent folk will ever learn is by experience, he gives in. There is a battle at Bull Run, across the Potomac in Virginia, not thirty miles from Washington, and the result is exactly as he has foreseen. The Union army is routed and comes pouring back into the national capital. The statesmen around Lincoln are as panic-stricken as the soldiers. Tonight, tomorrow, the Confederates will be in Washington. Lincoln, watching, heartsick, the remnants of his army stream through the streets, sees the peril more clearly possibly even than his advisers, but the prairie has taught him not to bow before defeat. He steadies the men about him, gives them back their confidence, starts them building their army anew. McClellan, a dashing young officer, is given command and sets out to organize and train an army which will fight, and not run.

"All is quiet along the Potomac." Day after day, month after month, that is the report which comes to the North, and for a time Lincoln and the country are satisfied, knowing that a powerful instrument of battle is being forged. All is not quiet, meanwhile, where Lincoln is. From all over the North men come to him, pleading for this, urging him to do that.

Why doesn't he emancipate the slaves? Isn't that what the war is about?

No, Lincoln tells them, the war is not a war to abolish slavery, but to preserve the Union. "My paramount object is to save the Union, and not to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that."

Such a policy does not satisfy the abolitionists, but Lincoln holds to it unswervingly. There are certain border states to be considered, which must not be driven into the arms of the South. Some of his generals have their own ideas and issue proclamations freeing the slaves in the districts over which they have control. But Lincoln promptly squelches them and rescinds their decrees, while the anti-slavery extremists howl and abuse him.

Lincoln is a lonely man these days, hardly ever on the popular side. Two Confederate commissioners on their way to England on an English ship are taken off by the captain of an American gunboat. The English government protests and insists that the commissioners be allowed to go on to their destination. The American public says, *No*, emphatically. Seward, the Secretary of State, is ready for war with England; but Lincoln, knowing that such a war at this time would mean a victory for the South, lets the commissioners go. Again the orators howl and the newspapers lament. Lincoln stands fast.

And along the Potomac, all is still quiet; after a year of training, the army which McClellan, "the Little Napoleon," has organized, is, according to its commander, not yet ready to fight. He asks the President for this and that—more horses, more men, more tents, more wagons, more shoes, more always of everything. Lincoln jogs him up with hints that the job of an army is fighting, and McClellan—vain and a little stupid—begins to whine and make sneering remarks. Lincoln knows what his Little Napoleon is saying, but he refuses to regard himself as insulted. If McClellan can win victories, that is all that Lincoln wants, and he is willing to hold the Little Napoleon's horse if necessary. It is only when he becomes convinced that McClellan never will win victories that he peremptorily removes him.

In the West, meanwhile, Lincoln's generals are really fighting; a man named Grant is doing great things; a man named Sherman is coming to the fore. Farragut with a wooden fleet has run past the Mississippi forts, captured New Orleans, and gained the control of the river. In the East the Southern troops under Lee are driven out of Maryland. Lincoln believes that the North is now in a position to set the slaves free. On September 22, 1862, he issues his Emancipation Proclamation.

Thousands of slaves join the Northern army, but the South—brave, desperate, devoted to the principle of the right of every state to determine its own destiny—fights more vigorously than ever, carrying the war even into Pennsylvania. One crisis follows another, one general succeeds another. Volunteering becomes slack. The government issues a draft; everywhere there are riots. Agitators preach openly against the draft, and when Lincoln has them arrested he is denounced as a dictator, a tyrant.

"Must I shoot the simple-minded soldier boy who deserts," he asks, "while I must not touch a hair of the wily agitator who induces him to desert?"

He keeps his courage, when all others lose theirs. "Let us have faith that right makes might," he pleads, "and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Year follows year. At last Grant is in command of the army, and gradually the Confederacy is being squeezed to death. But Lincoln's labors are unending, the confusion of tongues about him seems never to be still. Politicians plot against him; editors who should be his friends, misunderstand him and abuse him; the members of his own Cabinet wrangle with him and with each other. He keeps a steady head, a serene temper. He has aged, but he has not lost his sense of humor, and he uses it, as he uses everything else he possesses, for the service of his country. He lives for nothing except the cause. Defeats are a crucifixion, the thought of the slaughter and pain of the battle field is a torture to him. The soldiers are *his* boys, and he cannot forget that when they die, they die because he told them they must and sent them where death waited. His only really happy moments are those when he saves the life of some poor soldier, condemned to death. And yet, with all his pity, there is no softness in him. Precious as these young lives are to him, it is of more importance to the world that the Union should live, not for its own sake alone, but "that government of the people, for the people, by the people shall not perish from the earth."

He goes a lonely, majestic way, borne up by the sense that he is on the side of the angels, and by the affection that every year is coming to him in richer measure. "We are coming, Father Abraham. . . ." The North has discovered that it has a great mind and a great heart at the helm, and is following where he leads.

And now the war is over. Lee has surrendered; the Confederacy is smashed. Now, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," let the work of reconstructing the shattered Union begin!

That work is not for him. In a theater, in Washington, on April 14, 1865, six weeks after his second inauguration, an assassin kills the one man who can put down the fires of hate and bring back a true Union.

"Now he belongs to the ages," says Stanton, his Secretary of War, as he dies; to the ages, and to all men who love strength and simplicity and gentleness, and unswerving determination in a high cause.

To all such he comes in quiet hours and gently, whimsically speaks.

ROBERT E. LEE

A TALL grave man in the early fifties is walking up and down, up and down, under the white-pillared portico of an old Southern mansion, on a hill overlooking the Potomac. April is in the air, April of 1861, Virginia's April, as warm as New England's June. But, sensitive to nature though he is, he does not note the fragrance and the bird song. Below him, on the east, beyond green slopes where his colored farmhands are working, the river flows, muddy and sluggish; and beyond the river and the marsh lands that are its farther bank, is the seat of the government whose servant he is.

The dome of the Capitol gleams brightly over the brown wilderness of low houses and the half completed obelisk which is to be the nation's memorial to George Washington. He knows the passions which are raging under that dome dedicated to liberty and the preservation of democratic institutions; he knows the excitement which fills the streets. Nine Southern states have seceded from the Union. The nation's flag flying over Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor has been fired upon by soldiers of the new Confederacy. Lincoln, the new President from the backwoods of Illinois, has called for 75,000 volunteers "to put down the rebellion."

Virginia has not yet seceded; a convention of her ablest citizens has, in fact, again and again refused to secede. But if Virginia remains in the Union, she will be forced to fight the other Southern states; and fight them for what? For having had the courage to stand or fall by the doctrine of state rights which Virginia herself upholds. Virginia will be loyal, yes. But to what shall she be loyal?

To the Union, or to her own highest sense of duty? To the Northerners' interpretation of the Constitution, or to her own?

Robert E. Lee is a Virginian. His family have been Virginians for over two hundred years. His father was "Light-Horse" Harry Lee, Washington's dashing cavalry leader in the Revolution; a cousin was Richard Henry Lee, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. All his early memories, his ideals, his family traditions are tied up with Virginia. To him, Virginia is what Belgium is to the Belgian, France to the Frenchman, not a province, but an independent nation, allied for mutual convenience and security with other independent nations to form a Union which the nations which formed it have a right at will to dissolve.

He detests slavery. He feels as deeply as any Northerner that it is a blot on American civilization. He has long ago set his own slaves free and is preparing now to free those also whom his wife has just inherited from her father, grandson of Martha Washington. He is devoted, moreover, to the Union. It is abhorrent to him that it should be destroyed, but Virginia is his own land, the land of his fathers; Virginia is sacred soil.

Pacing up and down beside the Doric columns of Arlington House, does it seem clear at last which way duty calls him? To Virginia, indeed, his duty seems clear; but has he not a duty to the nation, too? Ever since his childhood on the Northern Neck, a few miles from the place where Washington himself was born, seventy-five years before him, Washington has been his hero. They have much in common, these two Virginians—the same stalwart frame, the same ruddy complexion, the same dignity and aloofness which seems coldness only to those who do not look beneath the surface; the same poise, courtesy, courage, integrity. What would Washington do in his place? Would he fight against the Union he had so laboriously, so painfully built up?

There is another matter to be considered, Lee is aware. He is a colonel of engineers in the army of the United States. He has been graduated at West Point, done effective work protecting the city of St. Louis against the Mississippi, served in the Mexican War in the forties. How well he served, the whole country knows. Again and again the despatches carried the word of Captain Lee's brave doings, his scouting expeditions through hostile country, his gallantry under fire, his skilful strategy. Old General Winfield Scott, commander of the American army of invasion, made him his adjutant, called him "the greatest living soldier in America, the greatest soldier now living in the world"; said that his own success in Mexico was due largely to "the skill, the valor, and the undaunted energy of Robert E. Lee."

That is all fifteen years in the past; during the years that followed he has been commandant of the Military Academy at West Point, has worked on the defenses of New York Harbor, has done some Indian fighting in New Mexico, has, in 1859, ended, at Harpers Ferry, John Brown's wild attempt to instigate a rebellion of the slaves. And now, at fifty-four, gray-haired, but strong as a youth, he is a colonel in active service, looking with aching heart across the Potomac to a familiar, friendly city which any day the action of a convention at Richmond may make hostile territory.

A visitor is announced; a gentleman has come from Washington to see him. He comes on a special errand from the President himself. On the recommendation of old General Scott, Mr. Lincoln offers Colonel Lee the chief command of the Union army.

No; it appears that for Lee, at least, the pleasant city beyond the Potomac is not hostile territory yet. A single word, and the streets will be filled with his praise, and wherever he goes there will be cheers. The North is offering a high price for his allegiance. But he shakes his head; and begs the messenger to convey his thanks to the President and his regrets.

"I am against secession. I regard it as a terrible calamity. But I can take no part in any invasion of the Southern states."

Then he is once more alone, walking up and down under the broad portico, walking up and down in his room. He has no illusions regarding the power of the North, the weakness, in the long run, of the South. On the one hand, for him lies power, fame, the zest of fighting on the winning side; on the other, lies struggle, disappointment, disaster, ignominy, defeat. His family have strong Union sympathies; much pressure is brought to bear upon him to cross that brown, slow river and play the great part which awaits him on the other side.

Then, on April 17, Virginia secedes. Pacing up and down his bedroom half the night, Lee comes to his decision. Bitterly though he may regret the folly and the tragedy of secession, he cannot be a traitor to his State. He goes for the last time to the city across the river, bids a painful farewell to old Scott, and sends his resignation to the Secretary of War.

Virginia claims him with pride and rejoicing and makes him commander-in-chief of her troops. But almost at once, politics, which has played such a fatal part, both in the North and South, in bringing on the war, begins its twisted operations around him. When Virginia joins the Confederacy, Lee is pushed aside, given the impression that he is not wanted. Then he is set at a desk at the Confederate capital at Richmond, in charge of recruiting. For a while he trains troops for General Johnston and General Beauregard to use. If he ever considers the contrast which this neglect offers to the dazzling temptation of position and power presented by the Northern President, he makes no mention of it. He has no part in the overwhelming victory at Bull Run, and can only chafe far behind the lines because the victory is not followed up. Then he is sent to western Virginia.

He is confronted there with a hopeless task. The Southern army is untrained; half the men are sick; the population of the mountainous region is strongly pro-Union, the roads are impassable; his own generals fail to carry out his orders; ill luck pursues him. The public has heard much of the gallant Lee—all Virginia has taken pride in the fame which the Mexican War brought him. But no news of victories comes. The newspapers remark that Lee has been overrated as a soldier, that he is just an engineer, good at digging trenches but no good as a fighter. It is urged on him that, in order to satisfy popular feeling, he should at least offer battle.

But he refuses to be stampeded. "I cannot afford to sacrifice the lives of five or six hundred of my people to silence public clamor."

Autumn brings the end of the campaign. The mountain regions are preparing to secede from Virginia, form a separate state and join the Union. There is nothing to do for the moment except to withdraw the Southern army. "Evacuating Lee," the newspapers call the son of "Light-Horse Harry," and talk sharply of an "incompetent officer—too tender to shed blood—trading on an historic name." It is bitter medicine, but he refuses to be ruffled.

"It is only natural," he says, "that such hasty conclusions should be reached."

Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy, stands by him, but when he asks Lee to present a report on the campaign which will present the situation in its true light, Lee begs leave to refuse; he sees no public advantage to be gained by drawing censure on his subordinates.

There are audible growls when Lee is sent South to superintend the construction of forts along the Atlantic seaboard. But Jefferson Davis knows his man. A few months later he calls him back to Richmond to be his adviser on military affairs, and when, in June, General Johnston, commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, is wounded, puts Lee in his place. The South is anything but enthusiastic about his choice; the army is skeptical.

Jackson—"Stonewall" Jackson—is the only one of the generals who really recognizes the new commander for what he is. Do the others think Lee slow? "He is cautious," says Jackson. "He ought to be. But he is *not* slow. Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man whom I would follow blindfold."

Lee calls the corps commanders and the heads of divisions to conference but they growl as they obey, saying to each other that a general who begins work by pouring out his plans to his subordinates is never much of a general. It is only after the talk is all over that it occurs to them that Lee with all his courtesy has really told them nothing, but that something unexpected and significant has nevertheless happened to all of them—they have become aware that they have a leader.

Matters are by no means rosy with the Confederate cause when he takes command of the Army of Northern Virginia. Slowly but steadily the Federal troops have been moving closer to Richmond until they are within four miles of the Confederate capital. General McClellan is in command, young, adored by his men and, overcautious as he tends to be, confident now of success. He has over 100,000 men behind him; Lee has about 80,000.

Lee's generals advise withdrawal to shorten the lines of defense around Richmond; but Lee has other plans. The best way to defend, he tells himself, is to attack. He sends his dashing cavalry leaders to pester the right of McClellan's line under General McDowell; then, with amazing boldness, leaving only 30,000 men between McClellan's army and Richmond, he presses toward the Chickahominy River and falls suddenly on McClellan's left.

McClellan has a golden opportunity to break through the weak barrier which is all Lee has left between him and Richmond, but he fails to grasp it. For a week, at Gaines Mill, at Cold Spring Harbor, at Malvern Hill, at Frazier's Farm, the battle fiercely rages. Again and again, Lee's generals—for once even the mighty "Stonewall" Jackson—fail him through delay or misunderstanding, but with steady mind and consummate skill Lee pushes forward. At the end of the week McClellan's "confident and threatening host" is not four miles from Richmond but thirty; its morale broken, thousands of its soldiers dead, thousands prisoners. Lee has saved Richmond; he has saved the Confederacy. See map, page 191, Fig. 1.

McDowell is retired, the first high victim of Lee's strategy. But Lee has no idea of resting in the security which he has won. McClellan is pulling his army together and, along the Rapidan, another Federal army is advancing under a general named Pope, breathing out boasts of slaughter.

Lee knows that if these two armies are permitted to join, the South is lost. He is not afraid of what McClellan will do; he reads that overcautious gentleman like a book. Again he leaves Richmond almost unguarded and once more takes the offensive. By a series of unexpected moves, he brings Jackson with a portion of the army to the rear of the boastful Pope. Then with the remainder (even while Pope is bragging of victory) he attacks the Federal army in front, and in the second battle of Bull Run, routs them so completely that they flee for safety to the earthworks at Alexandria. The Federal government is panic-stricken and hastily withdraws McClellan from his position. See map, Fig. 2.

Once more, Lee's strategy has been brilliantly successful; in the space of three weeks, in "one of the most brilliant and daring movements in the history of wars," he has carried the war from the James River to the Potomac. With an army of 55,000 men, he has driven 80,000 men into the fortifications of Washington; and another general, Pope, is retired.

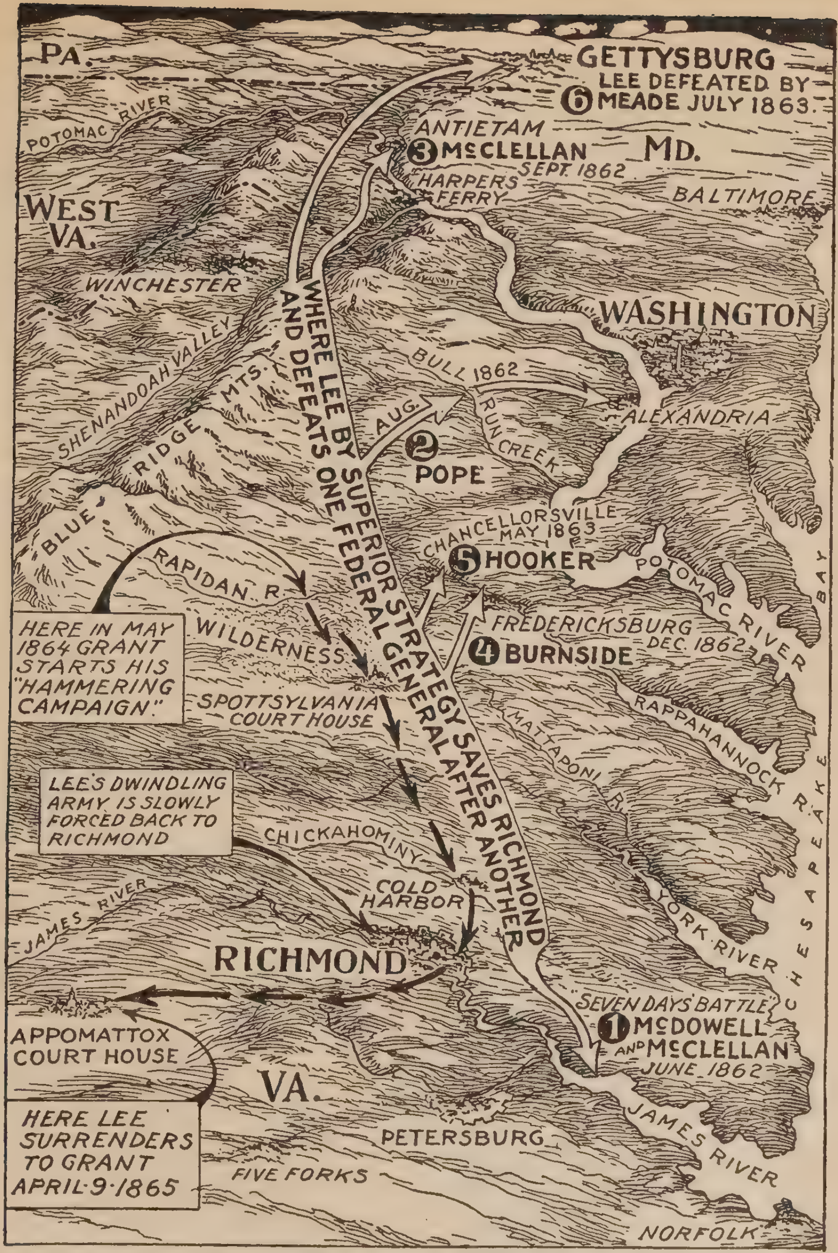
Lee rests only long enough to enable his men to catch their breath; then he advances on an even bolder enterprise. He cannot feed his men and animals where he is. He wants, moreover, to draw Maryland into the Confederacy. He believes that if he can threaten both Baltimore and Washington from the north, the Federal government may be frightened into making peace. He does not know yet the manner of man it is who is at the helm in the Federal capital.

So he crosses the Potomac and invades Maryland. A letter containing his complete plan of campaign is discovered by the enemy, wrapped around a bundle of cigars in a captured officer's pocket. But Lee, already in the enemy's territory, hears of the discovery and instantly shifts his dispositions in preparation for the attack which he knows will not be long in coming. He storms the heights of Harpers Ferry and captures 12,000 men and 70 guns. Then, in the face of the advancing enemy, he establishes his army on the heights overlooking the valley of the Antietam. He has less than 40,000 men; against him, slowly as always, but steadily, moves McClellan with 87,000. The battle proves one of the bloodiest ever fought. Again and again the Federal forces attack the four-mile Confederate line, but when night falls, Lee and his army are holding their position still. See map, Fig 3.

The losses, however, have been terrific on both sides. A quarter of Lee's men have been killed or wounded, and the living and unhurt lie about, utterly exhausted and sick. The officers have no hope, but Lee has not given up the expectation of victory on the morrow.

In the silence, strangely deep after the uproar of the battle, he awaits, still mounted, the reports of his generals.

"How is it on your part of the line?" he asks each.


PA.
GETTYSBURG
⑥ LEE DEFEATED BY MEADE JULY 1863.
POTOMAC RIVER
ANTIETAM
③ McCLELLAN SEPT. 1862
MD.
HARPERS FERRY
BALTIMORE
WEST VA.
WINCHESTER
WASHINGTON
SHENANDOAH VALLEY
BLUE RIDGE MTS.
WHERE LEE BY SUPERIOR STRATEGY SAVES RICHMOND AND DEFEATS ONE FEDERAL GENERAL AFTER ANOTHER
BULL RUN CREEK 1862
AUG.
ALEXANDRIA
② POPE
CHANCELLORSVILLE MAY 1863
⑤ HOOKER
POTOMAC RIVER
RAPIDAN R.
HERE IN MAY 1864 GRANT STARTS HIS "HAMMERING CAMPAIGN".
WILDERNESS
FREDERICKSBURG DEC. 1862
④ BURNSIDE
SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE
MATTAPONI R.
RAPPAHANNOCK R.
LEE'S DWINDLING ARMY IS SLOWLY FORCED BACK TO RICHMOND
CHICKAHOMINY
COLD HARBOR
JAMES RIVER
YORK RIVER
CHESAPEAKE BAY
RICHMOND
SEVEN DAYS' BATTLE
① McDOWELL AND McCLELLAN JUNE 1862
APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE
VA.
HERE LEE SURRENDERS TO GRANT APRIL 9 1865
PETERSBURG
JAMES RIVER
FIVE FORKS
NORFOLK

Again and again General Lee's superior strategy brought hope of victory to the Confederacy

Each tells the same tale of men worn out, of overwhelming numbers confronting them. "Nothing is left but retreat across the Potomac." Even the lion-hearted Jackson has no other counsel.

There is a long silence when the last man has spoken. Then Lee speaks. "Gentlemen, we will not cross the Potomac tonight. If McClellan wants to fight in the morning I will give him battle again."

All next day he waits, grimly ready. But McClellan's army is, itself, too badly mangled or its leader too badly staggered, to resume the attack. When McClellan bestirs himself to follow up his victory, Lee is back in Virginia with his army, and two attempts to follow him fail. Lee has been defeated, but it is McClellan who loses his command in consequence of the battle.

Lee has now sent three opposing generals out of the arena, defeated and in disgrace, McDowell, Pope, and McClellan. The next Federal commander is a brave but irresolute man named Burnside whose only claim to enduring glory are his whiskers, which establish a fashion. Turning south to Richmond in December, he comes upon Lee's army entrenched on the heights west of Fredericksburg, crosses the Rappahannock near the farm where George Washington spent his boyhood, and sweeps forward to the attack. He is repulsed with frightful loss and, the following day, withdraws toward the Federal capital. Shortly after, he follows McDowell, Pope, and McClellan into retirement; "Fighting Joe" Hooker is appointed to succeed him.

Hooker talks big and issues resounding proclamations which amuse Lee but do not worry him. What worries him is the fact that he is beginning to find difficulty in feeding and clothing his men. The Confederate government, moreover, is beginning to mess into his plans. During the winter months of 1863, the armies watch each other across the Rappahannock and prepare for battle. The end of April, Hooker starts on the march promising that unless Lee's army "ingloriously flies," it is in for "certain destruction." See map, Figs. 4 and 5.

Lee, delighted that something is happening at last, moves northwestward and comes upon Hooker at Chancellorsville. Once more he plays the game which he played with such conspicuous success against McClellan before Richmond. Discovering that Hooker's extreme right is hanging in the air, only partially protected, he determines upon a bold, swift stroke. Holding Hooker's main force with only 10,000 men, he sends "Stonewall" Jackson with the remaining 25,000 off to the left to slip—by old, disused roads—through the woods and turn Hooker's right flank.

Hooker, seeing the dust that rises above the trees from the feet of the marching men, jumps to the conclusion that Lee is doing what he prophesied and is away in "inglorious flight." The fact is, that Lee is directly in front of him waiting for Jackson to roll up Hooker's army before him. The grand old war-horse rolls it up like a scroll. Here and there a regiment makes a stand, fighting gallantly, but the push of Jackson's legions is too much for them.

Jackson falls, mortally wounded—a bitter loss—and up from Fredricksburg comes another Federal army in Lee's rear. But Lee is not dismayed. He turns upon this new peril and smashes it, then he turns on Hooker to complete his victory. But Hooker, completely dazed and outgeneraled, withdraws once more across the Rappahannock. With 62,000 men and 170 guns, Lee has completely routed an army of 130,000 men with 450 guns.

Opponent Number Five is shortly after retired. Hooker follows McDowell, McClellan, Pope, and Burnside. Lee is clearly rough on Federal generals. Meade becomes chief of the Union armies. Once more Lee crosses the Potomac and invades the North, pressing far into Pennsylvania, almost to Harrisburg. The Union army parallels his march and, early in July, at the little village of Gettysburg, the inevitable battle is fought.

The Union army is in a strong position. "Why not go around it and fight it elsewhere?" his generals suggest.

"The enemy is here," says Lee quietly, "and if we don't whip him, he will whip us."

For three days the fighting continues. Lee's army is in magnificent condition. The Union forces outnumber his, but when has he ever fought except against odds? But his generals blunder, or sulk, or delay without reason; he misses bitterly the fiery, the dependable Jackson. The Union armies hold their ground.

On the afternoon of the third day the battle reaches its climax in one of the most heroic charges in the history of warfare. With ranks dressed on the colors and bands playing as though on parade, 15,000 Confederate troops under General Pickett advance against the Union position on Cemetery Ridge. Across a mile of open country they charge, under a withering fire, upon three times their own number, entrenched. They reach the crest; for twenty minutes of fierce struggle they hold it. Then, slowly, the few survivors are driven back, and Lee's last hope of victory dies. See map, Fig. 7.

Lee accepts all the blame for the defeat, and not with one word of rebuke does he punish the man who, by disobeying his orders, kept him from victory. Without panic, without reproaches, quietly, Lee takes his army back across the Potomac. "This has been a sad day for us," is all he will say. "But we cannot expect always to win victories."

Pickett's charge marks more than the high tide of the battle of Gettysburg; it marks also the high tide of the Confederacy. In the west, on the day following—the Fourth of July—Vicksburg falls to General Grant. The Mississippi is in the hands of the Federals, the Confederacy is cut in two. Slowly now, the Union armies begin to press in upon Lee. The North understands at last that he and his army are the heart and soul of southern resistance; and Meade is sent into Virginia to destroy them. For eight months he maneuvers about and gets nowhere. Then he goes where McDowell, Pope, McClellan, Burnside, and Hooker went before him. Lee has pushed one more Union general off the board. But this triumph is his last; for the man appointed to succeed Meade is Ulysses S. Grant.

Grant knows that victory in this war is a matter of mathematics; the South's supply of men is limited, the North's is practically inexhaustible. He can afford to give man for man—even two men for every man—captured or killed. He starts on a "hammering campaign" which makes the North shudder as the casualty lists come in. But still Lee eludes him. All through 1864, in the "Wilderness," northwest of Richmond, the two armies face each other. In one ghastly fight after another, Grant gives not man for man, but two and three men for one. Lee contests every foot of ground, but Grant is as indomitable as he, as deliberate in thought, as quick in action, and he is fifteen years younger. He has a mighty ally, moreover. "General Starvation" is on Lee's front and rear inflicting damage such as no Federal general was ever able to inflict. His men have no shoes, no blankets; they have scarcely anything to eat. But their spirit is superb even now. At Spottsylvania Court House, at Cold Harbor, they defeat the Federals attacking them with double their numbers. Grant beats in vain against the defenses of Richmond. It takes him eight months to capture the stronghold of Petersburg.

Lee still evades him. His strategy is even now not yet exhausted. He plans to unite his army with that of General Johnston, farther south; but Sherman, coming up from Georgia, cuts him off. From the north, Sheridan is coming with his cavalry; on the west lies Grant. The great game is up. The cause is lost. To sacrifice another single soldier would be murder. On April 9, he surrenders to Grant at Appomattox Court House.

The scene is forever memorable not only because of what is done in the front room of the McLean house, but

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

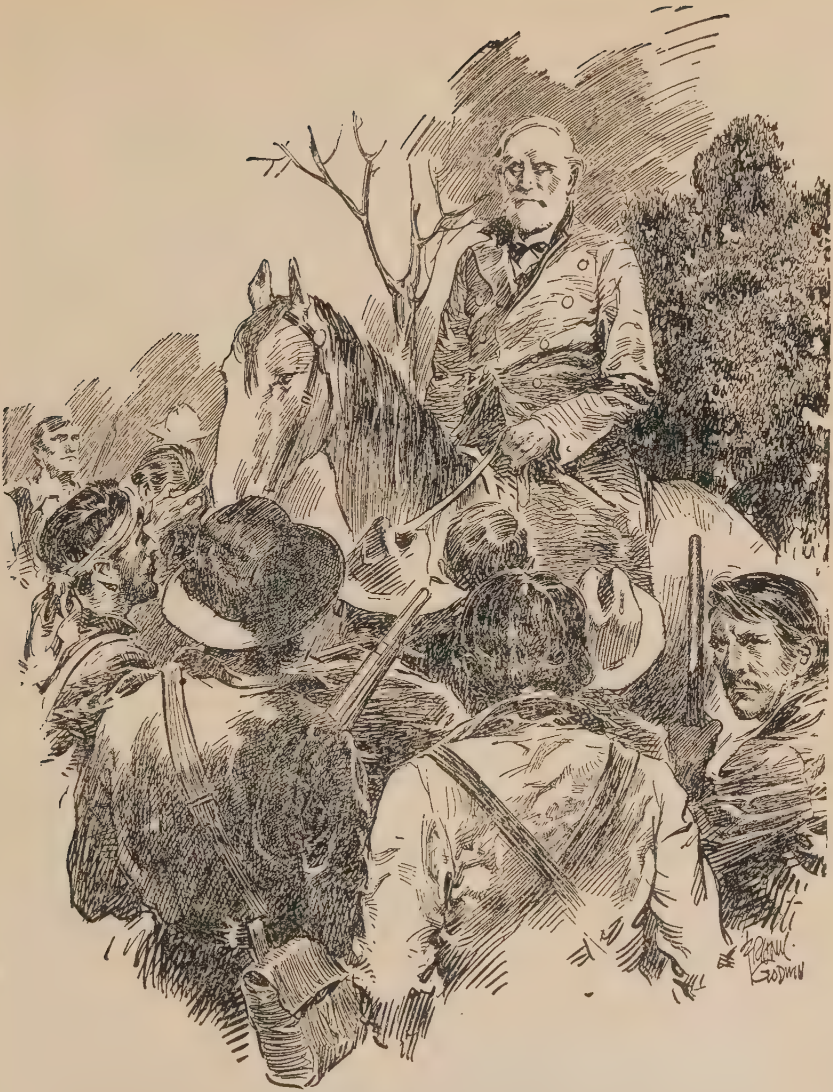
because of the manner in which it is done. Grant, in a soiled and battered uniform, seems embarrassed rather than triumphant; Lee, spotlessly clean, erect, is grave and courteous, even friendly. Lee offers his sword in token of surrender, but Grant will not touch it. Grant's terms are magnanimous beyond any hope Lee might have had. Lee is deeply touched.

He returns to his army; his men crowd about him, the tears streaming down their cheeks. With quivering voice he speaks, "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."

Then, with lifted hat, he rides through a weeping army to Richmond

What remains is in keeping with all that went before. Even in defeat he is a great man, honored by the whole world. But he asks only solitude and a chance to work and earn his bread. Various commercial companies make him dazzling offers, but he refuses them all. He is asked to run for governor of Virginia; he refuses. But from Lexington, a little mountain town in Virginia, comes an invitation which appeals to him. Lexington is the seat of Washington College, an institution never much better than a second-rate boys' boarding school, without money or traditions except that it was originally endowed by George Washington. The trustees themselves admit that it is "unmingled impudence" to ask one of the greatest men in the world to become president of such a "college" at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. But Lee accepts, seeing an opportunity to help the youth of the impoverished and stricken South.

He is never nobler than in the years that follow. For the South, they are years of bitterness and humiliation. In Washington, the man "with malice toward none, with charity for all" is no longer in command. Hate rules the councils of the nation and governs the "reconstruction" of


Frank Godwin

With lifted hat, General Lee rides through a weeping army to Richmond the South. Lee is threatened with imprisonment and trial for treason, and only Grant's influence keeps the nation from breaking the pledge made to Lee at Appomattox. Lee is brought before one investigating committee after another, but he bears himself with magnificent dignity. He has no bitterness toward the North; he is as free from rancor as Lincoln was himself. To a mother who is cherishing the old hatred, he says, "Madam, don't bring up your sons to detest the United States Government. Recollect that we form one country now. Abandon all these local animosities and make your sons Americans."

To help build a new nation out of the suffering and hatred, a new nation in which there shall be no sectional divisions, is Lee's ambition now as it was Lincoln's. To it he gives the last years of his life. When he dies in 1870, it is not as a Virginian—not as a Southerner—but as an American whose rare nobility and devotion to a cause are the heritage of all his fellow citizens in Oregon as in Texas, in Massachusetts as in Virginia.

CLARA BARTON

A LITTLE woman from Massachusetts, five feet three, with glossy dark hair coiled at the back of her head, a large, straight mouth, meaning business, large, dark, candid eyes, set wide apart, a straight, vigorous nose, a powerful neck. Clearly she is not a person to be trifled with. Franklin Pierce, President of the United States, has, in this year of our Lord 1853, appointed her a clerk, at a man's salary, in the Patent Office.

She is the first woman clerk in Washington, and the men do not like the innovation; not a bit. In the corridors they blow smoke in her face, they spit tobacco juice near her feet, they whistle, they make remarks of a dubious character. She moves among them with a serenity which the gentlemen of the Patent Office find a fresh cause for action. Some of them have an excellent reason for wanting to get rid of her, and it has nothing to do with the fact that she is a woman. The Patent Office is a storehouse of priceless secrets, and a number of these have, in some way, reached people who knew how to profit by them. Miss Barton is placed at the "confidential desk" to the dismay of the clerks who sold the secrets. They try slander —and find themselves shortly out of a job. Miss Barton sticks.

She is an able lady, is Clara Barton, some thirty-five years of age; except for her period in Washington, a schoolteacher since she was fifteen. She has grown up in the little mill town of Oxford, near Worcester, a timid, imaginative child possessed by fears. She is a tomboy at her brother David's side until David falls from a scaffolding when he is ten and she eleven. Then she is his nurse for two years, by day and by night. They are pitiful years of imprisonment, away from the sun, where she does not gain a pound, or grow an inch, but learns a surprising thing, that she seems to be able to relieve suffering.

She is different from other children ever after, a little "separate." Boarding school is a torture, but books are a joy; and it is a delight to listen to her father telling of Indian fighting in Michigan during the first term of President Washington, or unraveling the mysteries of military organization. Andrew Jackson is President during these years of her later childhood, and everyone in the United States is either hotly for him or hotly ag'in him. Her father (farmer and politician) is glad of a listener and in that fashion the great world outside enters into Clara Barton's consciousness. She is scarcely more than a child herself when she becomes a teacher; but, from the start, she is a success, being human, first of all, and with all her timidity and bashfulness, a disciplinarian. In Bordentown, New Jersey, the free school she opens against the advice of the cautious, grows in a single year from six pupils to six hundred. But when the school is thoroughly established, the town discovers that a male principal, for no reason except that he is a male, is preferable to one in crinolines. It is a grim satisfaction to her, on top of that slur to her sex, to invade successfully the sacred precincts of the Patent Office.

She stays there three years. President Pierce is from New England and holds a sheltering wing over his own, but his successor, Mr. Buchanan, is the "good man Friday" of the slaveholders of the South. He makes a clean sweep of everyone in the government departments who may be suspected of being opposed to slavery. Clara Barton is an abolitionist and makes no bones about it. She goes with the rest, but before the new President's term is out, she is recalled to straighten out the mess her successor has made.

She finds the Capital, on her return, feverish and expectant. The slaveholders are in the saddle, possessing the President, the Cabinet, the army, the navy, dominating Congress, looting the Treasury. The election of Lincoln throws them into a fury. They talk openly of civil war, and use their power over the government to get their states ready for it. Buchanan is putty in their hands. When nine Southern states secede, he does nothing.

Clara Barton is not afraid that there will be a war; she is afraid there won't. It is not at all that she is bloodthirsty; but she is more afraid of the South in politics than she is on the battle field. The Southern leaders are better trained for the political game than the Northerners and are always outplaying them; in peace, they might succeed in subjugating the whole country, but in war, in the long run, they cannot possibly win. Clara Barton is restless these days, forty years old, none too strong nervously and physically, but dreaming romantic dreams of heroic actions on the Casabianca style. If there is war, she longs to hold the flag in the last ditch; meanwhile, if the government would let her (and it won't) she would do two clerks' work without pay. She is conscious of enormous energy, with nothing to spend it on.

Lincoln is inaugurated March 4, 1861. Six weeks later, the guns of Charleston, South Carolina, fire on the Union flag flying over Fort Sumter. The war has begun, with the national Capital almost surrounded by the enemy. South and west is Virginia, which has joined the Confederacy; north and east is Maryland, teetering on the edge of secession. A Massachusetts regiment, on its way to Washington, is attacked by a mob of ten thousand in Baltimore and has to fight its way to the railroad station.

They are men from Oxford and Worcester, many of them friends of Clara Barton's youth. She is waiting with food and bandages for the wounded when they arrive in Washington—and for a week has no time to wonder what she is going to do with herself in this national crisis. Man, the superior creature, she discovers with amazement, man, who can fight so well, talk so eloquently and play politics so tirelessly, has his limitations. He knows nothing, it seems, about taking care of the boys, sick, wounded, or well, whom he calls his soldiers.

Clara Barton tears up her own bedsheets for towels and handkerchiefs, and collects—where she can get them—cooking utensils, thread, needles, thimbles, scissors, pins, buttons, salves, tallow, and so on. When she has exhausted her own supplies and those of her friends, she sends appeals to the Worcester papers. All eastern Massachusetts responds. Her bedroom overflows with the gifts that come; she has to rent space in a warehouse.

She is gorgeously busy—busy enough even to satisfy her imagination and her fierce energy, which never before have had enough work to tame them and bring them under control. Her self-consciousness, her bashfulness, her timidity disappear; fears which have always nagged and pestered her, vanish. She is a new being, looking out on a new world. It is only when the first rush is over that she realizes what has happened. She has found her job.

Distributing supplies at the warehouse ceases to satisfy her when the wounded begin to come in on the transports from the swamps of the Chickahominy, and soon even the dressing of wounds made horrible by neglect seems a second-rate enterprise.

Why the neglect in the first place? Is it necessary, this delay of days before a wound can be adequately dressed? Hundreds are dying every month because of it. The place for relief work is not in a Washington warehouse, not even on a Washington dock, but on the battle field under fire.

Her reason tells her that; and she has no answer to it. But her sense of propriety tells her something else, tells it, shouts it in her ears. She is a woman, a woman in crinolines, born and brought up in New England, a very proper young lady, knowing exactly what a lady may do and may not do.

What would her female relatives say to the idea of her going to the battlefront? Nothing, no doubt, having breath only for gasps. To follow an army to the field? A lady? Never in the world! Not that women have not followed armies to battle since wars began, but they have been the wrong kind of women. To go unprotected among rough soldiers! Well, Florence Nightingale did it, six or eight years before, in the Crimean War. That, would be the response, that made no difference. Her reputation would be gone.

"Perhaps," muses Clara Barton. "But would it really?" And what if foolish people said it was gone, so long as she did the great thing which needed to be done?

Propriety, all the rules of polite society, shout at one ear; but the groans of wounded men cry at the other, men fallen in the defense of the institutions which protect her, dying for lack of care.

For days the struggle rages in her, the struggle between tradition and reality. Then suddenly she is ashamed, ashamed that there should have been any struggle necessary, ashamed that even for an instant she should have hesitated.

She goes to the War Department, and is met with frowns and patronizing smiles. "Let me go!" Impossible! Army regulations! A lady at the front? Miss Barton is very generous, etc., but she does not understand; a battle field is no place for a woman; no woman has gone to the firing line, and no woman shall. Day after day, week after week, the same rebuffs, courteous generally, not always, but firm.

"I have so many things for the wounded," she says, "but I can't get them where they will be of use."

That is too bad, everybody agrees, but there's nothing to be done.

She goes from one office to the other. "Let me go!" Everywhere, the same answers, month after month. But the cold facts of war work for her. At Fair Oaks, the number of dead and wounded is 6,000; in the week's retreat that follows, it is 10,000. Clara Barton becomes a flame now, a flame of indignation and pity. "You *must* let me go!"

In the Quartermaster's Department she finds at last a man with a heart big enough to forget regulations, forget propriety, forget everything except the needs of suffering and dying men. The woman in her weeps when he gives her her passport at last, but her tears do not prevent her from loading her supplies in a box car rather more quickly than a man would.

Five days and nights with three hours sleep; a narrow escape from capture; a week or two getting the wounded to the hospitals; and she is in Washington again with her baptism of fire accomplished. "If you chance to feel that the positions I occupied were rough and unseemly for a woman," she writes an indignant friend, "I can only reply that they were rough and unseemly for *men*. I felt that I ought to be there."

A few days later she is off in another box car for another battle field. On a thinly wooded slope at Fairfax, Virginia, three thousand suffering men are lying. The army medical service has broken down. Clara Barton has two women with her. The three of them and the helpers they can secure from among the able-bodied soldiers work desperately all night. The men are packed together body to body. There are only two lanterns. Every misstep brings a groan from some man in agony. There are only two buckets to cook in, and no plates. But somehow the men are fed and their wounds are dressed.

The next day brings the enemy and a fight close by and a hurried scramble to get the wounded men who survive on to the train for Washington before the Confederates capture the railroad. Clara Barton does not go with them; the battle is still on. She has eaten nothing in two days; she has barely closed her eyes. At the height of a terrific thunderstorm, the fight is resumed. Somehow through the torrent of rain the file of wounded finds her. One of her assistants has returned to Washington, another is exhausted; there are no supplies left. Miss Barton collects a few army crackers, has them crushed between stones and makes a brew which somehow revives the spirits of the suffering men. They too are shipped to Washington.

She sinks to the ground from exhaustion, and, scrambling up the slippery hillside to her tent, falls again and again before she reaches it. She sleeps for two hours in what is, in effect, a muddy brook, and wakes up, remade, at midnight, ready to receive the wounded men in the wagons rumbling up from the front.

The tramp of men, the plaintive wail of a fife—retreat, retreat. Clara Barton is among the last to go, and the Confederate cavalry are dashing down to the railroad station as the train she is on disappears around the bend toward Washington.

Ten days later, in an army wagon, alone with the "mule skinners," the only woman with the army, she is rattling toward Harpers Ferry. The Northern and Southern armies have been maneuvering for position and the slaughter has been terrific. But it is nothing to what the next day brings. From morning until night, across the valley of Antietam, the battle rages. Clara Barton makes her headquarters at a dressing station barely behind the front line where the shells break all day long. She binds up wounds, distributes food; in one case even operates. A wounded man is struck and killed as she bends over him; a bullet passes through her dress. The army's supplies for the wounded run out; her own supplies are exhausted, but still the suffering, famished men stagger in. It seems a godsend straight from heaven when she finds that the bottles in a dozen cases of wine which she has brought for the wounded are packed in meal. All night long her helpers carry buckets of hot gruel to the wounded and dying. When the surgeon's last candle flickers out, with hundreds of men to operate on, it is Clara Barton again who saves the situation, with lanterns. It is no wonder that the men call her the "Angel of the Battle Field."

How she gets back to Washington she barely knows; for the fever has her. But in a month she is at the Quartermaster General's office again asking not for one wagon, but for three; she is given six.

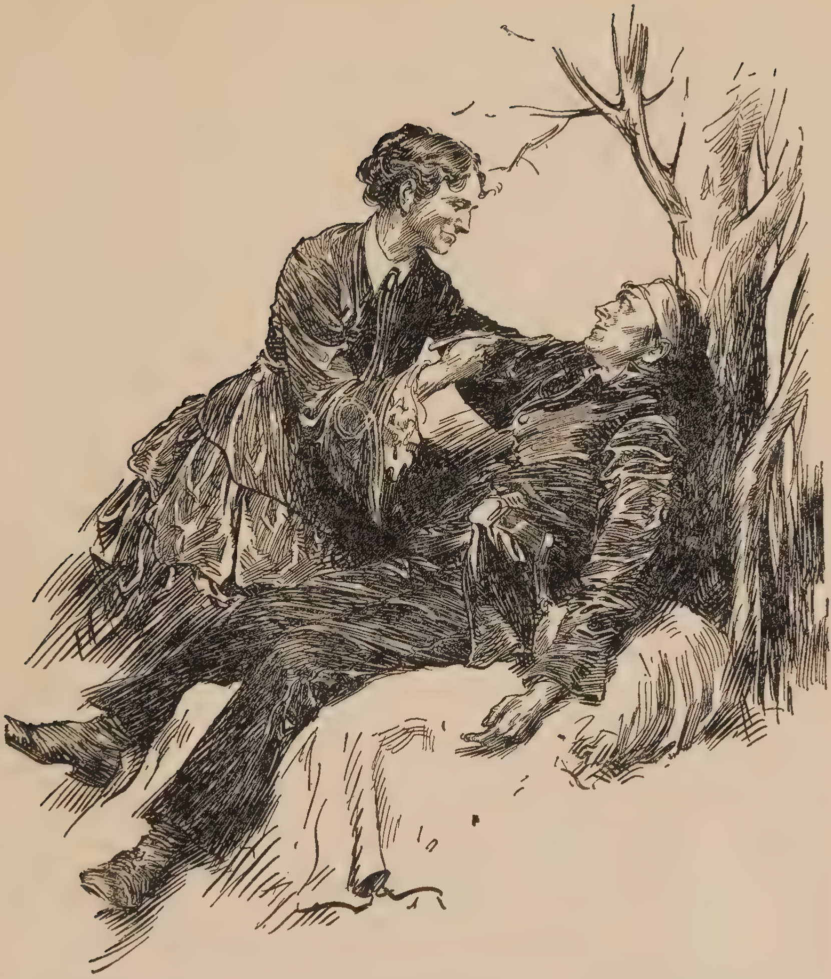
But the drivers prove mutinous. They are not soldiers but government employees and resent having a woman as their boss. At four the first afternoon they turn into a field, form a circle and prepare to camp for the night.

Miss Barton gently inquires why. With an oath the leader answers that he has no intention of driving in the night.

Miss Barton replies that he can drive until night, and will find it to his interest to do so. There is something in the way she says it which helps the man to arrive at the same conclusion. He drives on not only until night, but far into the night, hoping, no doubt, that the lady will order him to stop and that he may have another chance to disobey her.

But she knows his little game. When the disgruntled men make camp at last, she cooks supper while they are busy with the mules. The mutineers are mildly surprised, but they eat and say nothing. It is only after a solemn conference later that they break the silence, coming upon her out of the darkness where she is cleaning up beside the fire.

"We come to tell yo' we wuz ashamed," says the leader. "The truth is, ma'am, we ain't been wantin' to come to whar thar wuz any more fightin', havin' seen enough of that for men what don't carry muskets but whips. And then we never seen a train under charge of a woman before, an' we didn't like it an' we thought we'd break it up. An' we've been mean an' contrary an' yo've



From morning until night Clara Barton binds up wounds and distributes food treated us like we'd been a general an' his staff. An' we've come to ask yo' fo' forgiveness. We shan't trouble you no more."

They keep their word. There is a fire blazing next morning when Clara Barton climbs out of her wagon, and a bucket of fresh water waiting for her, and breakfast ready. She has cooked her last meal for her drivers. For six months they stay with her, her devoted slaves, through frost and snow, in camp and on the march and in the midst of battle; and nurse the sick for her and dress the wounded and soothe the dying and bury the dead.

Day after day, with the army in the Virginia mountains —bright, autumnal days—crisp nights with a thousand camp fires sparkling and ten thousand voices chanting "John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave"; then December—and Fredericksburg. Clara Barton is in the midst of the fight, rattling over the pontoon bridge with her loyal company, missing death by a hair a hundred times in the streets of the little old Virginia town where Washington played as a boy and John Paul Jones once lived.

A general, thinking her a refugee, draws rein at her side. "You are alone and in great danger, madam. Do you want protection?"

She smiles up at him. "I think I am the best protected woman in the United States," she says.

The soldiers near-by catch her words. "That's so, right enough!" The cheer they raise is caught up and goes echoing from regiment to regiment.

The gallant old general bows low. "I believe you are right, madam."

For months Clara Barton is with the besieging army before Charleston, South Carolina, scorched by the sun, chilled by the storms, all but blinded by the flying sand, laboring day by day, with five Confederate forts sending death, and one Federal assault after another failing. It is a ghastly campaign, in which somehow she retains her spirit and her sense of humor; but at the end of it she is more dead than alive.

In three months she is again at the front. Grant is hammering his slow way to Richmond, and once more Clara Barton is in Fredericksburg. The town is crowded with thousands of wounded, the muddy roads are choked, the officers in command are inefficient or faithless, huddling the soldiers in cellars and barns while they keep the spacious mansions of the rich for themselves. For miles the wagon trains of supplies are bogged in the road, and no one is taking action; the men are dying by hundreds of neglect.

Clara Barton sees the situation, commandeers first a wagon and then a tug by virtue of the fire in her eyes, and makes her way to Washington. The War Department officials know of nothing out of the way at Fredericksburg and are disposed to shrug their shoulders. She goes to the chairman of the Military Affairs Committee of Congress and tells him her story. He believes, goes to the War Department, and threatens Congressional action. Twelve hours later, Fredericksburg is on the way to order. Once more the "Angel of the Battle Field" has turned the tide of suffering.

And now the war is over, and Clara Barton—who at forty was only an ex-school-teacher and discharged Patent Office employee, and at forty-four is a great national figure—is on a new errand of mercy, finding out for grieving mothers and wives throughout the North what has happened to 80,000 men whom the records call "missing." She works literally until she drops.

In 1869 she goes to Europe under doctor's orders to take a "three years' absolute rest." Before she has been on the Continent a week, she is working heart and soul for the movement to establish the International Red Cross, and within eight months she is under fire once more, nursing wounded men in the war between Prussia and France. She knows she has no business to do it, but the call to service is too sharp and clear for her to resist it; and she makes no complaint during the seven years of nervous prostration in which she pays the piper.

In 1879 she is in harness once more. The International Red Cross Society, formed ten years before with headquarters in Geneva for the purpose of providing relief for sick and wounded soldiers, has secured the pledges of thirty nations from Prussia to Peru to respect the Red Cross insignia in war; but not the pledge of the United States. American statesmen are not interested. America, they say, has just ended one war and is not intending to get into any others. Besides, international agreements about anything, even the relief of suffering, suggest "entangling alliances," and America won't have them. The State Department files the various appeals which American friends of the Red Cross movement send them, and in a pigeonhole the matter rests.

Clara Barton takes up the cause. President Hayes is courteous and refers the matter to Mr. Evarts, his Secretary of State. Mr. Evarts is most courteous and refers it to his First Assistant, and there it sticks. The First Assistant has made up his mind, and no appeals can unmake it.

Miss Barton goes to Capitol Hill with the project but the statesmen in Congress are interested in railroads and politics, and want to forget about war. All right! Miss Barton is ready with an answer. The Red Cross may be of help in the case of other national disasters besides war, in flood and fire and whirlwind and pestilence and famine. But the men in Congress give her a cold shoulder. Anything international looks fishy to them.

But in 1880 a man is elected President who has stood at Clara Barton's side in more than one great battle. General Garfield pledges her the support of the United States, and, when he dies, his successor, President Arthur, makes his pledge good. The proposal that the Red Cross shall be used in the catastrophes of peace as well as in those of war, is accepted by the International Society as the "American Amendment." Clara Barton has won a double victory.

Instantly the new American Red Cross is called to service. In Michigan there are forest fires. There are floods along the Mississippi and the Ohio, cyclones in Louisiana, Alabama, Illinois, Iowa. There is an earthquake in Charleston, a yellow fever epidemic in Florida; a famine in Texas; another in Russia; a flood in Johnstown. In South Carolina there are hurricanes; there are massacres in Armenia. In the Balkans a war breaks out. Cuba calls, with thousands dying every week under the yield-or-die government of "Butcher" Weyler, the Spanish captain-general. Miss Barton goes there with her workers and brings what relief is possible to an oppressed people who are asking not for charity but for freedom.

The "Maine" is blown up in February, 1898, and two months later the United States, which, according to the statesmen of the Hayes era, would never fight another war, is at grips with Spain. The War Department declares that it does not require the help of the Red Cross; things are quite different, everybody is saying, than they were in the Civil War, and the army medical corps can handle its own wounded. So Miss Barton charters a ship and asks for permission to sail into one of the harbors of Cuba under a flag of truce with food for the starving women and children.

She goes to Santiago, but is forbidden to enter; she goes to Siboney, the base of supplies of the American expeditionary force in Cuba, and instantly sees where her real work lies. Conditions in the army are not better than they were during the Civil War; they are worse. Red tape and inefficiency have muddled up the supply system so completely that the men at the front are famishing, and the wounded lie about for days unattended, even unfed.

She offers the services of herself and her staff to the medical officers. They are refused, but the pressure of facts brings a change of heart. The Commanding General himself sends Miss Barton a pleading note to commandeer a wagon and come to the front with all the supplies she can gather.

Clara Barton is seventy-seven, but there seems no diminution of her vital energy, as she sits on the springless wagon, jolting over the rough road, winding through stifling jungle from the seacoast to the hospital camp. It seems like a dream to her that, after more than a quarter of a century, she should again be taking supplies to the front for an American army; that after all the bitter education of the Civil War, it should still be necessary to seize an army wagon to get food for wounded men.

The hospital camp is a horror where a thousand men lie barely clothed or utterly naked under the broiling sun and the torrential rains. She makes a fire somehow of wet wood; she makes coffee and gruel; she brings covering for the men, bandages, medicines, nurses. For three days, almost without rest, she remains; and on her way back to the coast sleeps for hours sitting bolt upright against a wagon stay. The fever which lays low her assistants one after the other, does not touch her; the ardor of her spirit somehow repels it. When Santiago falls and the American fleet prepares to enter the harbor, her ship, laden with supplies for the starving, is placed in the lead. It is the navy's tribute to the Angel of one more American battle field.

That is all. What remains are fifteen years of the joys and the heartaches that are common to all lives, with a measure of fame and affection, the world over, which has been the portion in their lifetime of few men and of no other woman. It is to millions, seeking to hold her, that she seems to speak her last words, which were also the first words of her public career: *Let me go.*

She goes, at ninety—perhaps on a new errand of mercy.

GARIBALDI

THE Mediterranean, under the boy's bright eyes, is the color of the summer sky at nightfall; the ships, skimming its surface like birds, are as messengers from the magic islands of romance. Beyond that purple horizon, what adventures wait, what fierce actions of sword and blood, what shapes of beauty, what words of love? Romance bends her lateen sails toward him, romance sets her keel grating on the pebbles, romance sits down beside him on the promontory and looks at him out of intoxicating eyes.

Giuseppe Garibaldi is fifteen. He is at school still, but hard to hold there—a notable truant, roaming through the hills back of Nice with a gun and a light heart, talking with the fishermen drying their nets on the shining beaches, lying under the olive trees, reading poetry. His father and mother want to make this dreamer a priest. The idea appalls him; he wants to go to sea. But his father follows the sea and knows its perils. The boy takes the bit in his teeth and organizes his first expedition against established authority, persuades a half dozen of his friends to join him, seizes a boat, stocks it with provisions and sails eastward for Genoa. They are as far as Monaco, when his father who comes in pursuit captures them. But in reality it is the father who surrenders; for he takes Guiseppe on his own ship as cabin boy.

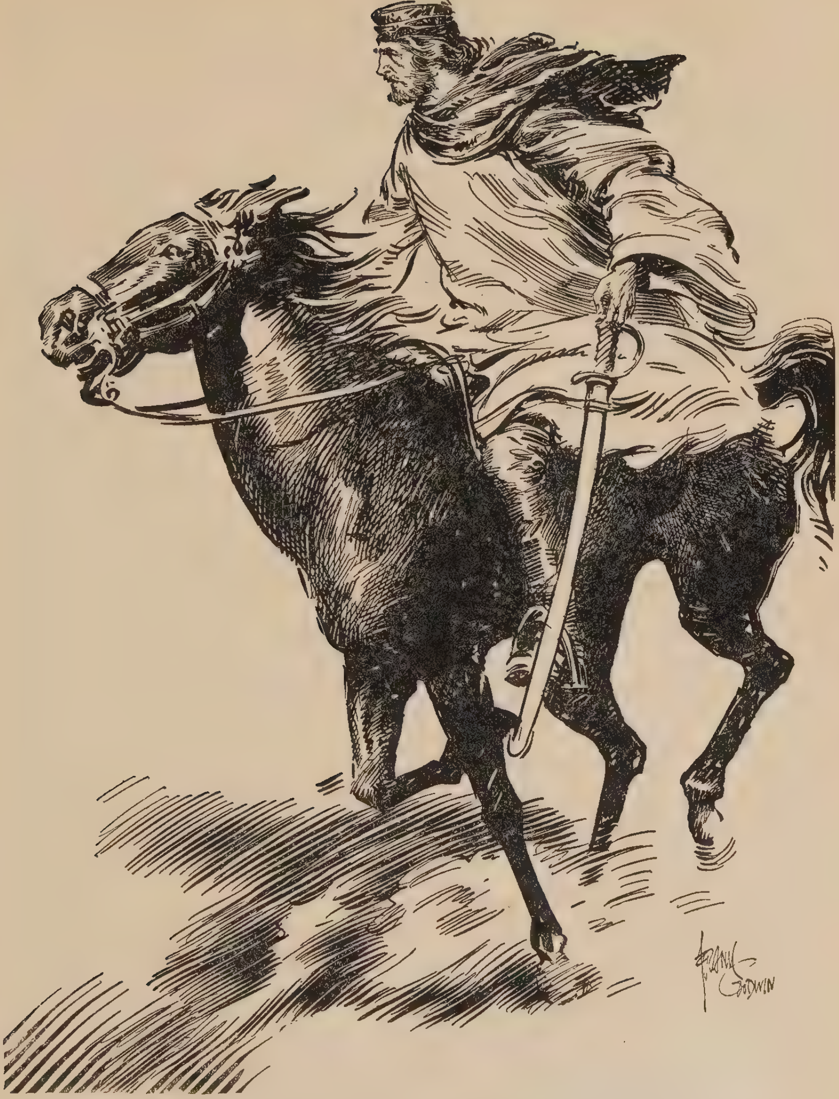
For ten years, the youth with the blue eyes and the chestnut hair and the romantic heart goes roaming around the Mediterranean, meeting all manner of men—sailors of all nations, Levantine traders, Turkish pirates, Arabs of the desert, Greek fighters for liberty. He envies the Greeks that they have a country to fight and die for. He has none. Nice, which was French at his birth, is now a part of the kingdom of Piedmont, but what is Piedmont? A little nation in the northwestern corner of the Italian peninsula, ruled by the weak but cruel king of Sardinia. As for Italy—what is Italy? There is no Italy. There is only a jumble of little unhappy peoples, oppressed in the north by the ruthless Austrians, in the south by the cruel and rapacious kings of Naples and Sicily; in the center, in Rome and the country which surrounds it, by the authorities of the Papal States. Everywhere, the rule is the rule of the sword and the torture chamber.

Garibaldi is twenty-six when, in a port in the Black Sea, a countryman of his for the first time brings a vision of united Italy to his eyes. There is a movement on foot, he tells Garibaldi, to free Italy of her oppressors and unite the scattered states. A young man named Mazzini is at its head. Will Garibaldi not join?

To Garibaldi it is like a new world opening. His eager heart has found a cause. He hurries to Marseilles where Mazzini is living in exile, a singularly pure-hearted and lofty patriot.

A plan is under way to overthrow the king of Sardinia, and Garibaldi is given the work of persuading the king's naval forces to revolt. But the sailors are not interested; on land, too, the revolution fizzles. The people are not yet ready. There is nothing for Garibaldi to do but to flee to France. For two years, under an assumed name, with a price on his head, he dodges the spies of the Sardinian king; then, hopeless of doing anything for Italian liberty at that time, he sails for South America.

But there is a struggle for freedom on the other side of the Atlantic also, and before long he is in the thick of it. The province of Rio Grande Do Sul has risen in rebellion against the empire of Brazil and formed a new republic. A number of Italian exiles have joined the rebels, and when


FRANK GODWIN

Garibaldi rides at the head of a guerilla band of wild horsemen

Garibaldi sees them captured and loaded with chains, he indignantly throws in his lot with the revolutionists. He arms a fishing boat and sets forth with a dozen companions as a privateer, to wage war alone on the sea against the vast empire of Brazil.

He has wild adventures. He is shot, and lies for days at the point of death, still directing the course of the ship for his ignorant mariners. He is taken prisoner and tortured, hung for hours from the ceiling by his thumbs. Shipwrecked in a hurricane on the coast of Santa Caterina, he saves himself only by his great power as a swimmer, takes part in the storming of the port of Laguna and, within twenty-four hours of the wreck of his own ship, finds himself in command not merely of a new vessel but of the entire Brazilian fleet, captured in the harbor.

He is a famous man in South America now, the idol of the revolutionists, the terror of the Brazilian government. But he is lonely; one after the other his friends have been killed at his side; he craves companionship, love. Through his telescope he observes a young girl outside a house on a hill near shore, and has an inspiration that this girl is for him.

In ten minutes he is among the houses, searching—and searching in vain—for the lovely creature his telescope has for a moment brought near. But a friend invites him into his house for a cup of coffee and the first person he meets within is the girl.

They look at each other in silence. She knows who he is, this man with the deep blue eyes, the leonine beard, the flowing, golden hair. In Italian he says to her, "Thou oughtest to be mine." She offers no protest or denial.

Her name is Anita Riberas. She is only eighteen, a dark-haired, vivid creature, combining the engaging charm of a *señorita* of old Spain with the vigor and fighting blood of the race that rules on horseback the deserts of Brazil. She has lived in the open, accompanied her father on his hunting expeditions through the wild country. The passion for adventure is in her blood as it is in Garibaldi's.

But her father has promised her to a neighbor whom she cannot love. Garibaldi, the hero whom everyone is praising, seems like a deliverer from on high. Her father insists, however, that she marry the man of his choosing. The man himself is obstinate. There is only one thing to do, and Garibaldi does it in the most approved romantic fashion. A few nights after their first meeting, he carries her off to his ship; they are married later at Montevideo.

Never was there another such honeymoon as theirs, afloat and ashore. From the start Anita fights at her husband's side. In her first sea fight she is struck down by the wind of a cannon ball, falling across the bodies of three dead men. Garibaldi rushes to pick her up, but before he can reach her she is up again and reloading her gun. The revolution, it proves, needs Garibaldi on land more than it needs him on the sea, and soon he is at the head of a guerilla band of wild horsemen armed with sword and lance and lasso, always with Anita at his side.

The upland country with its vast, undulating plains, its deep gorges where rivers flow silently through dark forests, its magnificent wild horses, its fleet antelopes, its speeding ostriches, stir them both equally and are a fitting background for their eager and courageous spirits. Anita loves liberty as much as he; she too regards battles in its behalf as a joy, the rigors of camp life as a pastime. The earth is their hearth, the starry sky, their roof tree; the glory of life and love are theirs.

Their fighting men are as wild and ardent as they—cowboys of the open plains, fierce and independent. Sometimes they have only twenty or fifty with them, sometimes, a few thousand; and soon the fame of Garibaldi, the guerilla chief, grows and eclipses that of Garibaldi, the bold buccaneer.

In one of their first land battles, Anita's horse is shot under her and she is captured by the Imperialists. Believing that Garibaldi has been slain, she asks permission to search the battle field, and, with a guard, goes forth, turning over one corpse after another, expecting in each dead face to see the features of the man she loves. She finds his mantle; but Garibaldi is not there. That night she slips away from her drunken guards, mounts a spirited horse and plunges through jungle and forest after the retreating army. For four days, alone, with no food but wild berries, she searches the wilderness for her husband, crossing desolate plains, swimming rivers in flood, stampeding the pickets of the enemy in the passes of the hills as she sweeps by, swift and spectral.

But, in the heart of the wilderness she finds Garibaldi; and there, a few days later, her first child is born. In twelve days they are away once more on their fleet stallions, riding through the depths of the primeval forest in the worst of the rainy season, feeding on what roots they can dig out of the ground, with the baby across her saddle bow, or swung in a scarf about Garibaldi's neck.

The rebels are defeated, Garibaldi and his mate are practically outlaws. They cross the border into Uruguay and for a time Garibaldi devotes himself to the arts of peace. But teaching mathematics is clearly not his mission in life, and when the dictator of the rival republic of Argentina invades Uruguay, Garibaldi offers his sword for the defense. He organizes a navy and teaches it how to fight; better yet, he organizes and leads an Italian legion. Because red shirts are the only upper garments he has been able to secure for his men, the red shirt becomes a part of their uniform, and leaps with them into fame. The "red shirts" save Montevideo, the capital, again and again, and crown their spectacular career by defeating the enemy against overwhelming odds at the battle of Sant' Antonio.

The grateful republic offers Garibaldi high offices and rewards of land and gold, but he refuses them all, living in poverty with Anita and their children rather than to take money from the struggling republic or to tie himself down in such a way that he cannot instantly return to Italy if she should need him.

At last word comes to him that the revolutionary movements of 1848 which are turning the rest of Europe upside down are sweeping Italy also, and that his native land needs this son of hers who has won such romantic glory in the wilds of South America. Garibaldi sends Anita and their children on ahead—the wilderness baby has survived and has been joined by two or three others—and follows with some eighty of his fighting legion. He does not know what awaits him. He knows only that nine-tenths of the Italian peninsula is in turmoil and that even Charles Albert, the king who had set a price on his head twelve years before, has seen the light and is fighting to drive Austria out of Italy. Garibaldi is tumultuously received at his home port; thousands flock to his standard—in red shirts—but before a month has passed, Charles Albert's little candle burns out. He is a very bad general. The Austrians trounce him and, driving him back to Milan, force him to surrender the city and make peace.

Garibaldi, in huge disgust at having crossed the sea for nothing better than to look on at an ignominious surrender, refuses to recognize the armistice, raises a banner with the inscription "God and the People," and for three weeks fights a private war of his own with the Austrians. It is a brilliant little campaign. Before the Austrian artillery finally drives him and his valiant legion back, he has accomplished two things—he has planted the idea in the hearts of his countrymen that the cause of Italy is a people's cause and not a cause of kings, and he has shown them where to look for a leader when their time comes at last.

But the defeat of foolish Charles Albert is only a single item in the struggle that is raging all over Italy. In the states which the Pope has been ruling, a republic has been declared, with Garibaldi's old friend, Mazzini, at its head. Instantly, Garibaldi, with five hundred men at his back, turns, crosses the Apennines in the teeth of bitter storms, and marches down through Umbria toward Rome, spreading the gospel of liberty as he goes. In Rome, liberty is having her day, though it be brief. Mazzini's rule is firm, kindly, liberal. He punishes bribery and spying; he executes justice fairly; he forbids acts of vengeance against the oppressors of old.

But Italy's neighbor, France—the mother of revolutions—is in the hands of Napoleon III, nephew of the great Bonaparte, and a singularly crooked diplomat, even for Europe. He makes a deal with the oppressors and sends an army to their rescue. Garibaldi is the heart and soul of the defense of that city which had kindled his ardor when he had first seen it as a youth. He is a magnificent sight as he leads his volunteers again and again against the trained soldiers of France. His square, powerful chest—his blue eyes ranging to violet, frank and brave, and shooting flame in battle—his face, burned red under the heavy mustache and the light blonde beard—his fair hair, flowing like a mane back from the temples—his broad lion's nose; together, they make a head which suggests Zeus. He is dressed in the now famous red shirt; on his head he wears a little black felt sugar-loaf hat with two black ostrich feathers. A white cape such as the *gauchos* of the South American pampas wear hangs from one shoulder. He is a picture of dashing romance. And ever near him is Anita, the devoted, the faithful, the daring. Her children are with his family in Nice. If she has any fault in her brave heart, it is that, in her love for her husband, she can forget not herself only, but her children too.

Garibaldi and his "tigers of Montevideo," as they are called, drive back ten times their number. Garibaldi himself is wounded but he continues to direct both attack and defense. He is helpless, however, against the too trusting optimism of his own superiors and the treachery of the French commander. Despair settles in his heart. He recovers from his wound, but he does not want to live. He exposes himself again and again hoping that a bullet may keep him from witnessing the downfall of his hopes; but he seems to be charmed against all bullets. At last, at the head of two companies, chanting an Italian hymn, he marches deliberately into the fire of the enemy. For two hours steadily he fights. At the end he is covered with blood, but without a scratch.

The city surrenders, but not Garibaldi. With four thousand men, he marches out through the Tivoli gate, knowing not whither he is going. Anita is at his side, in man's clothes. She has refused to let him go without her, though he has pleaded. Once more—for the last time—they are riding forth together on a wild and desperate adventure.

They have scarcely passed into the darkness of the Campagna when a French flying column dashes through the Tivoli gate in pursuit. South of him are the Neapolitans, reënforced by an army of Spaniards; west of him are the French forces, north of him the Austrians.

He outwits them all. By feints—by sudden quick turns—by marches over mountains which, according to the books, no army can possibly cross—he evades the swarming armies of his enemies who, now that Rome is taken, have no object except to capture Garibaldi and his men. Everything that the guerilla chief of Rio Grande Do Sul and Uruguay has learned of fighting against superior forces, comes to his aid. Now he is on the highroad, now on narrow bypaths trodden hitherto only by the goatherds. A French general hears he is here, an Austrian is told he is there, a Spaniard is certain he has him trapped in a third place; but he is always elsewhere.

"If ye know the track of the morning mist, ye know where his pickets are."

Hunger, thirst, forced marches, battle and death—these are what Garibaldi has promised those brave enough to join him on his flight; and everything but battle is their fare. Battle he avoids, for he has everything to lose and nothing to gain by a fight. Men desert, at first by hundreds; and, to his bitter disappointment, no new recruits take their places in the villages through which he passes. The villagers are kind, but stolid. Never having known liberty, they cannot apprehend what thing it is that this strange chief of a ragged and starving host asks of them. Italy's day is not yet come.

Through the appalling heat of an Italian July, with Anita, haggard but indomitable at his side, Garibaldi leads his men northward through the Apennines and down through their eastern gates to the little free republic of San Marino. Its citizens welcome them, but the Austrians besiege the town and announce that they will sack it unless Garibaldi and his army are surrendered to them.

There are only nine hundred of them now. Garibaldi releases them to go or stay as they please, escape as they may or surrender. As for himself, he declares, "I make no terms for my own life with him whose heel is on Italy."

With Anita and a noble friar, named Ugo Bassi, who has remained faithful throughout, he escapes in the night with two hundred fifty men who still cling to him. They are all outlaws. A price is on each head. The penalty of death waits for whomever feeds them, helps them, harbors them. They reach the Adriatic at Cesenatico, seize a dozen fishing boats and, putting out to sea, shape their course northward for Venice. The next night is clear—fatally clear—with a moon marking them out with a cold, white finger. They are discovered by an Austrian squadron. Of the dozen fishing smacks, nine are captured or sunk; with the remainder, Garibaldi reaches land. Leaping into the surf, he wades ashore with Anita in his arms.

But now a new terror is added to his desperate situation. The Austrian general in the descriptions of Garibaldi he has sent far and wide has chivalrously pointed out that he may be identified by the fact that he is carrying a dying woman with him. The description of Anita is all too true. Slowly, through the long weeks of flight, her heroic strength has been giving way. Parching heat, bitter cold, insufficient food, and ever the presence of the enemy here, there, and everywhere, pursuing the man who means infinitely more to her than her own life, have been too much even for her strong body. Garibaldi, with an aching heart, bids the faithful few of his army who remain to disperse and save themselves if they can. He himself with one devoted friend and with Anita in his arms plunges off among the sand dunes and reedy marshes which line the desolate coast.

It is a dreary, inhospitable region, a strip of land three miles long and as many wide between the Adriatic and a large, marshy lagoon which cuts off his escape westward. The Austrians are in pursuit. Already the keels of their pinnaces and longboats are grating on the gravel. Up the shore the sailors and marines swarm like hunters beating the bush for the quarry.

But Garibaldi falls in with a merciful beach comber who hides the three from the hottest of the chase and the next night ferries them northward over the still waters of the lagoon. They lie hidden for a day at a lonely farmhouse, but the enemy is at their heels. With Anita in agony Garibaldi is forced to take up the flight once more. Some fishermen bear them southward over the lagoon, but when they discover whom they are carrying, they maroon them on a lonely island and, in terror for their own lives, desert them.

But others, braver than these, come to the rescue. Again, in the dead of night, with the dying woman in his arms, Garibaldi is in flight. She moans for water, but there is nothing but the brackish marsh water to give her. And then she no longer moans, lying on her husband's breast, breathing painfully, and conscious of nothing except of him.

It might be that other flight, ten years ago, from her home on the hill to his ship waiting in the harbor . . . that flight which was the beginning of life . . . not the end. . . .

Once more he lands, and bears her on a mattress to a lonely farmhouse almost hidden in the reeds of the marshes. She dies as they cross the threshold. Garibaldi is forced to flee on even before her burial in a shallow grave in the sand.

For five weeks more, heartbroken, despairing, borne up only by the thought that he must live to fight once more the tyrants and murderers who hold his country in bondage, Garibaldi wanders among the Apennines in disguise, sheltered again and again at the peril of death by the peasants who recognize that this leader of theirs is one of them, a plain man, understanding their sufferings and giving his life to end them. At last he makes a desperate dash to the west coast and in a small harbor opposite the island of Elba, escapes in a fishing boat.

He goes to Nice, his home town, but King Victor Emmanuel, son of that Charles Albert he crossed the ocean to serve, in fear of Austria and France bundles him out of the country. He sails for Tunis, but Tunis at the dictation of France, refuses him shelter. At last he finds a seven-months' refuge at Tangier. But his hope to sail his own ship again in the Mediterranean is frustrated by the diplomats of Europe. At last, unwilling to live on the charity of friends, he sails for the United States.

In noble obscurity, refusing to be lionized, earning his living as a candle maker on Staten Island outside New York, Garibaldi waits for the opportunity, which he knows sooner or later will come, to strike one more great blow for Italy. His hunger for the sea takes him to South America, then to the Orient; but the call of home proves even stronger than the call of the sea. In 1854, he is at Nice once more with his children.

A change has come over Victor Emmanuel and his country. A great statesman named Cavour is in control and he is thinking long thoughts of days that are to come and making new friends for the cause of free Italy among European governments. Garibaldi lives at Nice, waiting. Garibaldi, inheriting a few thousand dollars, settles on a farm of his own on an island off the coast of Sardinia, and plants potatoes and builds stone walls, waiting; patiently waiting for the time when he may draw the sword again.

After long waiting it comes. Italy's statesmen and Italy's people are at last in agreement—their country shall be united, their country shall be free. Everywhere men are saying that Garibaldi is the man to strike the great blow; but where? His old friend Mazzini has known where for five years. "In Sicily," he declares. "Then from Sicily the flame will spread throughout Italy."

"Good," says Garibaldi, "when the Sicilians are ready, I will come."

Mazzini, who is a born conspirator, sends agents to Sicily, to fan the flames of revolution. They break out in 1859; by the following spring they are burning fiercely. "Come and help us," is the cry. Cavour, getting wind of the plan, is rather for stopping him, but this time Victor Emmanuel is the wiser of the two. "Let him go. We will not help; openly we will know nothing of this folly. But, whatever happens, it can do us no harm, and some advantage may come of it."

So Garibaldi gathers together a thousand men. But guns, what about guns? Victor Emmanuel's minister of war will give him none, but at last, from a friend he secures a consignment of rifles—flintlock muskets, out of repair and rusted with age. "Old iron!" exclaims Garibaldi. Armed only with these, Garibaldi and his Thousand push off from shore near Genoa, on May 5, 1860, board two merchant ships in the harbor, and steam out into the starry night. Garibaldi, solemn and resolved, is on deck, garbed in the loose gray trousers, the red shirt, the bright silk neckerchief which he has made famous throughout two continents. At dawn the ships pass out of the harbor; a week later, after dodging a Neapolitan squadron on the lookout for them, they anchor in the harbor of Marsala on the west coast of Sicily.

The Sicilians wildly welcome Garibaldi and proclaim him dictator. He marches northeastward toward Palermo and four days later drives the Neapolitan troops from the heights of Catalafimi. Then he is on the march again. It is the wildest, most impossible adventure. He has a bare thousand men and he is advancing through a strange country upon a city defended, behind bulwarks, by a trained army of twenty-four thousand men. He has only two elements of strength, the justice of his cause and his own experience as a fighter against great odds. On the twenty-sixth of May, Garibaldi and his Thousand pour down the mountains toward Palermo, creep through the dark suburbs, storm the barricades, and pour roaring between medieval palaces and overhanging balconies into the heart of the city.

The defenders fight bravely to drive back the scattered groups of Garibaldi's Thousand. For three days and nights, the struggle in the streets goes on. The ammunition of the invaders begins to give out; even the rifles give out, for the Sicilian volunteers whom Garibaldi is trying to set free have a way of appropriating them at every opportunity. But Garibaldi, cool amid the carnage, giving no outward sign of the apprehension in his heart, speaks burning words to the townspeople, and holds on.

It happens that the opposing general, who has over twenty times the army that Garibaldi possesses, has less than one-twentieth of his nerve. Just as Garibaldi is ready to believe that he himself is beaten, the Neapolitan general surrenders with all his men.

It is an amazing victory. Town after town throughout Sicily yields to the intrepid Thousand—now a thousand no longer. All Sicily is Garibaldi's. The diplomats of Europe take fright and call on Victor Emmanuel to keep this firebrand of his off the mainland of Italy, and the King directs Garibaldi not to cross the straits of Messina; but the leader of the Thousand has had enough of kings and diplomats. Besides, Cavour, who appreciates what Garibaldi is doing for the cause of united Italy, sends him a hint (which Garibaldi scarcely needs) that there is no use leaving a job half done. So Garibaldi crosses to the mainland, defeats the Neapolitan troops in one battle after another and triumphantly enters Naples. He turns the Neapolitan fleet over to Victor Emmanuel's admiral and a month later hands Sicily and southern Italy over to the King himself.

His immediate reward is bitterness. The King and his advisers are jealous of him. They show only grudging gratitude; they are in fact, barely courteous. Garibaldi retires to his island, refusing all honors and rewards—the rank of marshal, the title of prince, a pension of five hundred thousand francs; asking only that his soldiers be taken care of. In the struggles of the years that follow the establishment of the new Italian kingdom, Garibaldi plays his part; but it is the King and his counselors who hold the center of the stage. His countrymen, however—the plain folks of whom he is one, and for whose welfare he has fought all his life—worship him almost as a demigod. He is at the King's side, ten years later, when Victor Emmanuel rides into Rome, the master of that united Italy for which Garibaldi has dreamed and fought.

That is the end, and the crown of his romantic career. He lives a dozen years more—a gentle old man, loving his fields, his rocks, his animals, and the seas that beat on his shores. As the end draws near, two birds light on his window sill. Those at his bedside are about to drive them away lest their chirping should disturb him. "No, let the little birds come in," says Garibaldi. "And feed them always—when I am gone."

And so the old man goes to sleep—sailor, buccaneer, guerilla chief, patriot, soldier, leader of men; simple-hearted, tender, loving, resourceful, hard-hitting; a knight of King Arthur's court, come back for one last Grail-seeking.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

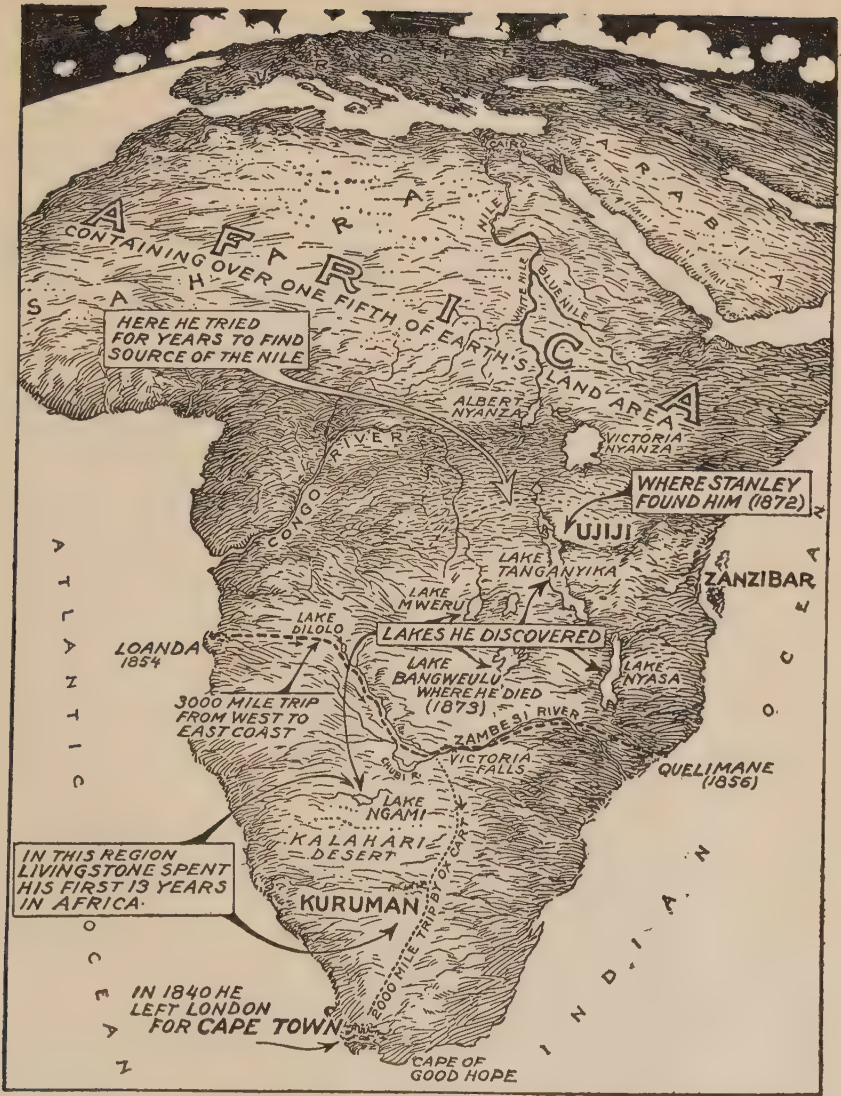
THIS Scottish man of God in the heart of Africa interprets his duties broadly. Does the Devil come like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour? Well, he will fight that lion when he comes; meanwhile there are lions of flesh and blood raiding the cattle pens of the black folk by night, attacking their herds by day. The black folk are panic-stricken; if they can kill even one, the rest will leave the region; but these lions run in packs, and experience has made the tribesmen timid.

The Scotchman takes the leadership. They find the lions on a small hill covered with trees and slowly close round them and advance. A native schoolmaster at the Scotchman's side fires at a lion sitting on a piece of rock, hitting the rock, but missing the lion, who leaps away, breaks through the circle of natives and escapes. When the circle is re-formed, two other lions are found within it. There is no possibility of shooting here, for a native is as likely to be hit as a lion, and the tribesmen are too timid to attack the beasts with their spears; these also escape. The Scotchman, mildly disgusted, admits that the game is clearly up for the day.

But in going round the end of the hill, he suddenly espies a lion sitting on a rock not thirty yards away, takes aim, and fires from both barrels in quick succession.

"He is shot, he is shot!" is the exultant cry. "Let us go to him!"

But the Scotchman sees the lion's tail erected in anger and, turning to the natives, says quietly, "Stop a little till I load again." He is ramming down the bullets when he hears a wild shout of dismay and looking up, sees the


AFRICA
CONTAINING OVER ONE FIFTH OF EARTH'S LAND AREA
SAHARA
ARABIA
CAIRO
NILE
WHITE NILE
BLUE NILE
HERE HE TRIED FOR YEARS TO FIND SOURCE OF THE NILE
ALBERT NYANZA
VICTORIA NYANZA
CONGO RIVER
WHERE STANLEY FOUND HIM (1872)
UJIJI
LAKE TANGANYIKA
ZANZIBAR
LAKE MWERU
LAKE DILOLO
LAKES HE DISCOVERED
LOANDA 1854
LAKE BANGWEULU WHERE HE DIED (1873)
LAKE NYASA
3000 MILE TRIP FROM WEST TO EAST COAST
ZAMBESI RIVER
VICTORIA FALLS
CHOBE R.
QUELIMANE (1856)
LAKE NGAMI
KALAHARI DESERT
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
IN THIS REGION LIVINGSTONE SPENT HIS FIRST 13 YEARS IN AFRICA
KURUMAN
2000 MILE TRIP BY OX CART
IN 1840 HE LEFT LONDON FOR CAPE TOWN
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

Across the vast unexplored regions of Africa, David Livingstone wanders looking for a mission site lion in full spring. His gun is useless; it is too late to run; the lion catches him by the shoulder and they fall to the ground together. The lion, growling horribly, shakes him as a terrier shakes a rat.

The young missionary has no sense of pain or feeling of terror. A stupor is on him, a kind of dreaminess. He is conscious of what is happening, but does not seem to care; vaguely he wonders only what part of him the lion will eat first. He turns to relieve his head of the weight of the lion's paw and sees that the great beast is glaring at the native schoolmaster who is aiming his gun at him.

The gun misses fire, but the lion's attention has been distracted. Leaving the Scotchman, he plunges upon his other enemy. The lion evidently lacks concentration, for a second time he turns aside, to attack a native who is about to fling his spear. But suddenly he falls dead; the Scotchman's first bullets have taken effect and his dying rage is spent. Eleven of the lion's teeth, however, have penetrated the upper part of the white man's left arm, and the bone is in splinters.

All this happens in a lovely valley in South Africa, a thousand miles northeast of Cape Town. The year is 1843. The Scotchman is David Livingstone, thirty years old, son of a cloth maker of Blantyre, near Glasgow. His youth has been the youth of any boy of poor parents at the edge of a great manufacturing center. He has worked as a "piecer" in the cotton mills, worked fourteen hours a day, until the manager of the mills tried to tell him where he could walk and where he could not walk during the few hours of the day remaining to him and thereby abruptly concluded a high-spirited young man's career as a mill worker. He has had little formal education, but has read much. Books of exploration allure him, books telling of struggles to carry the Gospel into the dark places of the earth. He decides that he wants to go to China as a missionary, studies medicine, studies theology, and at twenty-seven is ready. But a few days before he is to sail for China he meets a great soul who has fallen under the spell of Africa, an English missionary named Moffat. Livingstone's eyes gleam at the opportunity the valiant doctor unfolds. "On a clear morning, I have counted the smoke of a hundred villages northward where no missionary has ever been."

Then and there the young Scotchman makes up his mind. A few weeks later he is on his way to Africa.

The mission station of Kuruman, where Dr. Moffat has his headquarters seven hundred miles by oxcart from the coast, cannot hold him long. His eyes are on the north. For six months he lives with a savage tribe, cut off from all intercourse with white men. That is his final period of preparation. When he emerges, he is able to speak the language of the tribe to which he intends to devote himself, and has learned what are their hopes, their sorrows, and their needs. He has learned even more, for in the solitude of the huge, overpowering jungle, among these strange people, seemingly removed by infinite distances from him in thought and tradition and manner of life, he has learned the meaning of Christian brotherhood. Henceforth, these black peoples are his children; Africa is his home.

He travels north, he travels west. Across the vast, inhospitable desert of Kalahari he makes his way trying to find a place to establish a mission station and a headquarters for himself and the bride he has found in Dr. Moffat's friendly house. The natives prove hospitable to the Gospel he comes to preach. He has a way with him with these natives. It is not that he has much personal magnetism. He is reserved, he is even a little cold, on the surface. But he treats these poor, benighted heathen not as inferiors but as equals; he never forgets to act the gentleman with any of them, high or low.

He is particularly courteous to the women; and the women, who have considerable influence in many of the tribes, remember and help him when the men fail him. One of them, a stately Amazon of twenty, proves the only native whose will can prevail over Livingstone's. On a certain journey, he intends to proceed by canoe, but the young lady, who is a chieftainess, insists that the journey shall be by land. His men are her subjects and, disregarding him, obey her. In high dudgeon, Livingstone strides off to the canoes but she strides after him and gently lays her hand on his shoulder.

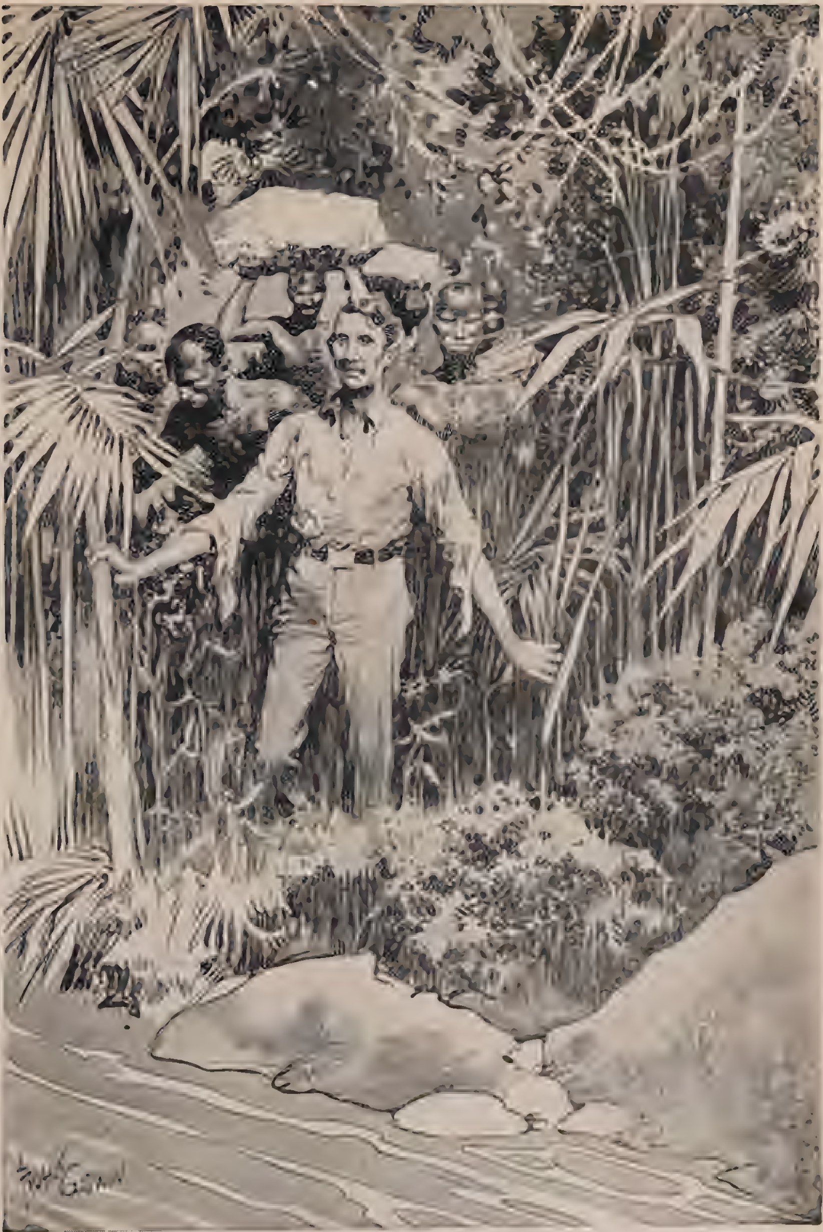
"Now, my little man," she says, giving him a motherly look, "just you do as the rest have done." He laughs and obeys.

Livingstone's courage carries him through difficult situations where kindliness and courtesy fail; and again and again hostile chiefs give way before it. The sick crowd around his wagon, but nothing is stolen. He is resourceful, moreover. Finding that every doctor is supposed to be a rain maker also and not wanting to fall short of his professional brethren, the tribal wizards, he declares n one village which is suffering from drought, that he can make an equivalent of rain himself; and does it, not by incantations, but by persuading the people to dig irrigation trenches from the river. The idea takes mightily and even the local rain maker, rising above professional jealousy, joins laughing in the work.

Formal conversions are comparatively few. But a noted chief whom Livingstone cures of a severe illness becomes a convert and prepares in haste to Christianize his whole tribe.

"I can make them do anything for me," he points out, "by thrashing them. If you like, I will call my head man, and with our whips of rhinoceros hide we will soon make them all believe together."

Livingstone discourages the idea of conversion by flogging, which depresses the chief, for voluntary conversions appear to be slow.



Shortly afterward Livingstone and his men discover a river

"I know not how it is," he says sadly. "In former times, if a chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting too; if he loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But now it is different. I love the Word of God, but not one of them will join me."

The effort to find a place for a new mission in the heart of the northern country carries Livingstone through long and desperate adventures. Even with eighty oxen, twenty horses, and twenty men, the expedition across the desert nearly fails. For days, Livingstone and his men are without water, but at last a gnarled, little bushwoman whom they come upon, stalking like a wild animal in the thicket, leads them to a broad river which they follow to Lake Ngami, on whose shores no white men have stood before. Here, Livingstone knows, is the place for the mission.

He returns to the village where he has left his family. He finds it deserted, the natives dispersed by the drought, and his wife and children making a hard fight with hunger. A friend is already on his way to Cape Town for a boat with which to explore the newly discovered lake, but Livingstone cannot afford to wait six months in that barren country for his return. He starts across the desert with his family only to be driven back.

They return to the Moffat home at Kuruman for a season, as it were, to catch their breath, and start off on a third attempt. All goes well until they leave the old track to follow a "short cut." They lose their way and wander for days in the desert without water. To Livingstone the suffering of his children becomes almost unbearable. It would almost be a relief to him to be reproached, but there is no word of upbraiding on his wife's brave lips. At last one of the men brings water. Shortly afterwards they come upon a river which leads them to the great Zambesi, pouring through the plain, three hundred yards wide from shore to shore.

Livingstone forgets about the mission site he is looking for, thinking only of his great discovery. Here is a mighty river, and all rivers lead, soon or late, to the sea. Here is a great highway over which the light may be borne into the very heart of the Dark Continent. He will explore these regions, he will open them up. But such work is not for women and children. He takes his family two thousand miles by oxcart to Cape Town and sends them to England. Then, with what equipment he can secure without the help of the local missionaries, who are jealous, he starts northward again.

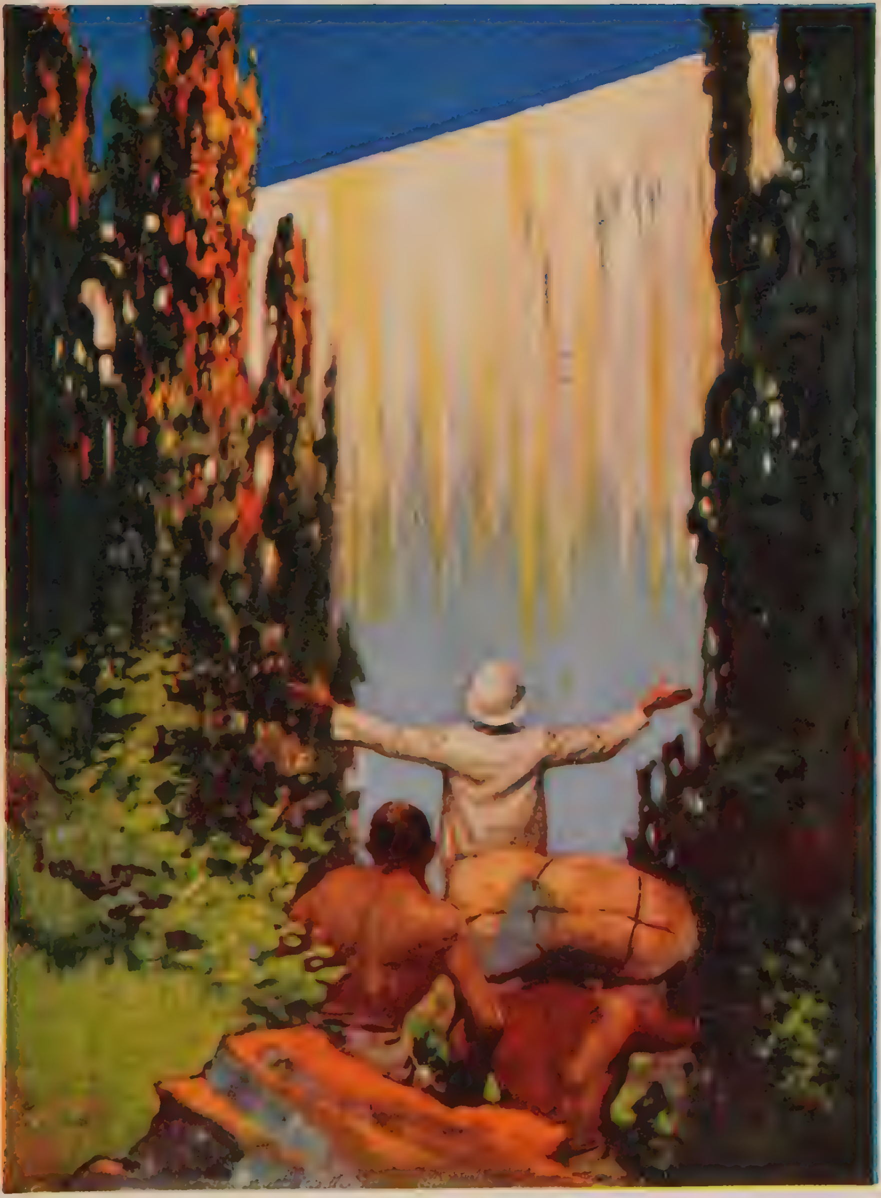
For under the placid surface of this reserved and courteous Scotchman, fires are burning fiercely. He is forty now; he has been in Africa thirteen years. Africa has become a passion with him. The burden of its ignorant, black millions is on his heart. He has seen the work of the slave trader—east and west, north and south, he has seen it—everywhere he has crossed its bloody trail.

"Cannot the love of Christ carry the missionary where the slave trade carries the trader?" he writes to his father-in-law, committing his family to the old doctor's care.

The slave trade must go; and it can go only if the explorer opens the way into the interior for the missionary, and for the merchant who follows the missionary, and for the law which follows the merchant. A greater duty is Livingstone's than merely to establish and conduct a mission station.

"I shall open up a path to the interior or perish," he says.

He returns to the Zambesi, and, sick with fever, makes his way fifteen hundred miles on foot through vast forests and pestilential swamps, across turbulent rivers and among hostile natives, to the west coast of Africa. He has opened a way from the center of Africa to the sea; but he refuses to take the English ship in the harbor and sail for home. His native helpers can never get back without him, so he



Livingstone is the first European to see the greatest falls in the world, and he names them Victoria

turns on his tracks once more. It is a year more, exactly—a year of steady, arduous travel—before he redeems the promise he has made to a friendly chief and brings his natives to their home again.

For himself, there is at the moment no home coming. He has opened the way westward; now he intends to open the way to the east. No white man has gone that way before; so much the better! With a single white companion and a company of natives, he follows the Zambesi downstream. He is the first European to see the greatest falls in the world, and he gives them the name of Victoria, his sovereign. Then he leaves the river, plunging into hostile country, and, after eight months, stands on the shore of the Indian Ocean. He has "opened up" central Africa both east and west.

Now, at last, he is willing to return home, to see his wife and children and to report to the Board which sent him forth. All England is ringing with his exploits. He is given medals, testimonials, receptions, honorary degrees, the freedom of Glasgow, of London. He is a national hero. He stays in England only long enough to write an account of his travels, a book which is to support his family in the years to come. His heart is still in Africa, with the people whom he has come to look upon as peculiarly his own. Lord Palmerston, the prime minister, offers him the position of British consul in East Africa. He instantly accepts, for the title will give him authority in his fight on the slave trade.

For five years he travels back and forth, this way and that, by oxcart, by steam launch, on foot, through the jungles and along the rivers of eastern and central Africa. He goes where no one has gone before, discovers rivers, waterfalls, magnificent lakes, the great Nyasa among them, constructs roads, fights the slave trade day in, day out. A mission sent to support him goes to smash. His wife, who has accompanied him on the expedition, dies of fever. But Livingstone keeps on.

At last, he himself is recalled to England. The Portuguese government has been making polite remonstrances that Consul Livingstone has been interfering with "commerce." What he has been interfering with, grimly, persistently, has been the slave traffic, which the Arab traders are carrying on ruthlessly under the protection of the governor of Portuguese East Africa.

The British government does not wish directly to affront Portugal, so it is out of the question to let Livingstone go back in his official capacity. But go back to Africa in some capacity he must. So he goes as an explorer for the Royal Geographical Society. He lands on the East coast with a general commission to explore the country around Lake Nyasa and Lake Tanganyika, and to find the sources of the Nile. That is in March, 1866. The wastes of Africa swallow him. The only word that reaches the outer world regarding him during the two years that follow is a report that he and his party have been massacred. Then comes a batch of letters from Livingstone, and then again the dark curtain falls over him. A year passes, then another, and another. To the great world he is as a man dead.

They are desperate years for the lonely man with none but his black companions in the heart of darkness. He travels hither and yon, discovers Lake Mweru and Lake Bangweulu and beats blindly into the black jungle northward trying again and again to find the sources of the Nile. Fever lays him low, rheumatism goes with him. Desertion, war, cannibalism, the slave trade, bring him racking care and misery.

But his spirit is indomitable, and the religious devotion, which brought him to these troubled shores as a young man, burns as brightly and sternly as ever under the cold exterior. In that pathless wilderness Christ is his guide, Christ who is light; and as long as he has any breath in his body he will carry that light into the darkness of Africa's ignorance and vice. And day in, day out, he keeps his journal, on scraps of old newspapers with berry juice when writing paper and ink give out, recording what he sees and hears with scientific exactness.

He goes to Ujiji on the northern end of Lake Tanganyika, expecting to find supplies there, and letters. He reaches it only to find his stores plundered. He turns northward again and for two years wanders about, hoping to get some clue to the sources of the Nile. A horrible mutiny breaks out among the men of an Arab trader on whose help he is relying. Natives he has befriended are ruthlessly massacred. He himself is threatened with death. He returns to Ujiji. Once more, stores which have arrived for him have been broken up and scattered. Sick, destitute and forlorn, he lives in beggary. He is almost toothless, reduced to a skeleton by illness and fatigue. All his men except four have either died or deserted. His piteous appeals for help to his friends in Zanzibar are neglected, or his letters are lost. But he does not despair. His friendliness, his courtesy remain, and the Arabs and half-castes at Ujiji, who have thwarted and robbed him, end by respecting and loving him.

In the world outside, too, he still has friends. The world he has all but forgotten has not forgotten him. Here, there, and everywhere men have been talking of the disappearance of the great Livingstone. The publisher of the *New York Herald* has at his own expense organized an expedition under Henry M. Stanley to obtain accurate information about him if he is still living or to bring home his bones if he is dead. It is in Ujiji that, after long searching, Stanley finds him, a sick old man with white hair and beard, an indomitable old man, erect outside his hut.

The meeting in the heart of the jungle has all the formality of a London drawing-room. "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" Stanley inquires, lifting his hat.

The doctor lifts his battered old cap slightly. "Yes," he answers. "I am he."

Suddenly, the emotion rushing through the American's ardent young spirit gets the better of him. "I thank God, doctor, that I have been permitted to see you."

"I feel very thankful that I am here to welcome you."

That day there is much talk back and forth on the porch of Livingstone's hut. Stanley has a batch of letters, but they can wait, Livingstone declares. He has waited so long for news of his family and friends that he can wait a little longer. Meanwhile, what of the world? There are exciting things to tell—the Franco-Prussian War, the election of General Grant, the reforming zeal of Gladstone's government in England. That night Livingstone sits up late reading his letters.

They become great friends, these two in the heart of Africa, the eager young newspaperman and traveler, the worn out old missionary and explorer. Livingstone's strength and good spirits return. Stanley marvels at his sense of humor, his great contagious laughter, his amazing memory; most of all his religion. Stanley is an up-and-coming, energetic man of the world, religion means nothing to him; and for the first time in his life, through the eyes of this grand old man in Ujiji, he discovers the might of Christ. It is easy to see, Stanley muses, what Livingstone with his ardent temperament, his enthusiasm, his high spirit and courage might have been, without the restraining and sustaining power of religion. If Christ can mean so much to this magnificent soul, there must be something in what men say of Him, says Stanley to himself.

For four months Livingstone and Stanley, joyful in each other's company, explore the upper reaches of the Tanganyika together. Then the time comes for Stanley to turn homeward. For Livingstone home means the most triumphal of welcomes, a chance to rest, to get well, to organize new expeditions. He has dreamed of it all, looked forward, if not to the receptions, at least to the vacation.

But the wizardry of Africa is on him. He will not hear of going back. Some day, perhaps—some day, of course—but not now, not now. They part in March, 1872.

In a little native village, Livingstone waits five weary months for the escort which Stanley has promised to send him. But what does it matter? Africa possesses him body and soul: its dazzling mountain peaks, its golden, grassy plains, its great rivers sweeping with awful majesty through primeval wilderness. Its strange and terrible denizens possess him, the stately elephant, the kingly lion, the swift ostrich. The very horrors of swamp and serpent and poisonous insect enthral him. But most of all he is possessed by its people, his people, so ignorant, so simple-hearted, so attractive to him, so dear. All the dazzling brightness of Africa, its damp and heavy gloom—the sunrises, the sunsets like daily annunciations of the love and grace of that God whose devoted servant he is—hold him captive. England, all the Western World, is a dim, gray dream of an existence he has outlived. Africa is life.

Sick and weak, but indomitable, he sets his face southward and westward. He thinks he knows at last where the sources of the Nile are to be found. But his weakness grows on him; he can barely walk; his natives have to carry him in a litter. The end comes suddenly, while he is kneeling in prayer beside his rough, hard bed.

In the rain and the dark outside his hut, the men who have tramped the wilderness with him for month on month—a few for years—gather, and in hushed voices come to a momentous decision. "We will take his body back to Zanzibar; his body and all that belonged to our master."

They bury his heart at the base of a great tree, and carve his name on the trunk with the date. Then, after a process known to them, they dry the body and pack it in bark, make an inventory of all his belongings, and start with their burden for the coast. For nine months they journey eastward, for nine months through privations and perils they cling to their first resolve and carry it to fulfilment. A warship carries the old frame home, and a year after his lonely death in the African jungle, David Livingstone is buried in Westminster Abbey with all the pomp and circumstance of ancient pageantry.

And because of him, the heart of a vast continent has been opened to the world. Light has come to its darkness. Men, the world over, have, through his eyes, looked on the degradation of native villages, the horror of the slave traffic, and have resolved that decency and humanity shall replace the squalor and cruelty which he found. Largely because of him, there are merchants where there were cattle thieves, teachers where there were slave traders, nations under law where there was trackless and ungoverned wilderness.

His body belongs in the Abbey; but the poor, black, heathens who left his heart in Africa did well.

"CHINESE" GORDON

HE is standing on the roof of his palace, looking northward. Day after day, week after week, month after month he has been standing on the roof of his palace looking northward, but no speck which might be an army breaks that hard horizon of white sand and copper sky. His childlike blue eyes show no impatience and no fear. What if the city is surrounded by hordes of savage enemies? What if his own native forces are untrustworthy? What if the food supply is running low? God has placed him in Khartoum, he says to himself, God has set him in that white city sparkling under the fierce equatorial sun of Africa. Live or die? What matter? God's will be done.

But still, there is a weight on his heart and he spends hours on hours on the roof of the governor's palace, telescope in hand, looking northward. He has not himself only to think of. The English residents in Khartoum, the natives who have remained faithful—they look to him with so touching a faith in his omnipotence! And he is so utterly helpless. All he can do is to see that what food there is is fairly distributed, and to encourage them with promises of rescue which he himself knows have nothing to stand on but hope. The wires that connect Khartoum with Cairo, sixteen hundred miles to the north, and, through Cairo, with London, have been cut months ago. All that his hope rests on is his conviction that England, which sent him on a dangerous mission, will not leave him in the lurch. But why does no urgent rider break that hard horizon to the north telling him that relief is on the way?

His name is Charles Gordon. He is a shortish man, rather slender, with strong, curly hair and silken mustache and sideburns that have been golden brown until Khartoum in a few short months turned them all white; large, frank, gentle eyes; sensitive, dreamy lips. He is an English officer of engineers, the oddest sort of person, any army man will tell you, who ever wore a British uniform—commander of the ever victorious army of China at thirty, governor-general of the Sudan in central Africa ten years later. He is a devoted Christian, trying most conscientiously to let himself be directed by the will of God, a poor man who divides the little he has with the poor, but turns away with a shrug from offers of amazing riches. He has no vanity, no "push," he pulls no wires. He merely does the job which he is given to do as faithfully as he can and lets Providence or destiny lead him to the next. His superiors think him a crank; some regard him as mildly crazy and are afraid to give him real work to do. It is only foreign governments which recognize Gordon's ability, and make use of it.

It is China that gives Gordon his first opportunity. A British force is in China to defend British rights there, and Gordon is with it as a young captain of engineers. The Chinese government is, as usual, in a mess. A rebellion is underfoot. A Chinese schoolmaster who has failed in his examinations for promotion—examinations are taken seriously in China—has decided that he is being persecuted and has started a revolution, calling himself the Heavenly King. The oppressed people rise up at his call on every side and it is not long before he has a huge army which is sweeping everything before it.

The Emperor's army is nothing at all until an American named Ward gets hold of it. He reorganizes it, and in one battle after another defeats the rebels with his Ever Victorious Army, as the Chinese proudly call it. But Ward dies and the Army instantly goes to pieces. In despair, the Chinese government asks the British commander for an officer to build up his forces again. Gordon is appointed.

For a little over a year, Gordon is in command of the Ever Victorious Army. It is a real army again now, with regular pay for the soldiers in place of promises of loot, liberal rations, decent uniforms and equipment, modern guns, boats, pontoons, and a succession of victories which give it a right to revive its old name. Gordon leads it with a bamboo walking stick. He is never armed, but there is something in his eye which keeps his own men in order and has a paralyzing effect even on the enemy. It is easy for the hostile marksmen to pick out the slender figure of the Englishman, but again and again the rifle is lowered or a rebel officer's sword thrusts it roughly out of its aim. There is something uncanny about this foreigner; he is protected by the gods; only ill luck can come to him who kills him.

Gordon proves himself a man of endless resource, studying the country where he must fight with patience and imagination, and forcing its very difficulties to contribute to his success. The Wangs, as the rebel generals are called, are no match for him. Gordon promises to spare the Wangs if they will surrender. They accept his terms but, without warning to Gordon, Li Hung Chang, the Chinese governor of the province, has them all killed. Gordon in a rage straps on a revolver and goes hunting for the governor, but that wily Oriental discreetly keeps out of sight. The rebellion collapses and the Heavenly King swallows gold leaf and ends his earthly career. Gordon's work is done, but his anger at the act of treachery remains. When the Chinese emperor offers Gordon a great reward in gold, the young Englishman courteously but firmly refuses it; and tells why.

So there Gordon's Chinese adventure ends. He returns to England, refuses to be lionized, is given a twopenny decoration by his grateful government, and is ordered to build a series of utterly useless forts at Gravesend on the Thames. The people of England forget all about him; but the children and the poor of the little town on the English Channel adopt him as spiritual adviser and friend. The greater part of his scanty pay goes to them or to the mill workers of Lancashire, starving to death because the American Civil War keeps cotton from English looms. When he has no money left, he remembers the gold medal which the Chinese emperor gave him, and sends that.

And suddenly the wheel of destiny takes another whirl and Gordon is in Egypt, invited by the Khedive, its ruler, to bring order out of the chaos in his provinces south of the equator. Gordon sets to work and for six years endeavors to bring some sort of justice to that savage wilderness. The slave trade is flourishing, and he cannot stop it, for the Egyptian government itself supports it, but he frees slaves whenever he has a legal excuse and blocks the brutal slave traders and cattle thieves whenever a chance offers. He seems a god come from heaven to the oppressed tribes of the Sudan and of central Africa, and a terror come from hell to the dealers in "black ivory." His European staff drops out one by one in the evil climate, his Egyptian soldiers are treacherous, the government at Cairo gives him no support. But year after year he clings on, unwilling to leave those who need his protection.

He rules less by force than by sheer courage. When an Arab chieftain rises in rebellion, Gordon rides alone eighty-five miles on camel-back, dashes boldly into his camp, into the very midst of his army of three thousand magnificent horseman, and summons him to an interview. The rebel is too bewildered to realize that he has the terrible Gordon in his grasp, and, instead of giving the order which would make the Englishman his captive, submits with all his men.

Six years, then he is back in England; then in India; then in China again calling the mandarins idiots for even thinking of going to war with Russia, and convincing them. He goes to South Africa, to help the Cape government to end a little war in Basutoland. Then for a year he is in Palestine, on vacation, with a Bible under his arm, trying to locate the exact spot where the ark landed.

He is a strange, dreamy, romantic soul, groping around for something to do worthy of his powers. The King of the Belgians offers to make him governor of the Congo. He is about to accept the invitation when a telegram summons him to London.

The British government, it appears, has got itself into a mess in upper Egypt and Gordon seems the only man who can get it out of it. Exactly what rights England has in Egypt, in the first place, would take a glib diplomat in gold braid to explain. Egypt's government is weak and corrupt. England has interests in Cairo and up the Nile which need protection. So an English fleet bombards Alexandria, sets an English army ashore, and establishes a kind of protectorate over Egypt.

Things are rocky in Egypt proper, but they are worse south in the Sudan where the Egyptian governor who succeeded Gordon has done his best to put the country back where it was before Gordon came. But the people there have tasted just and decent government and are no longer willing to bear with oppression. They have found a leader, moreover.

An extraordinary person has arisen in the desert claiming to be the long-awaited savior or Mahdi, promised for centuries by Mohammedan prophets, and has gone about preaching the moral and political cleansing of Egypt and an end of the horrible misrule. Thousands come to his banners; the revolt spreads over the vast territory of the Sudan. The Egyptian governor sends a Sudanese army against him under an English general named Hicks, but the army is caught in an ambush and destroyed. Out of eleven thousand, about a dozen men escape.

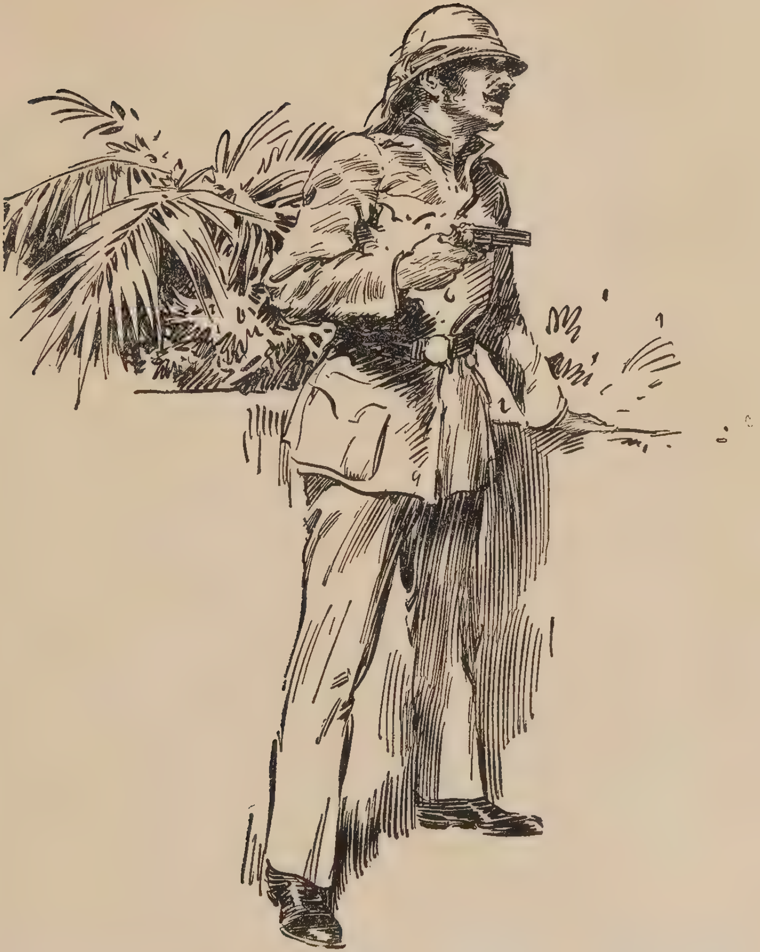
England is staggered and realizes for the first time that if you land an army in a foreign country and practically take over the government of that country, you are more or less responsible for what happens in it. Egypt alone cannot defeat the Mahdi and reconquer the Sudan. Shall England do it for her? No. Then there is only one thing to do, to help the Egyptians and Europeans in the Sudan and especially in Khartoum to get out. If you have a tiger by the tail it is almost as dangerous to let go as to hold on. The only man in the English army who can help the Egyptians to let go safely, the papers shout, is Gordon—"Chinese" Gordon.

So Gordon departs for Egypt with the blessings of his government on his head and orders to "report" on the situation at Khartoum, capital of the Sudan.

He arrives in Khartoum the middle of February. It is thrilling to be back among these people who love him and whom he has ruled so well for six years. He restores honest government, remits taxes, burns the instruments of torture which the Egyptian governor has found useful; and sends a dozen messages daily to his government, telling how, in his judgment, the difficult situation in the Sudan can alone be solved. But the British government has its own views, and instead of sending Gordon the troops which he has asked for "to smash the Mahdi," withdraws all its troops from the Sudan.

The Mahdi takes fresh courage and starts his army moving toward Khartoum. A month after Gordon's triumphant arrival, his situation has become critical. The Mahdi appears before the city, and surrounds it with his troops. Gordon is not dismayed. The city has enough food to withstand a six months' siege. Surely by that time the British government will have seen the light and sent soldiers to the rescue.

Weeks pass, then months. Gordon moves through the crowded streets of the city, admired and beloved, but the



Gordon snatches a revolver and starts for the city arsenal thrill that was his on his return is lost in his growing anxiety. Why does he not receive word that help is on the way? He begins to haunt the palace roof, watching the desert northward through his telescope; but no black speck which might be a human figure cuts that hard horizon line.

Gordon does not know it, but a huge game of politics is being played, of which he is both the cause and the victim. Gladstone, the British prime minister, has an idea that Gordon is trying to force him against his own judgment to seize the Sudan for England, and has made up his mind that he will make no move which might play into Gordon's hand. The people of England become restless and worried, hearing nothing of Gordon. They demand that help be sent him, but no troops start for Egypt. Months pass. Gordon has been in Khartoum six months, seven, eight. The pressure on the prime minister becomes too great; help is sent at last.

But it is a long way from England to Cairo, and from Cairo to the Sudan. Gordon waits, and waits in vain. He has plenty of opportunities to save his skin, but he refuses to take advantage of them. He can any night slip out of the city on camel-back and make his way to safety; but that would be desertion. The Nile rises, and a number of foreign consuls, and even his own aide, a British officer, go aboard an armored steamer for Cairo, but Gordon refuses to join them. His place is in Khartoum.

With gorgeous courage he waits. Month succeeds month, the food supplies run low, and the Egyptian troops begin to mutter and desert to the enemy. Voices whisper to Gordon where he strides up and down in the fierce glare of the tropical sun on his palace roof, that the rescuers, if they ever come, will come too late. But his heart does not waver. He goes among the people of the doomed city, encouraging them, strengthening them. Help is coming surely, he tells them; tonight, tomorrow, it will be here. Shots come through his windows and an attendant suggests barricading them. His answer is to gather all the candles he can find on his table and to light them and to sit down beside them in full view of the window.

"When God was portioning out fear to all the people in the world," he says quietly, "at last it came to my turn, and there was no fear left to give me. Go, tell all the people in Khartoum that Gordon fears nothing, for God has created him without fear."

Today, tonight, tomorrow; today, tonight, tomorrow; today, tonight, . . .

The famine becomes frightful. Dogs, donkeys, skins, gum, palm fiber are devoured by the desperate inhabitants. Hundreds die of hunger daily. Then word comes at last that the rescuers are near. One more day, two at the most . . .

The days pass, and still the relieving army does not come. The swollen river breaks down a piece of the fortifications, and when the river recedes one morning, in the gray of the dawn, the hosts of the Mahdi swarm through the breach. The starved garrison is no match for them.

Gordon, in his dressing gown on the palace roof, pulls on his white uniform, snatches a sword and a revolver, and starts for the city arsenal to direct the last stand. But the Arabs are already in the palace. At the top of the staircase he meets them. For a moment there is a deathlike silence. Then a spear transfixes him, and another. He falls. A dozen Arab swords are raised over his prostrate body . . .

The relieving army arrives two days later. But long before it comes, a horseman of the Mahdi has flung the severed head of General Gordon at his chieftain's feet.

FATHER DAMIEN

HE is a tall man, strongly built, with black, unruly hair, and full, well-curved mouth, a peasant for all the studious look which his spectacles give him. What he sees from the deck of the little trading schooner is a gray island, dreary and uninhabitable, save where a shelf of green juts out from the base of a long, steep precipice. On that shelf—grassy, stony, windy—are clusters of huts, rude shelters, clothed with tropical foliage. The little settlement is Kalawao; the island is Molokai in the Hawaiian or Sandwich Island group, just east of Oahu where Honolulu lives its warm and easy life between the Eastern and the Western worlds.

The man gazing shoreward is a priest. His name in his worldly days in Belgium, if the days of this aspiring servant of God and of his Church could ever have been described as that, was Joseph de Veustre; but he is now just Father Damien. He is thirty-three, in the fulness of health and strength, and he is going where no priest or missionary, Catholic or Protestant, has been before him, to that most miserable gathering place of the rejected of men, which the king of the Sandwich Islands has set aside for the lepers.

He does not seem unhappy as he gazes across the churning waters of the channel. If it is an order he dares not disobey, which has sent him hither to live in exile the rest of his days amid the wrecks of mankind, he is resigned. But the truth is he has received no order; he comes as a volunteer. And there is a light in his eyes such as one may see in the eyes of a man who has found his work.

He does not, at first glance, seem an extraordinary person. He comes of sturdy Flemish peasant stock, given to sending two or three children of every generation into the priesthood. He himself has been intended for business, but even in boyhood his mind has turned naturally to God and to good works. Like the boy Jesus, he too as a child is lost all one day (during a fair in a neighboring village) and found at dusk by his frantic parents in the village church, kneeling at the foot of the pulpit, praying. And years later, an old peasant woman tells of the cow, her only fortune, which Joseph sat up with all one night and saved with his loving skill.

When Joseph is eighteen, his sister goes into a convent. A favorite brother is already studying for the priesthood. His heart is with them; and the commercial school, trying to teach him accounts and all the ins-and-outs of profits and percentage, seems a poor place beside the institutions which are instructing Pauline and Auguste in the mysteries of eternal life. Inevitably, it seems, he drifts out of his little world of profit-and-loss into the brotherhood with which Auguste had become associated. There he studies, growing in mind and spirit, for three years.

But this youth, handsome as a Greek god during those years of preparation, is not one to drift, to fold his hands and—now that he has entered the service of the Lord—to let the earthly agent of that service, the Church, determine unassisted how and where he is to serve. In the army of the Most High, Father Damien ranks from first to last with the volunteers. When illness keeps Auguste from going as a missionary to the South Seas, Damien is so quick to put in a word with the superior-general for himself as a substitute that he forgets entirely that the local superior may have his human emotions about being ignored by a youngster not even yet ordained.

"You silly boy!" exclaims the superior, meeting him a few days later in the refectory and tossing him a letter. "You are impatient. But you are to go, it seems."

Yes, he is to go, and he goes; in a schooner that beats its way around Cape Horn, escapes foundering by a hair, and, after five months, drops anchor at last in Honolulu harbor. He is given a parish at the foot of Mount Kilauea whose crest is red by day and yellow by night with the boiling lava. He is a Belgian peasant, born amid fogs, with gray of the sand and gray of the sky about him, and wind-blown poplars, and the only color the keen green of fields in April. It would be strange if his awakening heart should not be thrilled by the beauty of this country on the other side of the globe, the transparent water where fishes brilliant in hue glide silently in and out among white coral; the heavy tropical verdure, the magical loveliness of gardens fragrant with roses and lilies and heliotrope.

But his work thrills him even more, the spaciousness of his parish, the difficulty of getting from one place to another, on mule-back or on foot, the evident need of him among those gentle, half-savage Kanakas. It is nothing to him to climb three mountain ranges, one after another, and to reach his destination at last with bleeding feet and lacerated hands. Has not the good Lord also shed his blood for these children of the wilderness?

Among these people of his are lepers, men afflicted with the most awful and deadly of diseases, a death by inches which the Old Testament and the New tell of, and even the tender-hearted shrink from with cries of "Unclean, unclean!" These afflicted—and there are many on the island of Hawaii—stir the young priest's sympathies as nothing has ever stirred them. There is the agony of the disease and there is the other agony of the exile which, sooner or later, it brings. For the Hawaiian government wisely takes these lepers out from among their healthy fellows and sets them forever apart on their own island to waste away and to die. Father Damien knows they must go, but knowing it does not soften the pang of seeing them depart into that most dismal of exiles. These are Christians, these men and women, torn from their families and sent into the living death of Molokai. And in Molokai there is no church, no missionary.

The bishop, about to take ship for Molokai to accompany fifty lepers on what is sadder than any "last journey" on which a Christian pilgrim can embark, laments that with the scarcity of workers in the vineyard, he has no one to send to these most forsaken stepchildren of destiny.

No one?

"Monseigneur!" The voice is the voice of the volunteer of ten years back who could not even wait to be ordained a priest, so impatient was he to begin his work. He is thirty-three now where he stands, stalwart between the tropical sea and the tropical sky, hardened by much exercise and sparse living. He looks less like some glorious Greek than he did, but his spirit is as ardent in service as it was when he first left the school of commerce to be about his Father's business.

"If you will allow it, I will go to Molokai," he says. "The wretched state of bodily and spiritual misfortune of these poor lepers has often made my heart bleed within me. One of the new missioners recently come to us can take my district. If you will be kind enough, I will go and labor for the lepers."

Kind? The bishop is a man of action and of swift decisions. He knows his man, and the boat is about to start. Shall he remonstrate with this eager lover of his fellow man, this worker of his, tested by the labors and hardships of a ten year's apprenticeship? That very day, without farewells, without even going back to his parish for a change of linen, Father Damien goes to Molokai.

And now he stands on the deck of the little schooner moving across the troubled waters of the channel to the gray island with the shelf of green downs reaching out into the Pacific. And now he is on shore with the living horrors running, shuffling, crawling toward him. . . .

The bishop assembles the lepers. "My children, you have been left too long alone and uncared for. You shall be so no longer. Behold, I have brought you one who will be a father to you, and who loves you so much that for your sakes he does not hesitate to become one of you, to live and die with you."

The bishop departs; Father Damien is alone with his poor lost children.

Who shall tell of the thoughts and emotions coursing through this peasant priest where he stands facing the most pitiful congregation that any servant of God was ever called to face? Behind him the vessel melts noiselessly into the dusk. Before him . . . ?

The eye can scarcely meet what it must meet, that living death, that slow decay. The body is half with the dead but the power to suffer, Father Damien knows, the power to suffer lives on; the power to think of what has been, what will be tomorrow, to remember, to dream of things forever lost, to know that this side the grave there is no hope. What the steady eyes of Father Damien see in that hour, those eyes have never seen except in nightmares too horrible, it would seem, to have any counterpart among living creatures. The eye, the ear, the sense of touch, the sense of smell, all turn away in revolt.

But for Father Damien, there is no revolt. To him the senses are the servants of the soul, and they must obey. Besides, there is work to do and he has come, not to pity himself, but to work. He has no time even to build a hut for himself; it is the lepers who need shelter; he himself sleeps under a tree until the time may come when he will have an opportunity to build a shelter for himself also.

Comfort for the living, words of hope for the dying, burial for the dead! Father Damien is everywhere, vigorous, hearty, gay, the first touch of gaiety that has ever come to that unhappy island. He discovers that a good carpenter was lost when he became a priest, and, like his

Master, he hammers and saws and builds men shelters from the sun and storm. He helps them doubly, since he gives them something to do other than play cards and dance mad native dances, and provides them with something which the imagination can call "home."

Meanwhile, he is disturbed that water must be brought in jars from a great distance so that washing, in consequence, becomes almost a lost art; and he explores the heights above the settlement. He finds a natural reservoir and sends to Honolulu for water pipes. With the more robust of his lepers, he constructs his water system, he builds chapels, erects a dispensary.

There is an evil tradition in Molokai which flies from mouth to mouth—*In this place there is no law!* "Ah, but there is," cries Damien, "the law of God!" Drink is a curse on the island and he makes himself unpopular fighting the *ki*, a juice which brings a state akin to madness. He threatens, he persuades, until the lepers give up to him the vessels which they use for the preparation of the intoxicating drink; but the battle is long and bitter.

There are men who hate him as much as others love him; but he goes his way. He is reformer, judge, doctor, undertaker, coffin maker, sexton, priest, all in one. His cassock is worn and faded, his hair tumbled like a schoolboy's, his hands stained and hardened by toil. But the glow of health is in his face, a ringing laugh is on his lips, the buoyancy of youth is in his manner. Father Damien is happy in his exile, among his lepers to whom he is as "the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus."

Five years, ten years, pass, eleven years, twelve, fifteen. Father Damien is as active as ever, but the leper settlement on Molokai is a changed place. There is a hospital now. There are five chapels. The lepers have white-painted houses with gardens. Two other priests are at Damien's side; two lay brothers and three sisters of charity of the Franciscan Order assist them. Father Damien has his critics. It is said of him that he is domineering, that he is bigoted, that he is a poor executive, that the boys' home he has founded is dirty and all at sixes and sevens. But the men who see him at work know also that he has an open mind and is ready to be reproved and set right, that he is superbly generous, that he can laugh even at himself with absolute good nature. And the sharpest criticism sinks into silence as he passes by, a living sacrifice to the service he has come to this place to render.

For Father Damien has lost the vigor, the buoyancy, the enormous strength that were the heritage of his peasant stock. He has told himself from the start that sooner or later he too must become a leper, but the thought has never for an instant hindered his contact with these desperate children of his. For years the suspicion grows on him that he is one of the afflicted, and then at last he knows. "It is no shock to me," he says to the physician who examines him, "for I have long felt sure of it."

His affliction sets the crown on Father Damien's work. He works among his people with a new sense of fellowship, and men who resisted him and his reforms yield to them, now that he is in every sense like unto themselves. To the end he is ardent, lively, robust of laughter and speech, loving, humble. Almost his last words are, "How good God is! The work of the lepers is assured and I am no longer necessary."

As life ebbs he has a vision of two figures continually standing watch—one at the head of his bed, one at its foot. And he goes gladly at last, conscious that they are waiting to lead him to his Master.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE city boy is in the country for his vacation; the son of the rich New York glass merchant is spending his holiday with Bill Sewall, the backwoodsman, in Maine. Bill is a character. He was the first white child born in Island Falls, and to young Theodore Roosevelt he seems an ancient man with his shaggy brown beard, his piercing eyes; but actually he is no more than forty. He looks on this Harvard freshman with considerable amusement. The boy is pretty spindly, and his large oval spectacles make him look a little like a polliwog. But he knows a lot. My but he does know a lot!

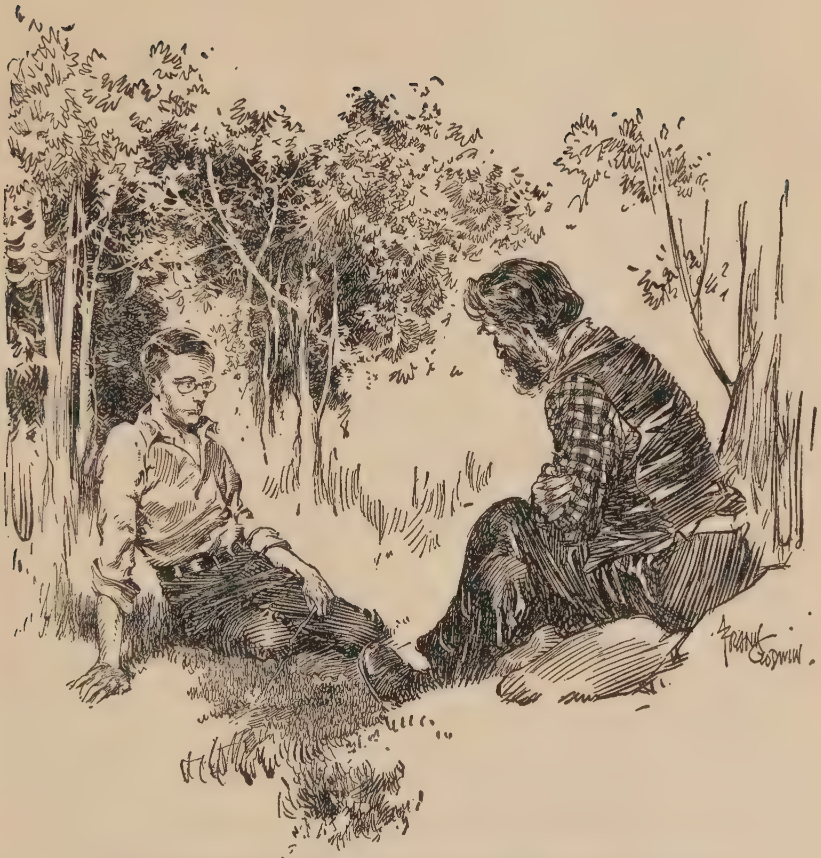
After one trip over the waters of Lake Mattawamkeag, Bill Sewall is ready to admit that this is not only the oddest but the most interesting specimen of his age and kind he has ever seen. He is so comically enthusiastic, so ravenous for knowledge and experience. Bill teaches him what woodcraft he can pass on in the ten days of an Easter vacation, but the really important things which Theodore learns have nothing to do with the habits of deer and moose. Paddling hour after hour, Bill's simple speech gives him an insight into the mind of the average, hard-working American, which the evenings before the blazing hearth with Mrs. Sewall and their neighbors, sharpens and deepens.

The thing is that Theodore has moved mainly among the rich and the socially elect. The brownstone house in New York where he was born was, in the late fifties, in the city's most stylish center. When that center moved uptown, his family moved with it. The public schools knew him not. His studying was in the main with tutors. He was frail in body, moreover, and therefore largely cut off from the democratic frolics and fist fights of the streets. So these simple, true-hearted Maine folks are a revelation to him. They have no money. None of them have had more than an elementary education; but they have breeding and a certain real, if rough, cultivation. He enjoys their simple wisdom; he admires their endurance, their courage. His heroes—the Vikings, the Icelanders, Daniel Boone, the pioneers who won the "dark and bloody ground" for the nation and pushed westward across the Mississippi, across the prairie, across the Rockies, these must have been men and women like the Sewalls and their friends. His mind kindles at the thought. What would he not give to be accepted as an equal by people like these?

Once a year for the four years of his college course, sometimes twice a year, he is in Maine, hunting and roaming. Henceforth, when his rich friends in Boston or New York tell him sagely how the country should be run, he thinks of the folks in Maine, and *their* wisdom—and wonders whether, after all, the men on the top of the pile really know all there is to know.

It is his first great lesson in Americanism.

Rutherford B. Hayes is President of the United States when Roosevelt graduates from Harvard in 1880, but before another year is past, James A. Garfield has been inaugurated and assassinated and Chester A. Arthur is living in the White House. Politics are in a smoky state in America. After the four years of absorbed devotion to the Civil War, the average American has during the generation that followed turned to his personal affairs, feeling that the government could look out for itself for a while. This average American has pushed his railroads westward, opened up new areas, built new cities. The country has prospered, but in Washington and in the cities and the states, the political control of things has fallen largely into the hands of selfish and slightly shabby men, who have built up powerful political machines and filled the offices


Frank Godwin

Young Roosevelt enjoys his holiday with Bill Sewall, the backwoodsman in Maine with creatures they could trust to put the fortunes of the boss above the public welfare. In the state of New York, the situation is particularly sooty. The governors are, in the main, mere tools of the bosses. The legislature is largely controlled through bribes.

Young Roosevelt wants to write and, to show that he can, has in his twenty-third year completed and published a *Naval History of the War of 1812*, which the critics both in England and the United States are saying pleasant things about. But he has an itch for action. He runs for the state assembly. His stylish friends are shocked. They tell him that the hall of a political club is no place for a gentleman, that politics are run by saloon keepers, horse-car drivers, and thugs, and that it is most unfitting that he should associate himself with such riffraff. He points out to his smug friends that if they enjoy being governed by the riffraff, well and good; but he, Theodore, prefers to do some of the governing himself.

It does not take him long to discover that the horse-car drivers, the saloon keepers, and even the thugs are human beings who carry more understanding of politics under their left eyelid than his rich and intellectual friends can cover with their whole skins. Many of them he comes to like, some of them he comes honestly to admire, one of them, an Irish ex-bruiser, he comes to care for with a devotion which time will only deepen. These people are utterly different from the folks in Maine, and yet curiously like them too; kindly, sharp-witted, loyal without pretense; in the main, honest. These too are Americans, though their fathers (or they themselves) came over in the steerage from Germany or Ireland. Theodore's education in Americanism is advancing.

He gives the New York legislature one of the greatest shocks of its existence shortly after his term begins when he offers a motion to impeach a certain highly respectable judge who has proved more than a little too lenient to the great financial interests. No one loves the judge particularly, but the money of the financiers is jingling in a good many pockets and the jeers and snarls which the "young silkstocking" encounters make a noise like a cyclone. But the young man is aroused. A crooked judge means a crooked deal to the public and Roosevelt, young as he is, sees clearly that unless a democracy is based on honesty and justice, it has no foundation at all. Roosevelt fights hard, coining a phrase which sticks in men's minds, as he points to the transgressions of "the wealthy criminal class." The magnates and the politicians between them save the judge, but all over the nation, men and women, hearing of a young man's courage, take heart and speak of the beginning of a new era in politics.

Roosevelt is in the New York legislature three years. His desire for action is, for the moment, fully satisfied. "I put myself in the way of things happening," he remarks, "and they happened." Intrigues, bribery, "frame-ups," free-for-alls, he fights his way through them somehow and comes out unscathed, saved by his own firm principles, his wits, his fists; and once, during a stormy committee meeting, by the leg of a chair which he has carefully concealed at his side in advance. He makes friends from among the country members as well as the city members. He "pumps" them night and day to learn about conditions in their districts. He learns the great American game of politics. What he learns he uses well, to the confusion of the crooked.

A personal tragedy, and a political situation in the campaign of 1884 which sets him at odds both with the Republican machine and the younger progressive element in the party, brings an end, for the moment, to his political career. He drops out of the news. He is no longer a fascinating guest at distinguished tables in New York. The men and women here and there who have looked to him as a rising star in the political heavens, make up their minds that one more hope has gone glimmering. A small remote strip of forgotten country has claimed him and at humbler tables and by camp fires he sets himself to learn what trappers and hunters and cowboys have to teach him about his country and about life in general.

Along the banks of the Little Missouri, winding tortuously from Wyoming northward and eastward through the Dakotas into the Big Missouri, lies a narrow strip of beautiful and fantastic country to which French *voyageurs* long ago gave the name of "the Bad Lands." Out of the level prairie, the rains and floods of a thousand generations have carved one of the strangest devil's gardens on the American continent. The river doubles back on itself like a rabbit in a hunt. From the green bottom lands which border it, majestic buttes, weather scarred and striped like an Indian's garment, rise. Between lavender and orange walls, bizarre shapes—turrets, gigantic mushrooms, colossal stone beasts—stand like images in dreams.

In this curious, stern, and, at dawn and dusk, most lovely country, Roosevelt establishes two ranches. Bill Sewall joins him there; after a while, Bill's wife, too, and Bill's baby. There are new friends, Sylvane Ferris and his brother Joe, and a keen hunter named Merrifield. Roosevelt hunts buffalo with them, and antelope and deer, and through the scorching days of summer and the blizzards and the frightful cold of a Northern winter, learns what it means to be a cowboy and to run a ranch. He learns more; he learns what history means when it talks of the winning of the West. Up and down the Little Missouri, through hardships and suffering he sees one more bit of untamed country added to the American commonwealth.

It is in fact, a wicked bit of country, these Bad Lands, to which all the unruly elements in the Northwest sooner or later drift because the officers of the law do not dare to follow them into that broken maze of coulees and draws. Roosevelt is forced to defend his property, and makes more than one enemy. It is reported to him that a certain famous gunman has threatened to shoot him. Roosevelt rides thirty miles to the man's cabin, knocks at his door and asks him why. The man is taken by surprise, and states that he has been misquoted. They live in peace thereafter.

The three men who, one bitter cold day in early spring, steal Roosevelt's boat, feeling secure in the knowledge that he has no other, fail to take into consideration three things —his resourcefulness, his sense of duty as a deputy sheriff, and the fact that he cannot bear to let anyone get the better of him. The thieves land in jail; Roosevelt himself escorts them thither.

Roosevelt, among the youngest in a country of young men, is, in fact, the one who forms the first organization in defiance of the thieves who are carrying off horses and cattle. His activities in behalf of law and order bring him into conflict with an extraordinary Frenchman, the Marquis de Mores, who has been endeavoring, with the aid of the money of his American wife, to establish a kind of feudal overlordship in the Bad Lands. The Marquis likes Roosevelt but he is under the influence of the unruly element, and, in a fit of anger, challenges Roosevelt to a duel. The terms which Roosevelt suggests prove too stiff even for a duelist of European reputation. The quarrel is settled across a dinner table; and gradually law and order get the upper hand.

They are vigorous and happy years which Roosevelt spends on the banks of the Little Missouri, years of hard work and wild riding and joyous hunting and the companionship of men and women true of heart and brave of spirit. Unconsciously these people teach him much. At their firesides he looks into their hearts, he learns what their problems are, their questionings, their aspirations. Admiring them, feeling a deep friendship for them, wanting to be like them in sincerity and courage, he becomes, without knowing it, one of them.

In 1886, he is back East and in politics, running for mayor of New York, and, in a race with three entries, running third. He bears his defeat cheerfully, and, on Sagamore Hill, near Oyster Bay, thirty miles out of New York, settles down as a country gentleman and writer. But his heart is on the frontier and it is the story of the great march westward across the Appalachians into Kentucky and Tennessee that he writes. But his temperament is too active and restless to be satisfied with the study of old documents. Within three years he is living in Washington, a member, and the forward, flying wedge, of the federal Civil Service Commission.

Once more he is in the very midst of the political game. The work of the Commission is to see that the laws are enforced providing for the selection of government clerks and lower-class postmasters. These laws, which provide for appointment and promotion by merit, are not popular with the politicians. Roosevelt is in one continuous battle for the whole six years he is in office; but he has no objection to giving and receiving blows. The fight is the old fight in a new form—the fight for honesty and the square deal against crookedness and favoritism. He "carries it to the people," to the common American he has learned to know and to believe in. He tells the public, that is, what he is trying to do, and why he is trying to do it, and wins its support. The politicians begin "to hear from home."

In New York City, to which he returns in 1895 as President of the Police Board, his work is on the surface different, but at the bottom it is the same. Everywhere, in the administration of the police force and in the execution of the laws, favoritism is rampant. Money rules, politics rules. Justice is a joke. The force is without morale or spirit. Merit is the last thing that counts for appointments. A sense of duty is as likely to help a policeman to prison as to promotion.

Where there is no justice there is no loyalty, no sense of service, no sense of working together for a common end. Everyone is for himself and out for what he can get. Roosevelt goes instantly to the root of the trouble. Laws are enforced, regardless of politics or money. In the police department the upright and courageous are rewarded, the crooked are made straight or thrown out. The result is that the force feels a vigor and an enthusiasm it has never known before. The politicians make trouble, lots of it. The newspapers, even the most respectable, attack Roosevelt viciously. But he goes his way, and for the first time in a generation the greatest city in the country has a police force which is clean and which is effective.

What he has done in New York as in Washington is to apply certain typically American principles to a typically American job.

He is Assistant Secretary of the Navy when in February, 1898, the United States battleship "Maine" is blown up, by accident or by design, in Havana harbor. He is certain that the American people intend to go to war with Spain, to end once and for all Spanish misrule in Cuba, and he does everything in his power to get the navy ready. When war comes, he and his friend, Leonard Wood, raise a regiment which shall be American in the deepest and widest sense; an organization in which North and South shall meet, and East and West; and rich and poor labor and fight side by side. The Rough Riders prove the oddest conglomeration of men ever assembled in an American regiment. The majority are cowboys of the southwestern territories, sprinkled with miners and prospectors, professional gamblers, law officers, and fugitives from justice; but one hundred of the thousand who make up the regiment are Eastern college men, club men, athletes, actors, writers, millionaires. The regiment is assembled and trained in Texas. It is not easy to teach this band of American individualists the essentials of discipline and drill. But Wood, who is colonel, is both human and patient, and Roosevelt, his second-in-command, with his enthusiasm, his keen sense of justice, weighing men by their characters rather than by their externals, fuses the separate units into a powerful whole.

It is only the possession of qualities which have always been regarded as essentially American which enables Roosevelt and Wood to control their "wild men" and to get the regiment to Cuba—self-reliance, initiative, a real sense of equality mixed with vigorous discipline. At Tampa, Florida, where the troops embark for Cuba, all is confusion, but Wood and Roosevelt cut red tape and get their men on a transport in spite of the bewildered inefficiency of some of their superiors. The first fight in Cuban soil is fought on foot, for all the horses, with half the men, have been left behind at Tampa for lack of transportation. Roosevelt is everywhere among his men, a rifle in his hand, encouraging them, steadying them, leading them forward, They respond with wild enthusiasm. Shortly afterwards, Wood becomes brigadier general. Roosevelt is given command of the regiment.

The first brush with the Spaniards has brought a victory, but the situation of the American army is most dangerous. There is inefficiency in the War Department and inefficiency among the officers in command. Supplies are jumbled. No one knows where anything is. The men have no tents to shelter them from the torrential tropic rains. They have not half enough food, and much of what they get is bad. Roosevelt takes a detail and goes himself to the army base at Siboney, thunders at the quartermaster-general in a manner no officer of any nation except the United States would ever dare employ, and, at the risk of court-martial, takes what food he can find.

A week after the first fight the army moves forward toward Santiago. The orders from the commanding general, Shafter, are not clear. At a river crossing, an observation balloon is sent up which draws a deadly fire from the enemy, and the army falls into confusion. For hours men wait in vain in the fierce midday heat for orders from a bewildered fat man who is three miles in the rear at the end of a trail jammed with men and wagons going and coming. Then at last the army moves forward to the attack on the hills from which the Spanish fire is coming.

Roosevelt is the only man in the Rough Riders on horseback, and the most conspicuous figure in the cavalry division as he makes his way through troop after troop to the front. Yelling, cheering, singing, the men rush forward at his side. Regimental formation, troop formation, are forgotten. Rough Riders and regulars, white troopers and black, are mingled together, forgetting everything except the fact that "Teddy" is up ahead and "Teddy" is calling to them to come on.

They drive the Spaniards from the first hill and sweep on to a second, known as the San Juan ridge, up whose steep slope the infantry division is already advancing. The Spaniards withdraw. But for days the battle of big guns and little guns continues, with the big guns, owing to the inefficiency of the American management, all on the enemy's side.

The situation of the American forces grows in peril as the days pass, and the surrender of the Spanish army scarcely diminishes it. Fever is everywhere in the army, and the War Department seems unable to understand that, the campaign being over, the troops should be brought back North without further delay. Roosevelt saves the situation by a typically Rooseveltian, and typically American, act. As Civil Service Commissioner and Police Commissioner he has learned that when the stupidity of officials and politicians blocked him, he could win his way through by an appeal to the public. So now he issues a statement to the press stating clearly why the army, if it is to be saved, must be transported North at once. His statement creates a tremendous sensation throughout the United States. The War Department is furiously angry. But the troops are ordered home.

Roosevelt is a national hero when he returns to America. Three months later he is elected governor of New York.

The Empire State has a boss, a Republican boss, a sage, mild-mannered old gentleman named Tom Platt who is in the habit of carrying governors and legislatures around in his pocket as a small boy carries marbles and tops. To be pocketed by Platt seems to Roosevelt far worse than never to have been elected governor at all. But to fight Platt means to accomplish nothing whatsoever with Platt's hand-picked legislature. The story of Roosevelt's governorship is the story of a long struggle to keep on friendly terms with the old gentleman and still to keep his independence.

Once more, with a sure trust in the common sense of the American majority when they understand the issues, he explains the situation to the public. The result is exactly as he has expected it would be. From Platt's own hand-picked legislature and in the face of Platt's protests and laments, he secures a law to tax the rights which cities grant private companies to run trolleys or telephone wires through the public streets, and which are called franchises. Platt makes a wry face and, calling loudly for help, arranges with his friends in politics and business to get Roosevelt out of New York State by having him nominated for the Vice-Presidency on the Republican ticket. Roosevelt fights against the nomination, but when his friends in the West insist on his accepting it, he gives in. "I feel as though I had taken the veil," he says, ruefully; but the politicians rejoice.

Theodore Roosevelt is forty-two years old when in March, 1901, he takes the oath as Vice-President of the United States. Elderly, conservative people who like to have things go as they have always gone, don't like him.

Politicians, who want to pull wires and grab, don't like him. Financiers think him unsafe because he thinks they should be made to obey the law like everybody else. Stodgy people think he is undignified and talks too much. The cartoonists have a way of drawing him as a kind of "Teddy the Terror," with a gun in each hand and a knife between his teeth. But the average American recognizes that Roosevelt is a man with a heart in his body and a head on his shoulders, an honest, energetic American applying American principles; and shouts that Teddy is fine. Everybody agrees that he can do no harm in the Vice-Presidency anyway.

But suddenly, six months later, President McKinley is assassinated, and Teddy the youthful, the exuberant, is President of the United States. The financiers and the politicians hold their heads, dazed and in dismay. Even the average, steady citizen with no ax to grind wonders a little what may happen.

Roosevelt comes to his high office at a difficult time. The corporations and the great bankers of the country have gained a firm hold on the machinery of government and have come to feel that special privilege is their right. McKinley and the men around him have rather encouraged this assurance. But to Roosevelt there is nothing especially sacred about big business. The merchant, the banker, the railroad president, shall have a "square deal," he declares, no more and no less. So shall the little storekeeper, so shall the consumer, the average man. This idea, to the business magnates and their attorneys, seems shockingly revolutionary. To Roosevelt it seems merely common sense. To him, justice between man and man and between the government and the individual, is the foundation of democracy. Without justice no republic can exist. The most powerful corporation and the most helpless single individual alike must come under the law.

Things run along quietly for a year and the politicians and bankers are congratulating each other on the fact that Roosevelt's bark seems to be worse than his bite, when a great coal strike occurs in the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania. When all other efforts to end it have failed, Roosevelt takes a hand. No President has ever intervened in a strike before except on the side of the employers, but Roosevelt takes neither one side nor the other. He stands for the public, and a square deal to all three parties concerned. There is a loud outcry against him. The miners are ready to arbitrate, but the employers refuse. Thereupon, Roosevelt prepares to send troops to the coal fields, not to protect the employers against the strikers, but to take over the mines. The employers give in and agree to arbitration; the strike is over.

But the settlement of the coal strike is not the end, it is only the beginning of the battle. Henceforth the lines are sharply drawn. Roosevelt demands government regulation of corporations and particularly of railroads and of freight rates. He insists that the Standard Oil Company, the Steel Trust, the Beef Trust, the Tobacco Trust, obey the law. He sends crooked financiers and crooked politicians, even men of his own party, to prison. He insists that all the people of the United States and not merely a favored few shall have control of the natural resources of lumber, water power, minerals, coal, and oil.

All the powerful men in banking and industry fight him, and the newspapers and politicians whom they control howl in chorus. But the great mass of people, the plain Americans, approve and give him their support. They have come in the course of the years to know this man, to trust his sincerity, to admire his "punch," and to love him for his large, human, joyous heart. He has lived among them in his youth, worked as they worked, learned their needs; and he goes among them now, eager and sympathetic, or draws them to the White House, to gain light from them. He does not talk much about his love for humanity; he does better. He really likes the common man, and the common man's family; and is not ashamed to learn from them the things which no statistics and no "surveys" can tell. All that Roosevelt has learned of the folks in Maine, the cowboys on the Little Missouri, the wild men in his regiment, now comes to his aid. He knows the everyday American as no President since Lincoln has known him. He trusts him as Lincoln trusted him. They "get along fine" together.

When Wall Street shouts that Roosevelt is a wild man, a wrecker, the ordinary individual replies that Roosevelt is not really tearing down but building up. Roosevelt, in fact, understands, more clearly perhaps than any President before him, what democratic government requires: honesty, first of all; a square deal for rich and poor alike; and a sense of fellowship, of unity, among citizens of all ranks and national origins. He wants a square deal for all because only by refusing to permit one group in the nation to oppress any other can the people remain united in spirit. All his words, all his acts are directed to the same end—to give new strength and vitality to the democratic ideal. He is sympathetic to the laboring man, but he fights him as vigorously as he fights the financier if he thinks he is working against the best interests of the people as a whole. What Roosevelt wants at all costs to avoid is a break-up of the American people into classes. "Be united!" he pleads. "For if we are not united we will sink into the pit of measureless disaster."

His foreign policy is based on the same simple principles of fair dealing which determine his domestic policies, summed up in the words, "Speak softly, but carry a big stick," which means, "be just, be friendly, but be prepared."

In international affairs he becomes the leading statesman of his time. He secures the right of the United States to build a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, ending fifty years of discussion with a quick act when action is needed.

He brings the Russo-Japanese war to a close. By energetic diplomacy he prevents the outbreak of a great European war. He strengthens America's prestige with the nations by sending her battleship fleet around the world. He pulls the German Kaiser up short when he tries to bully his way to influence in South America. It is during Roosevelt's administration that the United States gains recognition for the first time as a world power.

He leaves office in 1909, spends a year in Africa hunting big game, returns triumphantly through Europe to the United States, and plunges again into the struggle which has engaged all his energies during his Presidency. The leaders of the Republican party have turned against him to play the ancient game of the financial interests as they played it before he came upon the scene. He fights them with all the force of his great prestige, his vigorous mind, his abounding energy. He fights for "social justice," the right of the individual against the despotism of the money-power. He fights for "popular rule," the right of the citizen against the power of the boss and the crooked politician. The financiers and the politicians, banded together, defeat him again and again. They "kill" him politically and bury him with rejoicing. But somehow political death does not "take" with him. He rises up again to fight harder than ever for the same simple things which are the fundamental things in a democracy—honesty, a square deal, national unity.

Defeated, exiled from politics, for life now as he believes, he goes to South America on a scientific expedition. He discovers a hitherto unknown river and charts it for nine hundred miles of its course, but he nearly perishes on the way. Rapids on rapids block his course, his food runs low, savage Indians track the expedition. Finally he is taken deathly ill. In fever and great pain he staggers on even after most of the others of his party have given up all hope of reaching civilization.

A few months after his return to the United States, the

Great War breaks out. He labors for preparedness, for honesty in facing facts, for national unity in the face of the peril confronting America. When the United States enters the war, he offers to raise a division of troops for immediate service. Two hundred thousand—cowboys and college men, factory workers, millionaires, such a company of adventurers and indomitable young men as followed him to victory in 1898—volunteer; but "the Colonel" and his division are not permitted to go. Roosevelt's sons all go. Two are wounded; one, Quentin, the youngest, falls fighting in the air high over the German lines. Roosevelt fights on at home, for honesty, for a square deal, for national unity, for the things he has always fought for, the essentials in war as in peace of all free government.

The American people turn to him with a new understanding and affection. His grief, his anxieties, his disappointments bring him close to men and women who are themselves troubled and anxious. In the intensity and griefs of the war years, the meaning of his life gradually becomes clear. Learned men talk of this and that great act of his Administration, but the common man with a surer instinct calls him "The Great American," and lets others analyze why. To the plain man, the victories of statesmanship are remote. But he knows when a man understands his needs and his ideals.

Roosevelt becomes once more the recognized leader of the Republican party, the inevitable candidate for the Presidency in 1920.

But he does not become President again; those honors and those labors are not to be his a second time. In January, 1919, he dies in his sleep. So it is said, and so history records it. But the truth is that, like all heroes whom the world cannot afford to miss, he has merely gone to rest inside some silent mountain, to wake again at the bugle sound and to fight with the old slashing vigor for justice among men.

ROBERT E. PEARY

A YOUNG man is roaming and rummaging through a Washington bookshop, not so very young a man either to be roaming so aimlessly turning over books, turning over pages—literature, science, theology, biography, economics—as though it made no particular difference to him what he lingered over, what he pushed aside. He is twenty-nine, when men are supposed to know where they are going. But this young man from Maine doesn't know in the least, though he is wearing the uniform of the United States Navy with the insignia of a civil engineer. He looks determined enough with his six-foot-height and his gorgeous golden-brown "muff," and in any ordinary situation demanding masculine address he can hold his own. But behind the dashing "front" is an uneasy sense that its owner is getting nowhere, that he has no aim in life other than a vague ambition to do something sizable and resounding, and that, if he is ever to get started, he hasn't much time to lose.

It isn't that Robert Peary has any distrust of his powers. He has plenty of self-assurance. A boyhood in Maine, roaming over the hillsides behind Portland and sailing the waters of Casco Bay in his own catboat, has given him self-reliance. But in the place where Longfellow was a boy fifty years before him, dreaming in Deering's Woods, Peary too has dreamed.

"A boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Those thoughts carried him to other glories than the rut in which he finds himself.

He has been a good student, he has stood high at

Bowdoin College. He has been picked from hundreds for his job as civil engineer in the navy. He has built a naval pier at Key West for six thousand dollars after a contractor has given up trying to do it for thirty. As second-in-command of a surveying commission trying to find a route for an interoceanic canal, he has explored Nicaragua, cutting his way through jungle, swimming rushing rivers, conciliating half-civilized natives. He has invented an entirely new kind of revolving gate for the locks of the proposed canal and completed, to everybody's satisfaction, the maps and plans which the government wanted.

There is no question about his ability and his determination—in other people's minds or in his own. But the canal project has for the moment dropped dead. Besides, the idea of spending his life doing out-of-the-way odd engineering jobs without a central purpose or goal, appalls him.

He is in the unhappy state of a man with a great ambition and nothing to feed it on, as he rummages through the bookshop idly scanning the title-pages. Suddenly a title arrests him, recalling youthful hours absorbed over the thrilling story of Dr. Kane's adventures in the Far North. He picks up a dusty pamphlet. "The Inland Ice of Greenland" does not sound exciting, but it sets a drum throbbing within him. He takes the pamphlet home and finds it curiously fascinating. The very remoteness of that icy region appeals to him, the sense that in this crowded world there is yet a region vaster perhaps than the territory of the United States on which no white man's foot has trod. His imagination is kindled. He dives for whatever the encyclopedias and the shelves of the Library of Congress can tell him about polar exploration and the ancient problem of finding a northwest passage to Asia.

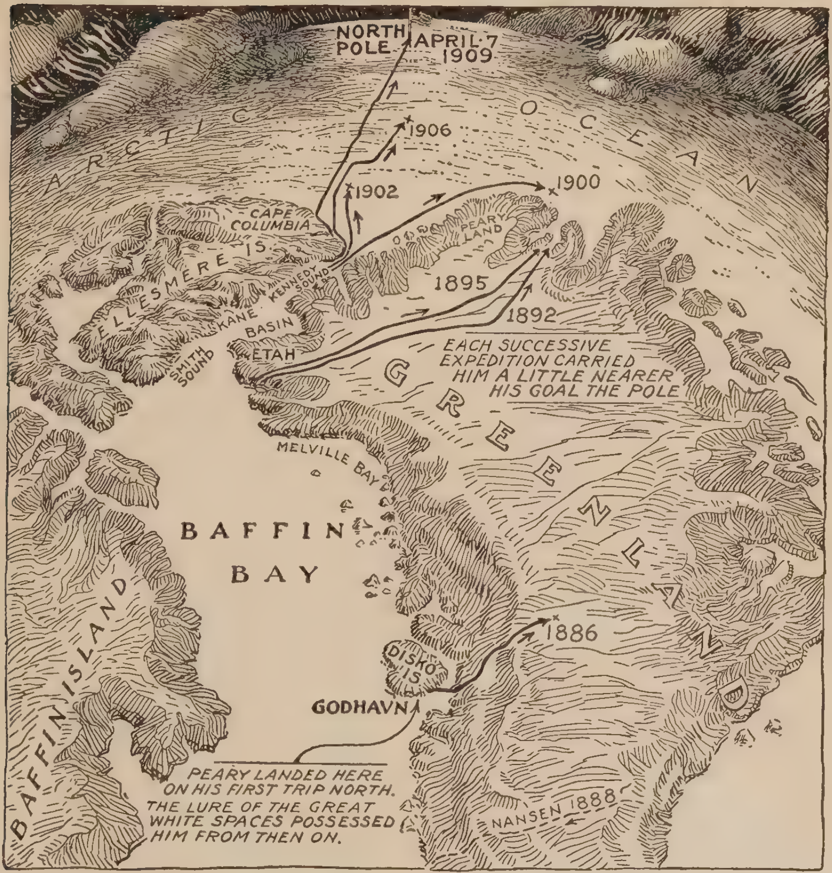
It is not a cheerful tale which the books reveal. In all the gallant record of man's effort to push aside the curtains of the unknown world, it is the only story which begins in tragedy and ends in failure. Ship after ship has gone into that polar wilderness and never returned. For three centuries brave sailors have beaten against its walls of ice and fog and beaten in vain; and those who have returned have brought with them stories of heartbreaking privation and suffering. But still new adventurers sail north, mainly Englishmen. In 1845, Sir John Franklin with two British naval ships, sets out for the ice country, and is swallowed up with vessels and crews by the ice and the snow, and heard of again only fourteen years later when an Eskimo tells another explorer of men who "fell down and died as they walked." Now America enters the field. Dr. Kane goes and comes back, Hall on the "Polaris" goes and comes back. But DeLong on the "Jeannette" does not come back, and Lieutenant Greely, after a winter of indescribable horror, is rescued only after eighteen of his twenty-five men have succumbed.

The record is dismal but that fact stimulates rather than depresses Peary. The North is still one vast white mystery. The interior of Greenland is entirely unexplored. Does it reach to the Pole itself? No book can tell him, no man he can get hold of can give him more than the general information that the interior is an unbroken plateau of snow, 1500 miles in length and 900 miles in width—an arctic desert.

Peary's imagination is afire. He accumulates a roomful of charts. No one has explored the east coast of Greenland; why shouldn't he do it? He asks the Navy Department for six months' leave. His superiors frown upon his idea. It is only three years since Greely came back with his grisly story, and Arctic exploration even under the best circumstances is in bad repute. But Peary is eloquent. Besides, he has done good work and has had no furloughs. In May, 1886, they let him go.

A whaling ship drops him early in June at Godhavn, a little Danish station on Disko Island, off the east coast of

Greenland. Peary speaks no Danish. None of the Danes speak English. But somehow the young American makes himself understood and persuades a stalwart young Dane named Maigaard to join him on his venture eastward.


NORTH POLE
APRIL 7 1909
ARCTIC OCEAN
1906
1902
1900
CAPE COLUMBIA
PEARY LAND
ELLESMERE IS
KENNEDY SOUND
KANE BASIN
SMITH SOUND
ETAH
1895
1892
EACH SUCCESSIVE EXPEDITION CARRIED HIM A LITTLE NEARER HIS GOAL THE POLE
GREENLAND
MELVILLE BAY
BAFFIN BAY
BAFFIN ISLAND
1886
DISKO IS
GODHAVN
PEARY LANDED HERE ON HIS FIRST TRIP NORTH. THE LURE OF THE GREAT WHITE SPACES POSSESSED HIM FROM THEN ON.
NANSEN 1888

Day after day, Peary and his faithful men push forward toward the goal

The Ice Cap, which they reach after a ten hours' stiff climb, welcomes them in its own way with dazzling sunlight and freezing winds. Then fog comes, then sleet, then snow which drifts over them where they lie huddled behind their sledges. Then they are off once more climbing day after day up the vast desert of ice. At an elevation of 7500 feet another storm strikes them. When it is over, Peary takes stock. He is 120 miles from his starting point, and has six days' rations left. The mathematics of the situation are not to be resisted.

He knows he will have to turn back. He stands with half-shut eyes looking out over the blue-white beautiful Arctic scene. The Dane speaks and, when he receives no answer, looks curiously at this American companion of his. A kind of spiritual beauty is in Peary's face. "He is like a man in a dream," says Maigaard to himself.

"I think—" murmurs the American. His voice, full of emotion, falters; he does not finish the sentence. What has happened is that the passion for the North has taken possession of him and he knows it for the first time.

A few people, but not many, are interested in what Lieutenant Peary has to say about Greenland when he returns. But his colleagues in the Navy Department look at him with disapproval. They regard it as glory enough for any man just to be in the navy and somehow a reflection on the rest of them that young Peary insists on going to Greenland for his thrills. Besides, arctic exploration has a shadow over it. But Peary can talk of nothing else. He does his daily work and does it well, but his spirit is in the white country. Only one person proves as interested in what he has to tell as he expects his hearer to be. That person is a young lady named Josephine, the lovely daughter of Professor Diebitsch of the Smithsonian Institution. She likes exploration and she likes Peary. After considerable persuasion she marries him, knowing perfectly well that she is marrying the whole Arctic Circle also.

Peary is rapidly becoming a man of one idea. He is going to be the first man to cross Greenland.

"Don't be a fool!" say the navy men. But the scientists begin to prick up their ears. Two years pass; things begin to move his way. And then, totally unexpectedly, Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian, appears out of the white silence of the North with the report that he has done what Peary has set his heart upon.

Peary, aching for the North, is stunned, knowing that the scientific societies he has almost won over to his support will say that since the thing has been done there is no use in another's doing it. They do say that, and more. He urges that the northern end of Greenland is yet to be explored, its extent determined. What if over it should lie the highway to the Pole? Besides, there are the Eskimos to be studied. Anything to get North again, anything to get North!

The navy men begin to speak of Peary as a "silly fanatic." Eminent acquaintances ridicule him, friends reproach him. He is in debt. He grits his teeth and takes to lecturing.

For three years, as his navy duties permit, he keeps at it, gradually building up in the public a sense of a mystery about Greenland which they would like to see solved. He is an excellent showman and eloquent in his earnestness. But his bank account is down to eight dollars before a group of organizations and individuals gather sufficient funds to equip an expedition, and sufficient political influence to relax for a few years the navy's clutch upon his services.

No one pays much attention when the Newfoundland sealer "Kite" sails from New York in May, 1891, with an Arctic expedition on board. Josephine is with the expedition where, being Josephine, she naturally would be. Staid folks are shocked at the idea. But to Josephine it is as natural as any other bride's journey to visit her husband's people.

They arrive in Godhavn the end of June. Peary is in high feather and nothing the Danish colonists can say with bated breath of the perils of the journey he has in mind, can dampen his enthusiasm. He sails farther northward. He and his party are to be dropped on the west coast of Greenland where a group of scientists who have accompanied him will leave him and Josephine and their party and return with the ship to civilization. In Melville Bay the "Kite" is jammed in the ice but Peary gets her clear with dynamite. She pushes into another heavy flow. A cake of ice crashes against the rudder. The steering wheel is whirled from the hands of the sailors holding it and crashes against Peary's leg, breaking both bones above the ankle.

Here is trouble of the first magnitude. The scientists decide at once that there is only one thing to do. The leader and inspiration of the party is crippled, possibly for life; the whole expedition must be given up. But Josephine is doubtful; Josephine knows her man. Peary rages when he finds what is in the air. The money of his friends is invested in the expedition and he insists that he must make good. He goes ashore two weeks later at the upper edge of nowhere, strapped to a plank.

His accident cripples nothing in him except his power of locomotion. The winter quarters are established under his direction, the house is built, scouting parties are sent out to examine the surrounding country, and diplomatic relations are opened with the natives. The Eskimos have a bad name in the exploring world. All the whites who have reported on them have reported the same unattractive qualities and Peary has been warned to have as little to do with them as possible.

But he has had just enough experience with semi-savages in Central America to know that the reliability of the savage depends a good deal on the attitude of the white man. He does not put any stock in the notion that the Eskimos regard the whites as demigods from on high and that a wise white man fits himself to the rôle. From the start Peary treats them as fellow human beings and equals, with courtesy and absolute justice. Consequently, after he has carefully explained to a furry gentleman who takes a shine to Josephine and offers his wife in exchange, that that sort of thing is not customary among whites, they get along swimmingly.

All winter Peary prepares for the long white march across the Inland Ice. It is a grim and yet a joyous life which the members of the expedition lead. Josephine proves invaluable, having a reserve of laughter when the men's mirth is long exhausted; and Peary's intrepid soul is a great light in that six months of darkness.

Peary starts eastward the end of April, taking only a negro, Hansen, whom he has picked up on the Nicaragua expedition, and a young Norwegian named Astrup, and his sixteen dogs. It is a desperate journey over a vast white desert, 6,000 feet in the icy air. They suffer from the dazzling sun, they suffer bitterly from the cold. Peary's broken leg swells and for a while keeps him in torment. But the most exhausting strain comes with cloudy weather when all firm outlines are wiped out and there is nothing that the eye can rest upon, and the men plod forward through an intangible gray nothingness.

They push forward day after day through fog or blizzard or blinding sunlight, a week, a month, two months. Then one brilliant day in late June Peary stands on the edge of the plateau and gazes down on land which no human being before him has set eyes upon, the unknown country beyond the northernmost limits of the Ice Cap. He sees green rivers and lakes along the margin of the ice, he hears the murmur of cataracts. The dogs go wild with delight.

But the country is no Garden of Eden; it is utterly barren. How far does it extend? That is one of the questions he has set himself to answer. But how can he go on? Rations are running dangerously low, his footgear is almost in shreds. The contrast of the heat of the lowlands after the terrific cold of the plateau is telling on the men, and particularly on the dogs. But Peary pushes on, gambling for his life on the chance of finding game. Two musk oxen save them, and with new strength they press forward across the newly discovered country. On the Fourth of July, 1892, Peary stands on a precipice that marks the northeastern coast of Greenland and gazes over the vast ice fields of the Arctic Ocean. North Greenland has been crossed. A month later Josephine, waiting anxiously at the base, gives a shout. Peary and his companion have covered a thousand miles of virgin country and are back safe and sound and triumphant.

When Peary reaches New York he finds himself the hero of the hour. The scoffers have been silenced. Everyone agrees that he has achieved a great feat. Even the Secretary of the Navy is mildly pleased, and the chief of his own bureau condescends to congratulate him. "Only don't be a fool, Mr. Peary, and think of trying it again. Now where would you like duty?"

"In North Greenland, sir."

The bureau chief springs to his feet and bangs his fist on the desk so that an inkwell capsizes. "North Greenland be d——! You're back in the navy, and you're going to do your duty!"

Peary is respectful—but the Far North has become an obsession with him; he cannot keep away from it. He has become a "nut" on the subject, say his enemies, and his friends too, a fanatic. He is like a knight who has vowed to find the Holy Grail or die; behind the icy barriers of the North for him the Grail lies. A dream beckons him on and he will forever be restless until it yields to him or crushes him.

The scientific societies are interested in a further exploration of North Greenland, but they have no money. So Peary goes lecturing. The "black march" he calls it—168 lectures in 96 days—an achievement almost equal to his trip across the unexplored ice. He is a better showman than ever. He takes along the faithful Hansen with five real Eskimo dogs, he wears polar dress, he rigs up a kind of Eskimo encampment. The public loves it. Now and then the dogs, on the way to the railroad station, discover a cat and cut loose in a body in the city streets, which does harm to no one, not even the cat, and advertises the show. When, at the last moment, funds he has counted on fail him, Peary admits the public to the ship he has chartered, and makes up the deficit through the admission fees. As for the Navy Department, his financial backers speak persuasive words in the ears of the Secretary; and in June, 1893, he is off once more.

The start is auspicious; once more Josephine is on board as the ship casts loose from the pier in Philadelphia. A confident crowd, representing a great public which has given of its money for his enterprise, gives him a royal send-off. All over the world the newspapers are saying, in effect, "After Lieutenant Peary's last splendid exploit we anticipate that he will have no great trouble in carrying out the contemplated campaign."

But the expedition which starts out with everything in its favor runs into one disaster after another. Peary's best men break down, a large part of his fuel is lost in a tidal wave, the expedition does not even get as far as the huge food supply he has cached far in advance. The only cheerful item in the record is the birth of a little girl to Josephine—the "Snow Baby," a miracle alike to white man and Eskimo.

Josephine and her baby return to civilization and all but three of the expedition go with her. Peary refuses to go. He has no doubt that out of his failure he can yet hammer success; for he has all the supplies he needs still cached up ahead. But the winter's storms blow away or bury his markers and he never finds his cache. He dries walrus meat for food and starts anyway. The journey is a torture, the dogs die one by one, and the men survive only by grace of iron constitutions and a musk ox which turns up when hope is almost gone. With it all Peary gets no farther than he has already come in 1892. In the back of his mind, scarce admitting it to consciousness, he has cherished the thought that if conditions were favorable, he might make a dash for the Pole.

But that dream is utterly vain. He barely gets back to headquarters with his two companions. In his diary he writes, "I have failed." Josephine, in the United States, herself raises the funds needed to bring him back.

The next year he is off again. "Where did he get the money?" is matched by another question, "How did that fanatic get leave?" Somehow he always manages to get both. He returns; for good, says the Navy Department grimly. He has a terrific battle, but once more "pressure" is brought to bear. He is given four years' leave, and again he is off, this time with the backing of a new organization, the Peary Arctic Club, in a ship presented by a British newspaper owner.

The dream now is definitely to reach the Pole, if it is possible. For four years he struggles; and they are dismal years. He fails and fails and fails again. His men desert, his Eskimos die, he suffers agony for months when his feet freeze and he loses all his toes. Again and again he is without food or equipment. But his courage is gorgeous. He takes long journeys on foot with feet unhealed and bears successive failures with quiet determination. Now and then, as he confides to his diary, it takes "quite a grip not to give way to despair," but the grip is always applied. He hammers and hammers away at the white barrier beyond which the Pole lies.

To the public he is just a crazy man stubbornly following a crazy idea. But in these years he learns the secret of polar currents and the technique of traveling over the sea ice which will prove worth all the trouble and pain which it costs to get it. Does that thought give him hope? Not really. He is forty-six; his exploring days, he says to himself, are over.

In 1902 he is back in Washington again, in the routine of his naval job. He has failed, he is through. Everybody knows it and he believes it himself. His older colleagues in the navy are patronizing, the younger men are sympathetic. "A fine, weather-beaten old walrus, but a nut; a good man in his time but down and out now, a dreamer with one idea who didn't make good."

He admits the indictment. "I will never be back," he has told his Eskimos on parting. They have known him better than he has known himself. "Oh, yes, you will."

For a while the old flame seems burned out. He enjoys the comforts and the sociability of a civilized community. It is good, moreover, to be with Josephine and the two children; and is not the peace and the serenity of home better than the fruitless pursuit of a dream? But as the months pass he becomes restless. Civilization begins to lose its charm. The lure of the North calls to him through the soft warmth of the Washington air, and the old passion awakes. He begins to long for the great white desolation, the battles with the ice and the gales, the endless Arctic night, the endless Arctic day, the loyal Eskimos who have been his companions in danger, "the silence, the vastness of the great white, lonely North."

In 1905 he is again in the Arctic, in a ship built especially for the struggle with the ice and named after a man whose courage and dogged determination have never been hospitable to any thought of failure. The "Roosevelt" pushes her way northward to the edge of the Polar Sea and from there, the next spring, Peary makes his dash for the Pole. He has 470 miles to go over ice piled in wild confusion. The going is desperately hard, but the younger men and the dogs tire before he does. A fierce determination this time to reach the goal has possession of him. He grudges every hour of rest and sleep. He wants to push on, push on. He cannot fail again, not again!

The wind beats against the faces of the struggling men.

One by one the supporting parties are sent back. Then at last, he knows that the jig is up. He has gone three hundred miles but he can go no farther. He has failed once more. He turns back, sick at heart. Food runs out; they begin to eat the dogs. The ice opens before them. A wide stretch of black water blocks their way. Baffled, they wait for the first sign of new ice forming and glide across its treacherous surface on snowshoes, feeling it heave beneath them and never knowing from minute to minute when it will break. They reach the "Roosevelt" at last more dead than alive.

His diary records the bitterness of that return. "To think after all the preparation, the experience, the effort, the strain, the chances taken, that I have failed once more; that I shall never have a chance to win again!"

But that mood does not last. The end of the year he is back in Washington and before the new year is well started he is making plans for one more dash. Once more it is a battle for financial support. But he wages it with the old dogged faith that the stars in their courses have decreed that he and no other shall be the first to uncover the great mystery of the North. Has he failed hitherto, has he always failed? All those past efforts, he tells himself, have been merely the preparation for this last attempt of a man who has learned through labor and suffering what is needed to triumph in the end.

And once more the dauntless soul sets forth. Once more, in July, 1908, with the words of his President and his hero echoing in his ears, "I believe in you, Peary, and I believe in your success—if it is within the possibility of man," he is steaming northward toward the white barrier, the great silence, the shimmering, beckoning mystery.

Six weeks later the "Roosevelt" is in the polar ice, dodging, ramming, pushing, crashing its way through the pack ice.

"Rip 'em up, Teddy! Bite 'em in two!" cries Bob Bartlett, the Nova Scotian skipper.

The little steamer, no larger than a fair-sized tug, lives up to her name. For three weeks she bites her way north through Smith Sound, through Kane Basin, through Kennedy Sound to Cape Sheridan on the edge of the Polar Sea. There Peary establishes his winter quarters.

February 22, 1909, weather thick, temperature 31 degrees below zero, and a light snow falling; and Peary and his men start out for the last dash. The experience of twenty years has gone into the preparation for this journey across the polar ice. Bitter hardship has gone into it, starvation, pain, disappointment, heartache. Peary has learned in a cruel school the lesson how man may beat the ice and the cold; and the system he has developed is his recompense for the years of apparent failure.

The leader is prepared for everything; and for the least expected accidents he is particularly prepared. Do his dogs die? He has more dogs. Does open water hold up the party? He has started early, expecting delays. Do advance parties give out? Supporting parties are ready. Does a white man freeze his foot? Another white man takes his place. Does an Eskimo desert? There are more than are needed.

Day by day the expedition pushes forward. Then suddenly it is halted at the brink of a wide stretch of open water. For six days they wait beside this Stygian flood. Peary is in torment, pacing the floe nervously, climbing little ridges and straining his eyes ahead, sleeping scarcely at all. Two Eskimos desert. The cans in which he is carrying his fuel leak and the party he has sent back for other fuel does not return. Suppose the "lead" should stay open? The temperature falls to 60 degrees below zero. The gap freezes over. Once more the expedition moves forward.

Now Peary begins to strip down his party. It is an essential part of the system he has worked out, of traveling in divisions or relays which are sent back at appropriate stages carefully calculated in advance. By bitter experience he has learned that only a small party lightly encumbered can hope to make the last lap of a long polar journey with any hope of returning. One after the other he sends his gallant companions back, at last, when he is within 133 miles of the Pole, even "Bob" Bartlett, his skipper, but it is all according to the system and there are no complaints. With Peary now are only Hansen and four trusty Eskimos —Hansen, the negro, whom he has worked with for twenty-five years and who is able to beat the Eskimos at their own game; these five, and a picked forty of the hundred forty dogs with which he left the ship.

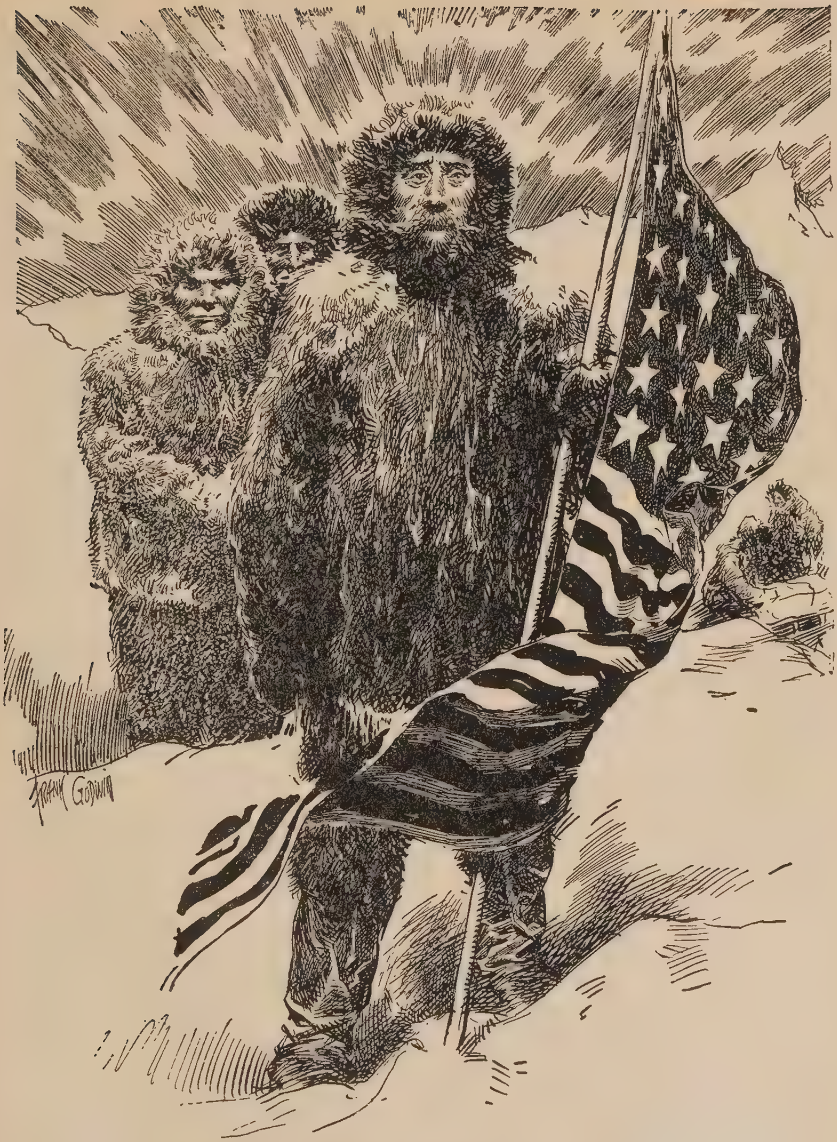
Peary cannot sleep, and he paces up and down in front of his igloo, laying his final plans. Open water is met, and overcome. Dogs and men alike are sensing victory. Marches lengthen out to twenty-five, to thirty miles. What if the temperature is 50 degrees below zero? "Give me three more days of this!" he exclaims in his diary.

On April 5 he is only thirty-five miles from the Pole, But the strain is beginning to tell on the men. "One more long day," he tells them, "and then back to the ship."

"Yes," mutters one of the Eskimos, "if the Almighty Devil don't catch us first."

Then, on the morning of April 7, the Pole! After all the bitter struggle, the suffering, the failures! The Pole at last! The prize which the most intrepid men of England and America, Norway, Denmark, Italy, have striven for through three centuries, suffered for, died for. His at last. He cannot bring himself to realize it. Now that it is accomplished it all seems so simple and commonplace. He is in a dream for the thirty hours he is at the top of the world; but not so much in a dream not to write out and leave behind a careful record of his discovery and of his claim of whatever country may lie under the ice, in behalf of the President of the United States.

Then the long trek southward begins. When two weeks


FRANK GODWIN

On the morning of April 7, Peary planted the Stars and Stripes on the top of the world later Peary and his men reach the shore base at Cape Columbia the Eskimos are certain that the Almighty Devil has been asleep or having trouble with his wife, or they never would have got back.

Southward now the "Roosevelt" turns its prow, bearing Peary—triumphant after all the jeering, all the failures—back to the world and its homage. But when he reaches Labrador he finds that the world has given its homage to another man. An explorer named Cook has returned from the North claiming to have reached the Pole, and the world has accepted his claim. Peary's reward are jeers and shrugs and bitter denunciation.

It is a staggering blow which he bears as he has borne other blows. He is subjected to cross-examination like a criminal. Congressional committees wrangle over him. Then gradually the air clears. Dr. Cook is shown up for the fraud that he is; and slowly, slowly, Peary comes into his own.

But fame when it comes is a long fame, which no man, following his trail over the ice or through the air, will be able to obscure.

WILBUR AND ORVILLE WRIGHT

IT all begins with a toy which a certain bishop of the United Brethren Church living in Dayton, Ohio, brings home to his boys. It is a light thing of cork and bamboo covered with paper, and the first thing the boys know about it is the quick gesture of their father's hand as he brings the toy out of concealment behind his back and tosses it in the air. It flies across the room, strikes the ceiling, flutters there until the rubber bands which are its motive power are unstrung, and sinks to the floor. The Bishop calls it a "hélicoptère"; the boys call it a bat. Being frail it does not last long in the hands of two American boys with energetic natures and inquiring minds; but its memory abides. They take to making helicopters for themselves, larger and larger helicopters, and are amazed and troubled when they find that the larger they make their bats the less they fly. Some day they will learn that a machine having only twice the linear dimensions of another requires eight times the power. Meanwhile, they give up in despair, and go back to kites.

Wilbur is eleven at that time, Orville seven. They go to school like other boys, swim, skate, play baseball. But their home is more of a center of education than their school. Their father is a learned man and something of an inventor to boot, having invented a typewriter in what leisure moments a bishop's life affords. Their mother was the best mathematician in the college from which she graduated. The family library contains some two thousand books and the talk at the dinner table runs from religion to literature, to science and back again. Two older brothers and a sister go to college; Wilbur and Orville don't. They merely finish high school. Having both a mechanical as well as a literary turn, they make a printing press and start a weekly newspaper in which they discuss everything from local dances to philosophical abstractions. When, around 1895, everybody in America begins riding bicycles, they open a shop in a neat brick building in Dayton and take to making bicycles and repairing them. They do it carefully, but they do not make much money.

It is in 1896, eighteen years after the brief adventure with the helicopter, that Wilbur reads to Orville a tragic despatch in a local newspaper. It bears a German date line and tells briefly that a certain Otto Lilienthal has been killed trying to fly with a "glider" of his own invention.

The story makes them thoughtful. Otto Lilienthal means nothing to them, but the account of this foreigner, giving his life in an attempt to solve the ancient problem of flight, bites into their imagination. What are the difficulties in flight that are so hard to overcome?

The mind of one brother, as they talk, kindles the mind of the other. They explore their father's library and find a book on "Animal Mechanism." When they have absorbed that, they write to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington for advice what next to read. The Smithsonian is helpful. It has a scientist on its staff who has himself been caught by the fatal lure of human flight. Samuel P. Langley has that very year perfected a small model of a flying machine which has actually flown indoors under its own power. The Wrights read what they can find to give them light on the history of aëronautics. They have no idea of inventing anything. But they have a certain intellectual curiosity; and discussing the problems of flight is to them much more entertaining than going to a dance or a melodrama.

The history of man's attempts to fly is not encouraging at first glance. The general public, in fact, in America, as elsewhere, has long made up its mind that "there is nothing to it," that man will never fly, and that anyone who fools with mechanical flight is a crank on a level of sanity with the man who is always just on the verge of discovering perpetual motion. The attempts to make a flying machine which will carry a human being through the air on its own power have all been failures from the time of the Greeks through Leonardo da Vinci and some gallant Frenchmen and Englishmen, to Lilienthal and Langley. Mankind is certainly not without justification in turning away with a contemptuous shrug from what looks like a futile toying with impossibilities.

But the Wrights, gripped more and more tenaciously by the idea of mechanical flight, find something besides failure in its long, unhappy history. One by one certain problems have been solved. Men have learned how to make airplanes that will support them when driven through the air at sufficient speed. Men have learned to make engines light enough per horsepower to propel the airplane at the necessary speed and to carry the weight of engine and operator. There are plenty of airplanes which would fly in still air. The thing is to make an airplane which will not capsize when the wind is blowing. The problem here is almost wholly one of equilibrium.

"The real question of the flying machine," says Wilbur to Orville, or Orville to Wilbur, "is how to keep it from turning over."

In the bicycle shop Wilbur talks to Orville, and Orville argues with Wilbur. Aëronautics becomes a pleasant pastime for them, a hobby; then, gradually, a passion. They read, they study, they make experiments in their shop. They are wonderfully congenial, those two; more than congenial, much more. They have grown up together, worked together, played together, eaten and slept together, met the experiences of life together. Neither is married. Their sister Katharine who teaches Latin in Dayton is the only woman who ever really enters their lives.

Four years pass. The Wright brothers, talking aëronautics day and night, get nowhere in particular. Meanwhile, the news of other men's experiments is all bad. A munitions manufacturer and inventor who has spent $100,000 on attempts to make a flying machine, has given up in disgust. A gallant Englishman has been killed attempting a flight. A brilliant Chicago engineer, Chanute, who has been the most optimistic of the pioneers, has admitted that it will be a generation or two before the problem will be solved. Shall two unknown and comparatively uneducated mechanics succeed where the learned of the world have failed? The Wrights are realists. They are not fooling themselves. Apart from the risks to life and limb that every man runs who tries experiments in flight, they know the consequences of daring the untried, the heartbreaking disappointments, the small chance of success against the practical certainty of failure, the ridicule, the bitterness, at the end, of looking back over a lifetime spent in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp. They face those things, and go ahead anyway.

Quietly, in the back of the shop, on the porch of the pleasant house on Hawthorne Street, everywhere, wherever they go, they discuss the disheartening experiences of the other dreamers, and analyze them; and come to a characteristic conclusion. *The way to learn to fly is to fly.* The other experimenters have in a sense sat on a fence and studied the birds; but that, Wilbur explains, is like learning to ride a horse by sitting on the top rail of the corral and watching another man ride.

"If you are looking for perfect safety, you will do well to sit on a fence and watch the birds," he remarks, "but if you really wish to learn, you must mount a machine and become acquainted with its tricks by actual trial."

That seems to both of them merely sound common sense.

Their first problem is to make a "glider"—a set of wings on a frame without an engine—which will not turn over. To the uninitiated average man, the atmosphere runs in comparatively regular currents which he calls winds, but actually the air along the surface of the earth is continually churning, thrown upward like sea-breakers by every hill and tree and building. It moves, not back and forth like the tide, but in whirling rotary masses. In a strong wind the air near the earth is more disturbed than the whirlpools of Niagara. The problem which confronts the Wrights is how to make a glider which will keep its balance in this turbulent fluid.

Lilienthal's solution of balance, and it proved no solution, was to shift his weight. But this plan seems to the Wrights clumsy and impractical. For a long time this question of equilibrium stumps them utterly. The solution comes entirely unexpectedly. One evening Wilbur, tinkering alone in the shop, picks up a cardboard box oblong in shape and not dissimilar to the shape of the glider which he and his brother are building; and idly twists the box in his hand, distorting the surfaces. The idea occurs to him that he might be able to warp the planes of his glider in such a fashion as to meet the varying pressure of the wind! That night for hours he and Orville play with the idea, toss it back and forth, argue over it.

They have, by this time, got far beyond the stage at which they regarded their interest in aëronautics merely as a pleasant pastime. They have been caught by the great spell; and more and more they are yielding to it. But they have no money for costly experiments. They build a little model embodying the principle of the twisted planes, and argue and dream and study.

At last, in 1900, they are ready to make a glider of their own. They build their machine on the general mode of Lilienthal's and Chanute's with wings or planes covered with muslin and fastened one above the other by wooden braces and steel wire. But the device which they introduce to procure balance is entirely their own. They govern the motion of the center of air pressure not by shifting their weight, but by shifting the rudder and the surfaces of the machine against the action of the air with cords attached to the body of the operator lying prone in the center.

In the summer of 1900, they take their glider to Kitty Hawk in North Carolina where, the Weather Bureau tells them, they can depend on finding all the wind they may want.

It is a bare, dazzling region of sand dunes and sandy plains where they make their first actual experiments in flight. The experiments are not particularly successful. Their calculations prove faulty. The gliding they do from the hilltops is an improvement on the experiments of Lilienthal and others only in one particular; but that one is vital. They find that their new and revolutionary method of steering and balancing by shifting surfaces instead of weights, works imperfectly, but it works.

They are back again in Kitty Hawk next summer with an improved glider. But the machine proves rebellious. It does not do what the established mathematical tables of wind pressure and "drift," devised by Lilienthal, tell them it ought to do. They change it, and make it worse. The tables have been checked up by no lesser man than Langley of the Smithsonian, and all experiments in aviation, in Europe as well as in America, have been based on them, so there seems no use in questioning them.

But point by point the Wrights' faith in the existing scientific data is shaken. Here is truth and there is truth; but the alloy of error is so great and it is so intermingled with the truth that it is impossible for them to separate them. They come to the conclusion that the scientific data is worthless, that the principles on which they have been basing their experiments are no principles at all but only guesses, and wild guesses at that. They are further from a solution than they were when they started, for at that time, at least, they had faith in their data.

The Wrights are about ready to admit that the jig is up, that the whole game is hopeless, and that they will spend no more time and energy on it. Since they have no scientific data to build on, all their experimenting is merely the fantastic guessing and groping of the ordinary crank. But the ancient dream possesses them, the dream that some day man will fly, and they cannot shake it off. If there are no data, if there are no principles, no laws known, all right! They will set to work and gather the data themselves. They will dig out the principles. It is an amazing resolve. What they are thinking of doing, great scientists have failed at; and they are bicycle mechanics, not scientists.

They become scientists. Reluctantly, they lay aside their designing and go into research. But the research proves unexpectedly fascinating. They make their own testing machines, and day and night—when the bicycle business permits—build up their evidence. For they are still making and repairing bicycles. No "angel," no organization, is financing them. The shop gives them their bread and butter, their gliders and the jaunts to Kitty Hawk. The greatest mechanical problem of the ages, which has baffled the most learned scientists after a lifetime of labor, these two bicycle repair shop men are trying to solve in their leisure hours.

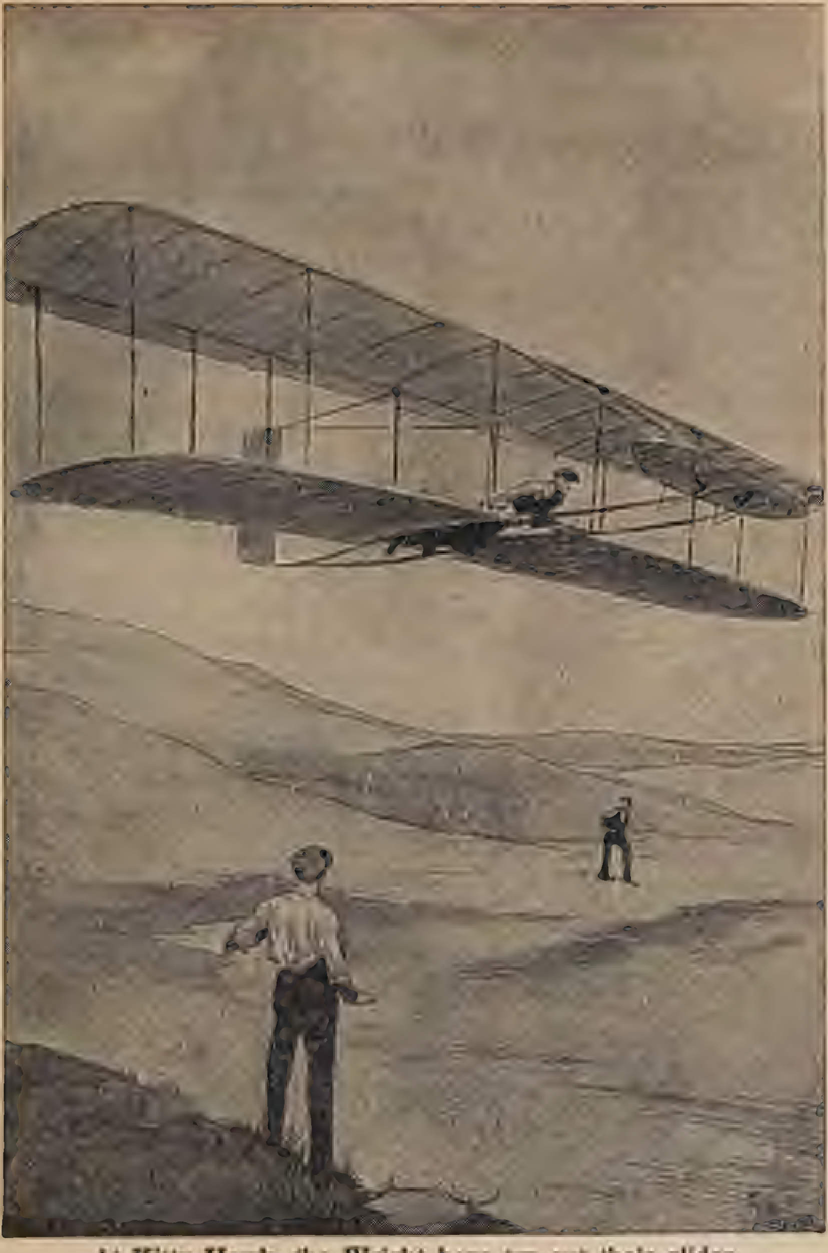
The whole thing, as any sensible person in Dayton will tell you, is a perfect joke, and if the Wright boys weren't so respected and well liked, they would be the laughingstock of the town. As it is, a friend takes Wilbur aside. "Look here, Will, if you keep on with these monkey doodles, you'll go crazy. I'm not sure you're not crazy now."

Wilbur smiles and says nothing. It is said of him that "you have never heard silence until you have talked with Wilbur Wright." But he is not going crazy; neither is Orville. They are two of the sanest men in the state of Ohio; and two of the wisest. Before another summer comes, they have discovered the principles of aërodynamics.

They do not blow any horns about it, or write articles for the scientific magazines. They merely go off to Kitty Hawk a third time. The glider acts according to the calculations, for this time the scientific data are correct. The brothers make a thousand or more short flights from the top of one of the little hills, and gradually learn what they set out to learn, namely the technique of handling a glider in any wind. They have some bad spills, but that does not worry them. One of the things they study and learn is how to fall without hurting themselves.

Three years of gliding—of dragging the great bird with its thirty-two foot spread again and again and again to the top of high sand dunes and then, caught on a strong, opposing wind, to slide along it and down it to earth. Each flight at the peril of injury or death; each flight a step in the education of man toward the mastery of the turbulent air! It is 1902 by this time, and the Wrights have decided that they have established enough practical knowledge to move on to the next experiment, of placing a gas engine upon their winged frame and starting work on the real object of their research, which is mechanical flight. They spend a year making designs and models, and their own engine. They do not want to make their own engine, but no manufacturer will make it for them, so they have to. For their propeller they count on marine data, and find to their dismay that no data exists. So they tackle the problem of screw propellers as they previously tackled the problem of air currents, and with infinite patience and hard work dig out the fundamental principles they are after.

They are ready now to make their greatest experiment,



At Kitty Hawk, the Wright boys try out their glider and actually fly. They go at it with characteristic calmness and assurance. They are not wondering whether or not they are going to succeed. They are confident that they have already succeeded. They have moved ahead carefully and scientifically from point to point, not by guess work but on the sure foundation of principle. All that remains is to demonstrate their achievement. Once more they go to Kitty Hawk.

No one in particular knows when they go or when they arrive. Their comings and goings are of no public interest. It is not that the public is not keeping a weather eye open for what is going on in aviation; but all its interest is focused on a great event which is about to happen near the city of Washington. Seven years before, in 1896, the War Department—taking note of Professor Langley's airplane model—has appropriated $50,000 for the construction of a machine capable of carrying a man under its own power. The Professor has been at work ever since, but now the work is done at last and the great bird he has built is to have its trial flight. Everybody of any note in Washington is invited to come four miles down the Potomac and witness the first flight of man. The newspapers are full of the event and send their best men to "cover" it. True, an earlier exhibition was not notably successful, but this is going to be different.

The plane, resting on the roof of the houseboat, sets its motor in action, darts forward and drops—*splash!*—into the Potomac. That is all, except the derision, the ridicule, the "wise cracks" that break an old professor's heart; and the solemn editorials which give, in excellent English, all the reasons why the dream of human flight is one of the most futile of man's delusions.

There are no statesmen, no newspapermen, in attendance at Kitty Hawk nine days later when Orville Wright "takes off." He and Wilbur have invited all the neighbors for miles around, but not many seem willing to face the rigors of a cold December wind in order to see a flying machine which, of course, will never leave the ground. Altogether, they have an audience of five.

It would be difficult to determine to whom on this December morning comes the deepest thrill—to the brother in the air, the brother on the earth, or the five men—farmers and coast guards—who see the dream of the ages come true as they watch a machine built by man and directed by man raise itself from the ground and fly through the air.

The first flight is short, and erratic. The wind is blowing twenty-seven miles an hour and the machine darts up suddenly and darts down as it flies. After twelve seconds a downward dart lands it in the sand. Wilbur's flight which follows is a little longer; Orville's, after Wilbur's, longer yet; the final flight lasts fifty-nine seconds and covers a distance of 852 feet.

Thereupon, having determined to their own satisfaction, and the satisfaction of five awe-struck Carolinians that they have solved the problem of human flight, Wilbur and Orville Wright pack their machine in two crates and a barrel and return to Dayton. A few newspapers, getting an imaginative account of what has happened at Kitty Hawk, from a reporter who was not there, print a brief story about it on an inside page. But the Wrights' achievement does not make one one-hundredth part of the impression which Langley's failure made. As far as the general public is concerned, the flight of heavier-than-air machines is as unthinkable as ever.

But the Wrights do not care particularly what the world is thinking about the possibility of flight. They have achieved it in its simplest terms, and they are now eager to study and solve the minor but highly important problems which remain to be solved before flying can be made practicable. So far they have flown only in a straight line. Every attempt to turn to right or left has resulted in a tipping over of the machine. They solve that problem by an intricate system of wires which warp the wings as the rudder is turned; and before the end of another year, Orville has made the first successful turn in the air and Wilbur the first complete circle. The following year they make endurance tests. Their flights are no longer to be measured in seconds. By October, 1905, they are flying over half an hour at a time.

They close their bicycle shop at last, and, daily now, they are in the air, not in the seclusion of Kitty Hawk, but over an open field just outside Dayton. There are busy thoroughfares on two sides with wagons and automobiles and electric cars passing constantly, but in some strange fashion the idea that the Wright brothers are really flying will not make its way into the public consciousness. The conviction that human flight is impossible is too firmly established, and the public will not *believe* even when it *sees*. The Dayton papers are polite but skeptical; in other cities, the press is merely silent. The news of what these two American mechanics are doing reaches France before it reaches the minds of more than a handful of people in the United States. The Aëro Club of France gets hugely excited, but Americans continue to remain entirely calm.

In 1907, however, the War Department becomes interested and gives the Wrights a contract to furnish a flying machine with a speed of forty miles an hour, capable of carrying two men and sufficient fuel for a flight of 125 miles. Once more, a year later, the Wrights seek the solitudes of Kitty Hawk in order to test out the completed machine.

The newspapers become aware at last that possibly they may have been missing something and send their best men to seek out the Ohio mechanics in their lair and tell the world what they find. They find dazzling white sand dunes and a dazzling sea under the Carolina sun, and in the midst of the shimmer and the glare, a great bird winging its way toward them, thirty feet above the ground. They stare, spellbound, as the wings tilt and the bird wheels slowly and returns as it has come. The impossible is happening before their eyes, the ancient, fantastic dream has come true. Man has flown.

Next day, the whole country, the whole world knows it. To the world it brings the consciousness of a new era opening. To the Wrights, it brings the dawn of an immortal fame.

DR. GRENFELL

"THE Labrador Doctor," as he is called, has a date in New York. On a certain day in May a number of influential people are planning to foregather to hear him tell of the needs of the fisherfolk of "the Labrador," and, if he is persuasive enough, give him money to carry on his work. Very good. The trip from "the Labrador" to New York is not as pleasant as a jaunt from London to Dover but to the Labrador Doctor it is just about as commonplace. With the dog team he will go over the sea ice north to the straits of Belleisle and round the point southward to Port aux Basques in Newfoundland; then by steamer to Nova Scotia and the rest of the way by train. It takes a little time and the wind may nip your nose and ears, but there is no danger about it.

But out of somewhere steps a jinx, determined clearly that the doctor shall not go to New York to make the speech which will start the dollars rolling toward "the Labrador." For a blizzard blows up from the northeast, heaves the tide under the ice and effectually disposes of the dog route for the season. But the doctor must make that speech. Too much depends on it—his hospitals at St. Anthony, at Indian Harbor, at Battle Harbor, far up the coast; his new orphanage, his new ship which is his substitute for the doctor's buggy of the old days in American countrysides.

But there is only one way in which he can get to his meeting—to run south in a small motor boat amid the broken ice for a hundred miles, get ashore and hike another hundred miles overland through deep snow across a trackless wilderness to the railway that leads to St. John's—a desperate venture.

With a single companion, he sets out. On the land side lies the broken, heavy shore ice; on the other, the tremendous broken ice pack from the Arctic. Between the two perils, he steers his frail launch. But the wind rises and, driving the sea ice before it, slowly relentlessly, closes the gap of open water. To go forward on that course means to be crushed like an eggshell between the two bodies of ice.

Grenfell steers the boat nearer shore. But suddenly there is a wrenching sound which he and his companion know too well. The launch is on a rock. They plug the jagged hole as well as they can, and go on. The wind brings biting cold. The pipes of the motor freeze. They thaw them out, patch them somehow, and go on.

But the ice closes in before them; there is no going south. Very good. Grenfell makes up his mind that he will return to St. Anthony, his starting point, and make his way somehow north through the straits of Belleisle to the western side of Newfoundland. Jinx or no jinx, he must get to New York.

But when he points the bow northward again, on that side, too, the ice closes in. But that is only a little annoyance. Grenfell runs the launch into a little harbor, leaves it, and borrows a rowboat and a pair of boathooks. Carefully, he and his companion pick their way northward through the floe. But the wind suddenly drives the ice in upon them and crushes the boat. Just in time they leap on an ice pan.

Around them are ice blocks and open water, with the tide moving seaward. They have saved their two rifles; but the shore gives no response to their discharges. At last some fishermen rescue them and take them in to St. Anthony's.

So Grenfell is back where he started. The meeting in New York is postponed a week or two, and, when the open water is a mile wide, the doctor starts out again, this time on his little steamer, the "Strathcona." He turns the northern point, but the straits are full of icebergs and thick floe. He tries to back his ship out of it, but the thermometer falls like a plummet, and the "Strathcona" is frozen tight in the ice. Once more the jinx is triumphant.

But only for a moment. The doctor has tried the ice route and the water route; the solid earth remains. With a packful of food and clothes on his back, he starts off on foot down the Straits to the land. He walks thirty miles a day, sleeps in what shelter he can find and arrives at the open-water port where the mail boat calls, after three days, tired and prodigiously hungry.

Fisherfolk set a steaming meal before him, but just as he is sitting down to it he is called away to operate on a young fisherman, five miles away, who has accidently shot his leg nearly off. Grenfell runs those five miles as he has never run before and saves the man's life by seconds. Then at last he gets his dinner, his night's sleep, his mail boat, his steamer to New York, and finally his meeting.

That is Wilfred Grenfell, descendant of that Sir Richard Grenville who was captain of "the little 'Revenge'" and sent the fear of God into the Spanish armada. Tennyson sings of him:

"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

He is a man of middle height, compactly built, all wire. His broad, high forehead, framed in fluffy hair, is as wrinkled as a muddy road. His eyes, habitually half shut after thirty-odd years facing the sun and winds of Labrador, are thoughtful and kind; his nose is straight, and broad at the nostrils; his mouth, under the scraggy mustache, is incurably humorous. He looks like a man who has loved fun all his life, and pursued it.

That is, in fact, exactly what he has done, though a less venturesome soul might not share his conception of fun. He is of that English breed which for four hundred years has been sailing the seas of the world, fighting the enemies of England and now and again fighting England herself for a principle of liberty. He belongs to the line of Drake and Raleigh, of Clive and Gordon, who take their joy in exploring wildernesses, planting colonies, building empires, and doing it all with no expression of solemn purpose but as a gorgeous adventure which they would not miss for all the gold in King Solomon's mines.

He has grown up beside the sea. When his boyhood friends take to horses, he naturally takes to boats. When, in college vacations, they travel in Italy and France, he cruises in an old fishing smack in the Irish Sea, along the coast of Wales or around the Isle of Man. When finally he becomes a doctor, it requires only a word telling him of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen to make him catch the hint where his life work lies.

The Mission's little schooner has *Heal the sick!* on one side of her prow, and *Preach the Word!* on the other. It is the work of healing which is Grenfell's. Here it is a medicine that he gives, there a surgical operation, up and down the North Sea, the English Channel, the waters around Ireland.

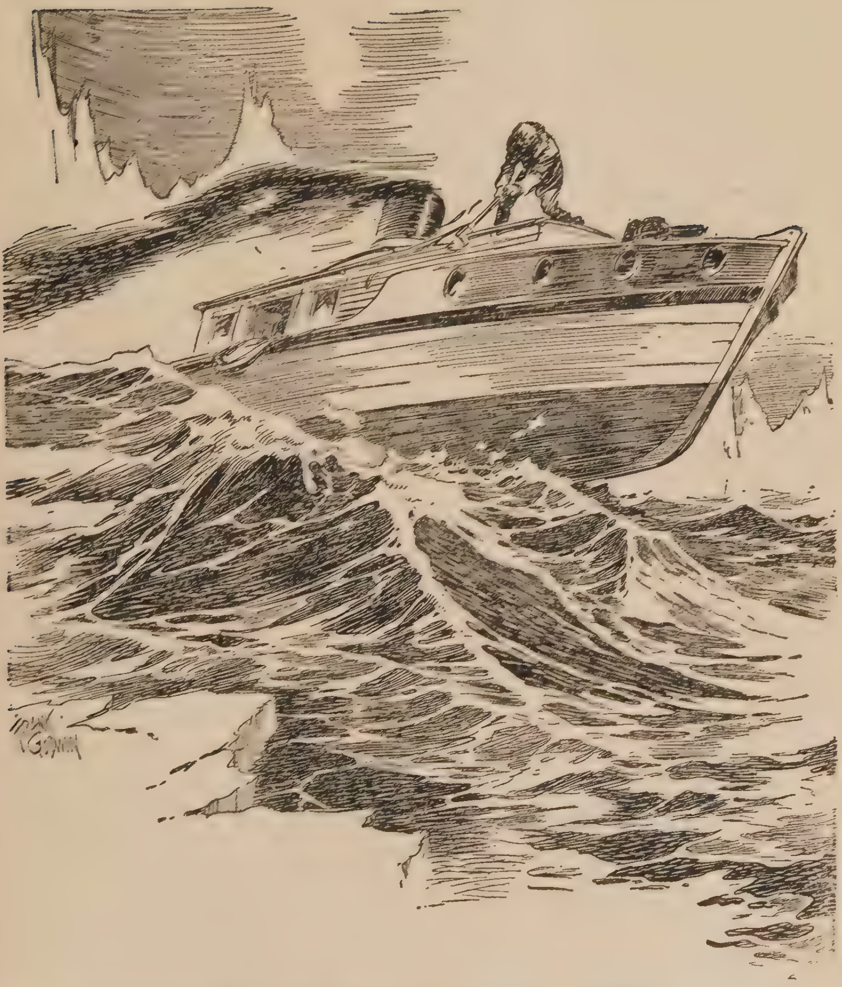
Then one day the cry that the Macedonians of old sent out, "Come over and help us!" comes from the far spaces of the northwest Atlantic, and, shortly after, a ship no larger than that which took John Cabot to the same shores in 1497 takes Wilfred Grenfell in 1892 to the fishing fleet off "the Labrador."

"The Labrador"! The English language does curious things, or perhaps it is that the English mind does curious things with it. The great bulk of that barren country which juts out from the American continent on the east, as Alaska juts out from it on the west, is called just Labrador, and belongs to Canada. But the narrow strip along the seacoast, which belongs to Newfoundland puts *the* before the name. It is a wild, windswept, treeless country, bitterly cold except for three summer months; often blanketed in fog for weeks at a time, walled in by a barren wilderness on the west and an icy ocean of storms on the east. But the coast, with its successive ranges of mountains, its many little islands and deep inlets, has a kind of harsh beauty, and the very loneliness of that northern land, cut off from the rest of the world for a large part of the year, gives it a lure for the adventurous soul.

Grenfell is captivated by it from the first moment that his little yawl sails into the fishing fleet anchored in Domino Cove and the calls for the doctor begin. On sea and ashore there is pitiful need for his knowledge and skill. Men and women are living in agony through a period of months or years for lack of the quick incision or the wrench or the few words of advice which he can give. But what is he alone in that vast country? He gives where he can, but his helplessness in cases where not doctoring but nursing is needed is heartbreaking.

There is not a hospital on "the Labrador," not a place where the fishermen or the sealers, in agony from the snow-blindness, can go for treatment. More serious still, there is no one to take a human interest in these folk living in their bare shacks scattered through the stony countryside. There is no one to take their side against thieving traders, no one to care whether they starve, freeze to death, kill their families and themselves in mad despair. There are no churches, no schools, nothing of what makes the difference between wilderness and civilization. They call it "the land that God forgot." Here truly is a place for a doctor of bodies and souls.

So Wilfred Grenfell goes back to England merely to seek other doctors and a nurse or two to return with him; and thereafter his life belongs to "the Labrador." He builds a hospital at St. Anthony, another at Battle Harbor. He



Dr. Grenfell breaks up the cabin roof of the "Princess May" for fuel founds an institute for fishermen at St. John's. He organizes coöperative societies to defeat the traders who are robbing the folk whom debt has placed in their clutches. And always he is healing the sick and bringing cheer to the downhearted.

He makes his circuits over the ice by dog team, over the water by steamer or sailing ship or motor boat. He sleeps in the huts of fishermen or in crude shelters on the wind-whipped shores. Is it a hard life in that wild country just under the Arctic Circle? Grenfell thinks it is excellent sport.

He has brought a little steam launch from England, and the seafaring men prophesy the worst when he sets forth out of St. John's harbor. An iceberg will smash her, they insist; the heavy swells will swamp her; she will run aground on any one of a hundred shoals jutting far out from shore just under the surface of the sea.

After five miles, the engineer announces that the little "Princess May" has sprung a leak. Shall he turn back? Grenfell sees a vision of those seafaring men back in St. John's, and says, "No. We'll stand on."

He plugs up the hole. Then fog comes. He barely misses running straight into a huge cliff because someone has screwed his compass down with iron instead of brass screws and the compass has gone wrong. The little launch rolls dizzily in the swell as they plunge northward, again escapes destruction on the rocks by a hair, and somehow finds the open sea. All that, to Grenfell, is just meat and drink, and it is just a part of the game to break up and burn the cabin roof for fuel before he gets back to St. John's.

A special Providence seems to watch over him. When a benefactor gives him a real steamer, he takes her among the rocks as he has taken the "Princess May," missing destruction again and again by an inch, but somehow always missing it.

The whole coast knows him now—the fishermen, the sealing fleet, the Eskimos up North, the white settlers around the anchorages; and welcome him as though he were some all-powerful god wandering the world in disguise. He heals their bodies, and with quiet services on a Sunday, a short prayer, a few hymns, reaches out toward their simple, valiant souls.

All winter, behind his dog team he moves up and down the frozen coast from settlement to settlement. Is a woman ill thirty miles away? A fierce blizzard is raging, the temperature is fifty or sixty below zero, but the doctor insists on going to her.

The tide is flowing over the ice, but they plunge through it across the harbor, then on, in the teeth of the gale, bumping into boulders, tripping over stumps, swept always by the screaming blizzard. They come to a point at which they cannot go forward, they cannot go back; and yet to remain where they are means to be frozen into pillars of ice. By a miracle, almost, they find a shelter hut where they spend the night. But at daylight they are off again fighting their way through the storm. They reach the sick woman at sunset, just in time.

Distance means nothing to the Labrador Doctor. The weather is so harsh anyway, nine months out of the twelve, that a little more or less severity does not bother him. From sixty miles away comes a call for the doctor to operate for blood poisoning. His eight dogs are ready in no time, his kit is at his side in the sled. Before evening falls he has gone twenty miles on his journey.

It is raining when he starts out next morning, the season's first rain. From the bay which he must cross he can hear the grinding and crashing of the heavy ice. He hugs the shore, but an island some three miles out has protected the ice, forming an ice bridge, with only a few crevices and he makes a dash for it. He reaches it in safety; but there are still four miles to go. The wind favors him, driving the loosening blocks into a solid mass.

His dogs plunge across it, covering one mile, two miles, three, three and a half.

But suddenly the wind falls. The slabs of ice begin to ease and shift. The dogs try to drag the sledge forward but they sink in the slushy freezing mush, too watery to stand on, too thick to swim in, and freezing cold.

The doctor clings to the leather trace of the leading dog and is dragged forward a few yards as the dog scrambles up an ice pan. But the animal slips his collar. The doctor clutches another dog's trace and pulls himself laboriously up on a little island of frozen snow. But the current is bearing it out to sea, and minute by minute the drizzling rain is melting it under him. His coat, his cap, his gloves are gone. All he has on are some old football togs, short trousers, long stockings, a flannel shirt, and a sweater.

There is little hope for him, but what hope there is lies in his reaching a larger and more solid ice pan. He knots the traces into two long strands, ties one end to his two leaders, clutches the other and urges his dogs forward. But they refuse to leave the pair. He throws them into the water. They swim back. At last he flings a piece of ice on another pan. His pet spaniel, who is with him, understands and goes for it. The other dogs follow, dragging him through the slush.

So now they are on a block of powdered ice some ten feet by twelve. But the wind is rising, blowing them into open water and down the coast. The doctor knows that there is no reasonable hope for him but he is not the sort to say *die!* ahead of the trumpet. Instead, he slits up his long sealskin boots and makes himself a kind of coat. But he must have more clothes, and he and his dogs must have food. He kills one of the animals, then another, and a third, skins them, stitches their hides with bits of leather, and makes himself another coat.

Darkness falls, black and icy. He sits on the dead dogs and huddles the living around him for warmth. He feels no fear. He assumes that he will, in all probability, never reach shore alive, but the thought does not greatly disturb him. His principal regret is that with so much to do in the world, so many people in trouble, in pain, he he has done so little. Meanwhile, the sea is rocking his island like a cradle, and—let the angels record it!—he goes to sleep.

At dawn, when he wakes, the thought comes to him that he must make something in the way of a flag to attract the notice of people on shore. The frozen legs of the three dead dogs, tied together with strips of rawhide, become his flagstaff. His shirt is his flag. The arrangement works perfectly until the sun rises and melts the legs, but he stands waving hour after hour, laughing at himself now and again, knowing the odd figure he is cutting.

And then, suddenly, the gleam of an oar! He has been discovered. Fishermen are on the way to rescue him. Another adventure is over, and after an hour or two, in fresh clothes, he is once more on his way to the patient forty miles away.

And so he labors, facing death and overcoming it, as a part of the day's work. And as he labors year after year, a wild waste of country where twenty thousand men, women, and children led hunted, miserable lives, becomes a nation, taking pride in itself, controlling some of the forces which once tyrannized over it. No longer those lonely creatures suffer as bitterly as they did from famine, from disease. They are leaving its superstitions behind. They are seeking knowledge. The Labrador Doctor has done it all, by the force of his determination and his ardent spirit. For he has made others see the need that he sees, feel the enthusiasm to help which he feels, loosen the purse strings or lay aside the pleasant occupations of a sheltered life and go with him to work along "the Labrador."

And the doctor, with a wife now, and a string of children, and honors from kings and colleges upon his head and all the civilized world saying that he is one of the greatest souls in it, in the year 1928, as thirty years before, follows his dog teams still across the ice to lonely fishermen's huts, steers his launch among ice floes, risks his neck daily, and laughs, simple, kindly, strong and true; unhesitatingly brave, unwaveringly merry.

CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

EIGHTEEN hundred forty-four. John Tyler is President of the United States. It is a big lot of landscape he is President of, and a young, fiery people. Beyond Missouri, the country is unsettled and, in the main, even unexplored; but pioneers are pushing westward, pushing westward. The average American citizen is feeling mighty fine these days. He knows he can make a living, if not at home then westward somewhere, where land is his for the asking. And isn't every American a king? What if the seat of the federal government at Washington is weeks away over bad roads and broken trails? It is *his* government; he put it there, President, Congress, and all.

Oh, landsakes! *Didn't* he put it there though! Those election processions, those mass meetings in the open air, with men coming from miles around bringing their whole families, coming in covered wagons, on horseback, on foot to hear the orator shout from the stump, and to eat the beef at the barbecue! Did he elect "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too"? Of course! Harrison ate too much one day, and died, and now Tyler is running the show, but Mr. Average American isn't worrying much how things are going.

There's the Constitution, in the first place, to hold the government in line; then the men who govern under the Constitution are the kind of people he knows, people who live as he lives, think as he thinks. They may not all be as skilful as Daniel Webster or Henry Clay in using the English language, but they are smart enough to see when anybody inside these United States, or outside, is trying to take advantage of Uncle Sam. And, being his kind, Mr.

Average American knows they won't go very far wrong in giving him the sort of government he ought to have. So he is free to look out for his farm, his county, his state. Things are lively these days, new towns being built, old towns growing up, churches, schools, universities being established. Hearts expand and minds grow keen. There is an opportunity for every man in the country to make his mark and his fortune if he has it in him. It is a great time to be alive.

There is only one country in the world which can compare in size and resources with this vigorous young giant of the Western Hemisphere; that is Russia. But what of Russia in the year 1844?

Nicholas I is czar of Russia. He rules by no constitution, he has no Congress to keep a check upon his acts; he is king and parliament and judge in one. The "Autocrat of all the Russias," they call him; his word is law and death and life. He appoints the great officials who appoint the lesser officials who appoint the men with the clubs all over the Empire. All power goes back to the czar; he gives it, he takes it away. Each officer in his district, each nobleman on his estate, is an autocrat, as the czar is over the whole. The people have no power. These countless millions on the wind-swept steppes of Russia and Siberia, these half-starved peasant slaves in their icy hovels, who are they to say how they are to be ruled? Their part is to work and suffer and obey.

On an estate in western Russia, three hundred miles south of St. Petersburg, three hundred miles west of Moscow, a daughter is born in that year 1844, in the house of a wealthy landowner named Verigo. Katya, they call her. She spends her girlhood on her father's estate and on the neighboring domain which Katya's father operates for the snobbish old Duchess of Galitzin. It is a good place for a child to come to know Russia, that oasis of high society in a desert of slavery and gloom. Nobles and high officials are always coming and going. Long dinners, with the tables crowded with food and wines; card games for high stakes, are a part of every week's routine. So too are the groups of dull-faced serfs trudging to work in the fields—the peasant pleading with tears for food to keep his family from starvation, the noble lady ordering him sharply out into the snow where he belongs.

All Russia is mirrored in the life which little Katya sees passing under her wistful eyes—its splendor, its wretchedness, its spiritual and intellectual poverty. The gentlemen may growl at Czar Nicholas, the ladies may discuss the poetry of Pushkin or Byron, but they make no public protest against the censorship which Nicholas exercises over all thought in Russia. His object is "to make printing harmless." Books on logic, philosophy, politics, government, are all forbidden. Not even new inventions like the telegraph may be commended in the newspapers until the government has officially declared them "useful." Critics are shipped to Siberia. A great popular poet, who cannot be conveniently exiled, is discreetly murdered. Thinking men rage, but the nobles acquiesce because it is to their interest to keep on the right side of the Czar. The darkness of the Middle Ages is over Russia. It lies upon the palace of the Czar, the offices of his officials, the manor house of the nobleman, the hovel of the peasant. The ancient law of tyrants, *Thou shalt not think!* which the civilized countries of Europe threw into the discard centuries before, still rules Russia. And it is as though a despot had cried, *Thou shalt not breathe!*

Katya, it happens, is doing considerable thinking, with results which are deeply disquieting. When you have the run of a great estate with numberless serfs to wait on you in a beautiful house, it is pleasant if you can play the great lady and accept it all as your due, feeling no questionings of the mind, no qualms of the conscience, seeing the price at which your ease is purchased. Those slaves working

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

from dawn until dark in the fields, whipped, robbed of their goods, their children, left to wait in the snow and the icy cold all day and half the night because the master is too busy playing cards to answer a question or give an order, the thought of them begins to haunt Katya.

She is first hurt, then bewildered by what she sees and hears. The Bible, which her mother reads to her, teaches that if a beggar asks you for your cloak you would do well to give him your coat also; and yet when she gives a ragged peasant a cape of hers, she is scolded for it. That seems strange. She goes to the huts of the serfs, and wonders, she who has so much, why these poor creatures—human beings like herself—should have so little. Her father is kind to his serfs, far kinder than most of the landowners of his time; he never flogs them, for instance. But the hard-worked, half-starved peasants have no rights. Any of them may be sent to Siberia for life for a single word of disobedience. Her family tell her it is as it must be; that is the way the world is constituted and it cannot be changed. Katya wonders.

The noble duchess, of whose estate Katya's father is the steward, has a library which Katya makes her own. Before she is nine she has read and absorbed a long history of Russia; before she is sixteen she has devoured most of the revolutionary literature of France, and knows every detail of the story of the French Revolution. She looks upon the serfs now with deeper understanding; and the longing comes to her to set them free. She dreams tall dreams. With the stories of the gold rush in her mind, she dreams of going to California and coming back with a fortune to set free her father's slaves.

But it looks for a while as if her help were not going to be needed. Nicholas is dead; a czar of another sort has come to the throne. Alexander II sees that oppressive government is crippling the nation. Katya is thrilled, as all educated young Russia is thrilled, when in 1861 the

Czar liberates the serfs. She is seventeen then and already conducting a school for the peasants near her father's estate. But the freedom which the Czar has granted with such a fine blowing of trumpets proves worse than even the slavery was. The little land which formerly every peasant had been given to cultivate is taken away from him. The peasants rage, protest, finally revolt. They are beaten with knotted ropes until they give in or die. The Czar, according to his lights, is a good man, but the great landowners and the officials are brutal and opposed to freedom for anybody except themselves. Other reforms which the Czar grants —freedom of the press, trial by jury, local self-government— are made a mockery in their execution. The light of reform and liberation which shone so brightly for a few years, vanishes. The darkness over Russia is as deep as before.

But young men and women of the educated classes have seen that light and in their hearts it continues to burn although everywhere else it is quenched. They are nobles some of them, all of them are rich or well-to-do, but they are restless in their dependence. "The bread that has been made by slaves is bitter," they quote, determined to earn their own living. In St. Petersburg, they meet in groups and plan for the welfare of their country. It is the peasants about whom all their thinking turns. They know that it is the peasants who are Russia and that, until the peasants are given just treatment, Russia will stagger as a fettered prisoner in the dark.

They are not talking of revolution; only of reform. "It is a poor patriot," says Katya, "who will not thoroughly try his government before he rises against it." Katya returns to her father's estate, marries a young man named Breshkovsky, apparently as deeply interested in the new movement as herself, and sets to work with him and with other eager spirits to improve the life of the peasants in her own neighborhood.

Czar Alexander's reforms are on the statute books, but the nobles have refused to enforce them. Katya and her friends explain to the peasants what their rights are, in certain local matters they may vote; certain magistrates, they, the peasants, may choose. Katya knows her people, she speaks their language. The peasants begin to take an interest in elections and vote, with the result that certain despotic and grafting landowners lose their offices. They run howling to the Minister of the Interior and denounce Katya and her friends as conspirators against the government. Katya's father is removed from office as a "dangerous" man. Two or three of her friends are exiled to Siberia without a trial. She herself is placed under police surveillance. The Governor of the province puts it in a nutshell: "We want no apostles here."

As far as Katya Breshkovsky is concerned, that settles the matter; a government which will not permit its own laws to be decently enforced is fit only to be overthrown. Then and there she ceases to be a reformer and becomes a revolutionist. She knows what the term implies. Sooner or later it means imprisonment, exile, probably a violent death.

She asks her husband if he will face such a prospect with her? He loves her, he is devoted to the cause, he begs her to be content to advance it by moderate means as in the past. She shakes her head; she sees her path and she must follow it. He cannot see that path for himself; he cannot join her. They separate. When, a month later, their child is born, she parts with that too. That second parting nearly breaks her heart. But she knows that she cannot be both a mother and a revolutionist. She chooses to be a fighter for justice rather than the mother of a victim of tyranny.

Again she goes among the peasants, but it is not now as a beautiful young noblewoman that she speaks to them of liberty. She has erased the soft beauty of her skin with acid, she has put on peasant's costume, she has learned the dyer's trade and goes on foot from village to village with a dyer's pack on her back. A girl friend is with her, a dyer, too. A young nobleman makes the third of their party, a cobbler now. Their days of playing with reform as the Queen of France and her ladies once played at being shepherdesses, is over now. They are on grim business, prepared to meet the peasants on their own ground. The distance between village and village is long, their packs are heavy, their delicacy revolts against the vermin-infested houses where they must sleep. It is hard, moreover, to swallow the coarse bread. Katya's girl friend turns back; but the cobbler sticks.

It is a rough road to liberty which they have chosen. The privations are many and bitter, and the peasants are hard to rouse. They have had a dose of freedom, so-called, and they want no more of it. Besides, does this dyer talk against the Czar? Doesn't she know that the Czar is good and wants only the welfare of his people?

"It is only the nobles who are evil," say the peasants. "Everything that is bad comes from the nobles who tore out the pages which gave the peasant justice in Russia's book of laws. And what is the use of revolting against the nobles? They have the soldiers on their side and what can we with our pitchforks do against their muskets and whips? No, we must wait until our father, the Czar, hears what the nobles are doing to us; then he will avenge us."

There is just enough truth behind the pitiful loyalty of these ignorant, oppressed creatures to make it hard to answer. For the Autocrat in all his splendor is himself a victim of a system. He appoints the officials, he can dismiss or exile the greatest or the least of them; but as a body they and their machinery rule him. They crushed the heart of Alexander I; they have broken the spirit of Alexander II.

It is ungrateful labor to attempt to wake despair to revolution. Katya Breshkovsky and her cobbler are not asking themselves day by day whether they are succeeding in their mission or failing. It is enough for them to know that they are offering these tragic ones a gospel which sooner or later will lead them to salvation. Let them, in their ignorance and despair, refuse it now; some day they will accept it and follow it to freedom.

The two "flame seekers," as they are called, trudge from village to village. By night, in low rooms packed with men, women, and children, Katya speaks of the sufferings of the peasant—the floggings, the deaths under the lash.

"Are men to be flogged forever?" she asks.

The fierce roar that answers her is so loud that the cattle in the next room bellow in fright and have to be quieted.

She speaks of starvation. "To be free and live, the people must own the land!" Far into the night she speaks. In the firelight, the faces glow toward hers.

Two years of such wandering, such meetings; then she is betrayed. It is quite by accident. A "hired girl" in the house of a peasant whose wife is ill, pokes around in Katya Breshkovsky's pack and tells a neighbor of certain bits of printing. The news runs from one to another until it reaches the village constable. He goes to investigate. Katya watches, munching an apple, as he digs his fingers into the pack and brings out her revolutionary pamphlets. Indignantly he reads one of them aloud, but the peasants are thrilled and think he is reading the lost pages of the law. But Katya is bundled off to St. Petersburg.

For two years she is kept in solitary confinement awaiting trial. The prison is filled with other revolutionists and it is not long before she gets into communication with them. An iron pipe on which the cots are set runs from cell to cell and she is astonished as she lies the first night waiting for sleep, to hear a *tick-tick-tickity-tick-tick* at her ear. It is a code, and before many days she has learned it. Day and night messages come along it, tapped off with amazing rapidity; messages and stories in gay succession, and news not so gay of prisoners dying or going mad, and appeals to hold fast, to *stick*, and words of love, back and forth, between men and women who have never seen one another.

The trial, in 1878, is a farce, intended not to find the truth but to condemn.

"I have the honor to belong to the Russian socialistic and revolutionary party," Madame Breshkovsky proudly declares. "I do not recognize the authority of the Czar's court over me."

She is condemned not only for spreading revolutionary propaganda but also for contempt of court, and given a murderer's sentence, five years at hard labor as a convict in the mines, in addition to her Siberian exile.

It is five thousand miles to the mines at Kara—five thousand miles at a gallop in a springless wagon over rough, rutted roads between two brutal gendarmes. All day, all night, for a week at a stretch sometimes, they rush on, with no rest except for ten minutes when the horses are changed. When they do stop for a night, the prisons where they stay are filthy beyond description. The journey is one long, drawn-out misery.

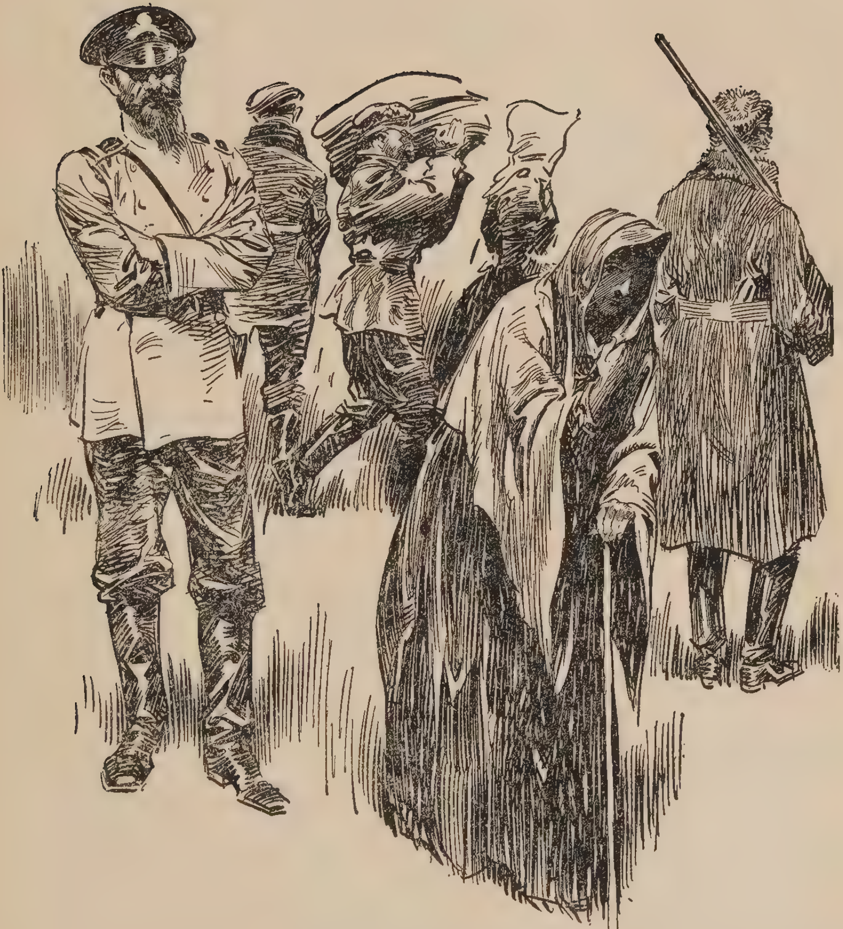
They are bitter years that follow, first at Kara, then in a frozen village within the Arctic Circle, given barely enough food to live on, watched night and day, forbidden to teach, harshly punished because another prisoner has been mutinous, clothed in filthy convicts' rags. She tries to escape, is captured and treated more harshly than ever, lodged in a filthy cell, fed on putrid meat.

Her term comes to an end but she is not allowed to return to Russia. She is sent to a dreary village on the Chinese border where she has not a single person of intelligence or cultivation to talk to. She lives on her exile's allowance of five dollars a month. The money her friends send her, the money she earns, all goes to her fellow sufferers in other parts of Siberia. An American newspaperman, George Kennan, visits her there and tells the world of one who has raised all his own standards of courage, of fortitude, of heroic self-sacrifice. "Her face bore traces of much suffering, and her thick, dark, wavy hair which had been cut in prison, was streaked here and there with gray; but neither hardship, nor exile nor penal servitude had been able to break her brave, finely tempered spirit, or to shake her convictions of honor and duty."

For eight dreadful, empty years she is in this place. Then she is declared a free exile; she is permitted to travel —in Siberia. She uses her liberty well. Wherever she goes, revolutionary organizations spring up. Her faith in the cause never wavers. "We may die in exile, and our children may die in exile, and our children's children may die in exile, but something will come of it at last."

Eighteen years in Siberia, from 1878 to 1896, from her thirty-fourth year to her fifty-second, the best years of her life. Then she is back in Russia again, free. Her father and mother are dead, her husband is dead, her son, brought up by aristocrats, is an aristocrat himself and has no sympathy for this revolutionary mother of his. But Madame Breshkovsky finds that her sister, who has lived in luxury these eighteen years, looks older and more careworn than herself. Her sister has worried about her coffee, her servants, her garden. She, Katya, has had no baggage for twenty years and has worried about nothing.

She finds that the situation in Russia has greatly changed during her absence. The peasants are no longer apathetic. They have learned at last that the Czar will give them no help and that their only hope lies in revolution. The workmen in the factories too are awake and rebellious. A quarter of a million men and women have been sent into exile, but the revolutionary movement is more vigorous than ever. She travels up and down through Russia, openly at first, then in disguise. Everywhere she is received



At a moment's notice, Catherine Breshkovsky can change herself from a grand lady to an old peasant woman with love, almost with adoration. "Baboushka," the peasant's call her, "the dear little grandmother."

Once more the government is after her, but she is hard to catch. At a moment's notice with an old shawl in her handbag she can change herself from a grand lady to an old peasant woman, and back again. Once she conceals her identity behind a cook's apron in her own kitchen. Another time, she slips through a ring of gendarmes about a railroad station as the devout companion of a group of nuns. The police are no match for her.

In 1904, she goes to the United States to awaken public interest in her cause. She is enthusiastically received. She speaks in a dozen cities, she collects ten thousand dollars for the revolution, and returns to Russia and plunges once more into her old activities. She is sixty now, but her energy is not abated. For a few weeks in 1905, it seems as if her long labors were at last to be crowned with success. The pitiful failure of the Russian government in the war with Japan fans the flames of revolution. A general strike ties up every railroad, every street-car line, every electric plant and water system in Russia. The Czar is panic-stricken and promises the people constitutional government. There are wild rejoicings. But the promised freedom never comes. The Czar goes back on his word. The parliament he gives the people has no power; it is nothing but a dignified debating society; and the grand-dukes and the landowners are more ruthless than before.

Baboushka goes back to her old work. For three years she eludes the secret police, but in 1908 she is betrayed and sent to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul to await trial. Her face is radiant and proud when, after two years of close confinement, her sentence is delivered. It is exile for life.

Again, the long, bitter journey, again the gray loneliness, again the slow passing of the months, the years; again the icy cold, the scant food. Baboushka is an old lady, bent with rheumatism. But her spirit is as young as it ever was; she is full of life and fun; her courage never wavers. Once more she is sent hither and yon, once more, determined to get back into the great adventure at home, she tries to escape. Solitary confinement cannot break her spirit, and when a doctor tells her that she has a "fatal malady" she laughs. She knows that she cannot possibly die until the revolution comes.

Ten years pass. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of eager men and women who love their country and their fellow men, follow her into the grim exile of Siberia. The Czar and his nobles are riding on the top of the wave. It seems as though the forty years of labor and suffering have had no effect except to strengthen the Autocrat on his throne. Then suddenly, in 1914, the Great War comes. The Russian government is caught in a trap. The only real friend of Russian autocracy in Europe is on the throne of Germany. But, by the force of circumstances, the Czar is fighting against the Kaiser, on the side of those free peoples who detest him and all his works. Russia is torn; her own nobles betray her into the hands of Germany. In March, 1917, the revolution comes at last. The Czar is overthrown.

Baboushka is brought home from Siberia in triumph. The "Little Grandmother of the Revolution" is driven through the streets of the capital in what was the Czar's own carriage, greeted by the Prime Minister, Kerensky, given a huge ovation. But she has not returned merely to be praised and fêted. She wants to have the peasants taught, to conscript the educated youth of the country to serve as teachers as once they served as soldiers. In a special car she, who of old journeyed between gendarmes over the terrible road eastward—returns to preach to her "dark people," her peasants. She is growing deaf, her eyesight is failing, but she was never more active. A new great period in her life, she feels, has begun.

Eight months—and her dream has ended. Democratic

Russia has fallen. Russia goes red. It is an ancient truth that one extreme invites the other. The czars and their noblemen have too blindly and stubbornly governed Russia for their personal benefit according to their own dim lights. Is it human to expect that the ignorant and downtrodden shall be more wise, more liberal, more willing to practice coöperation than their educated oppressors? If the cultivated noblemen could not see the vision of a government for all, by all, is it to be expected that the slaves of the farm and the workshop will see it?

The Bolshevists, who insist that only the men who work with their hands shall share in the government, gain control. Lenin and Trotsky have as little use for a lover of democratic institutions as the Czar ever had, and Baboushka, who has given all that she has to bring freedom, is once more a fugitive from the Russian police. But the Bolshevists prove no more successful than the Czar's men were, in tying her hands. She writes for the magazines, she travels about Russia. With the skill of an old hand, she eludes the men sent to capture her. It is not only the Bolshevists who are after her; her old enemies, the czarists, too, seeking to recover the throne, have marked her out for slaughter.

In bitter grief at the course which the revolution has taken, she joins other Russian refugees in eastern Czechoslovakia; exiled; exiled once more! For almost seventy of her eighty-four years Baboushka has fought for freedom in Russia—and still despotism rules. And the peasant lives in the same squalid hovel and tills the ground with the same medieval tools, and industry is demoralized and children run wild like savage beasts and starve.

Eighty-four years! What of that country, meanwhile, over whose destinies John Tyler presided the year Baboushka was born? Its free spirits have pushed across the plains and the mountains, built cabins, villages, towns, cities, founded churches, schools, universities, laid down vast railway systems, redeemed deserts. Twenty-six states have become forty-eight; millions of immigrants have been absorbed; the system of slavery, deeply rooted, has been abolished. There has been civil war and reconciliation. An agricultural people has become a predominately industrial people. All these things have happened during Baboushka's eighty-four years, and at the end of them, in spite of self-imposed restrictions at this point and at that, the average American has a greater measure of freedom even than John Tyler's fellow citizens knew. For his country, with all its faults, is built on a very real ideal of freedom. A group may be intolerant or despotic, a majority may be oppressive, but the nation's heroes, the men and women they reverence and think about, are those who, in one way or another, have set people free. Freedom is in the air—the right to think, to dream, to invent, to organize; to make the wisdom of the free spirits of the past yield the key to larger freedom in the future!

Not decrees, not the torches of revolutionists, it seems, can give a people freedom. A free people is a people in which every mind may work and dream unfettered, seeking its own solutions to the old and ever-changing problems of food and shelter and the relation of human beings to each other.

Baboushka is in exile. But she does not sit still and lament. She teaches, she founds boarding schools for the training of teachers who will go among the Russian peasants, as fifty years ago, she went. Education! For seventy years, she has seen men seeking freedom by much talk and many laws, by insurrection and assassination. It is all vain, she tells herself. Freedom can come only to those who have been made ready for it by education. *Learn and teach*, if you would be free and give others freedom; *teach and learn.* That is the hard truth which Baboushka, Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution, leaves as her gift to mankind.

EDITH CAVELL

SHE sits before her judges, a tall, slender woman, with the beauty of a noble spirit on the calm, high forehead, in the gray, unperturbed eyes Behind her sits her attorney, but she may not speak to him. Behind her testify her accusers, but she may not turn to see who they are. She scarcely knows why she is in this great Hall of Deputies where the German authorities who rule in Brussels are holding their military court; but she hears herself called a "spy."

A spy! She, Edith Cavell! A smile comes to her sensitive, humorous lips at the thought. The idea that she who is direct and frank to a fault should be thought a spy would be superbly comical, if the Germans apparently did not take it seriously. She is nothing so clever or so heroic, she would tell you if you asked her. She is just a nurse and head of a training school for nurses in Brussels, which, since the outbreak of war, has been turned into a Red Cross hospital; a very unimportant person, she will tell you.

She is not alone, facing the judges. At her right and at her left, sit her friends, the Princess of Croy, the Countess of Belleville, and some two dozen others. No definite, formal indictment is brought against any of them, but it appears in the course of the proceedings that they are all accused of the same crime.

There is something very appealing in the story as it unfolds. After the swift German advance in the summer of 1914, a year before, especially after the battle of Mons in which the British troops were heavily engaged, English soldiers, cut off from their army, have hidden in the forests and fields of Hainaut and Brabant seeking to avoid discovery by the German patrols, which have a way of shooting on sight and taking no prisoners.

The Princess of Croy, an elderly spinster, has turned her chateau near Mons into a Red Cross hospital, and from wounded soldiers, whom she helps to nurse, hears of these forsaken fugitives, living for months like hunted animals, knowing that to be found means to die. It seems to her and her neighbor and friend, the Countess of Belleville, no great crime to help these poor boys to make their way to Brussels where they stand a better chance with the German authorities than in the open where the patrols go.

They draw a number of others into their confidence and before long have organized an "underground railway" similar to the system once in operation in the United States for aiding fugitive slaves to escape into Canada. They send them to Brussels; what happens to them after they get there is a matter into which they do not inquire. The fact is that in Brussels, directly under the noses of the German authorities, others take the young men and send them on toward the Dutch border. At the border the "railway" has its terminus. Holland is a neutral country. If Holland, in defiance of international law, shuts one eye and lets them go on to England or France, that is Holland's business, not the business of the devoted little company which starts the fugitives on their journey.

Edith Cavell's hospital is a station on this "underground railway." She whose life work it is to alleviate suffering, has it not in her, in the face of such pain and trouble, to pass by on the other side. She procures money for the fugitives, and guides, does it naturally as a part of the day's work. She nurses the German wounded as tenderly as she nurses the English, the French, or the Belgian, but she feels under no obligation to respect the authority of the German invaders.

Somehow the Germans hear of what she is doing; how, no one, perhaps, will ever know. A nurse, gossiping, perhaps. "It is no small prudence to keep silence in an evil time," Edith Cavell remarks a little wistfully as the net closes upon her.

It is August. The Germans put her in prison. They are not unkind to her and she bears them no resentment. She finds herself, in fact, almost grateful to them. Her life has been filled with work from morning till night, from one year's end to the other; but here in prison she cannot work. She has time to meditate, to examine the record of her experience, to think quietly of life and death and love and duty. She is deeply religious, with a Puritan conscience. She reproaches herself that she has been too stern with others, not stern enough with herself. The days pass into weeks; a month passes, two months. For her it is a period of purification.

She has not yet been told what specific law she has broken. She has not been brought to trial. Quietly she waits for the ponderous military machinery of Germany to reach her case and decide it. She is not nervous, nor afraid. Hitherto life has been "so hurried"; now she is at peace. She can afford to be patient.

Meanwhile, she has not been forgotten. She has friends. Everyone who knows her in Brussels admires her, loves her. Word of her imprisonment reaches the American minister, Brand Whitlock, who is in charge of British interests, and he instantly writes Baron von der Lancken, head of the Political Department of the German military government in Brussels, asking for particulars.

He receives no reply.

A month later he writes again. Two days later he has his answer. "Miss Cavell," writes His Excellency, "is in the prison of St. Gilles. She has admitted having hidden English and French soldiers in her home, admitted giving them money and guides. She is in solitary confinement. No one may see her."

A month thereafter she is in the Chamber of Deputies, facing the German court. It is a military court, not a law court. Here there are no safeguards to protect the accused from injustice. As far as those hard-faced judges in their field-gray uniforms are concerned, everything "goes." They are not brutal men in their personal relations, those judges, no harder, no more selfish probably than other men. But they are not individuals where they sit, behind the long table on the platform. They are parts of a machine, a machine that knows no human feeling, that is conscious of its power and uses it blindly according to certain printed rules. It has crushed and beaten Germans for years, crushed them mercilessly, crushed the fine flower of their freedom, their wisdom, their pure light-heartedness, made them stupid little cogs in its great machine. Now it has gone forth to crush Germany's neighbors. The machine is in the Chamber of Deputies not to see justice done, but to protect the German army. Let the accused protect themselves.

Edith Cavell has no instinct for self-protection. She denies nothing, evades nothing; if anything, she takes a certain modest pride in what she has done. She is entirely calm and self-possessed.

"You admit aiding English soldiers left behind after the battle of Mons?"

"Yes. They were English, and I am English, and I will help my own."

The judges become a little human; they are clearly impressed by her fearless words. One of them leans forward. "You will admit that you helped as many as twenty?"

"Yes," she answers. "More than twenty. Two hundred."

"English?"

"No, not all English. French and Belgians too."

"But the French and Belgians are not of your nationality," one judge points out.

"You were foolish to help the English," interposes another. "The English are ungrateful."

"No," she answers. "The English are not ungrateful."

"How do you know?"

"Because some of them have written to me from England to thank me."

It is a fatal admission. She has been charged hitherto merely with aiding men to reach a neutral country, but now she has admitted that she has helped them to reach England, and the English army. The officers of the court look solemn. Her friends are horrified. But that is Edith Cavell, honest, frank, direct, unafraid.

The trial begins on Thursday, and lasts two days. What is the judgment? No one knows. The court is weighing the evidence, but the American Minister hears rumors which disquiet him. He communicates with Baron von der Lancken's office, and is told that no decision has been reached. "Will the Baron please inform Mr. Whitlock when the sentence has been pronounced?"

"Of course, Your Excellence," is the reply. "At once. Without question."

Sunday. There is no news except a rumor that the judges are not in agreement.

Monday. Baron von der Lancken's office, in answer to repeated inquiries, states that the judgment has not been pronounced, and will not be pronounced until the following day. But the American Legation is anxious, and restless. A sense of foreboding hangs over it.

The weather is wet and chill. Leaves are falling; autumn is here. And Imperial Germany is stronger than ever, with all Belgium under her heel, and power of life and death in the hands of her servants.

Tomorrow, judgment is to be pronounced.

Tomorrow?

At nine o'clock that night, two nurses, frightened and in tears, come to the Legation. The court-martial, they declare, has given its decision. Miss Cavell has been condemned to death and is to be executed at six o'clock the next morning. They have it on the best authority.

Whitlock is horror-stricken. He is ill; he cannot leave the house. He sends his aide and the legal adviser of the Legation, a Belgian, to find von der Lancken. The Spanish Minister, Villalobar, joins him. The Baron is at the theater. He is annoyed at being disturbed, and refuses to come to them until the play is over. When he meets them at last he declares that he has heard of no judgment. The story is absurd, impossible. The German Governor-General would not think of executing a woman on such short notice. He is angry at the thought that the Americans should imagine such a thing of the German authorities.

"All right," says Whitlock's aide. "Suppose you call up the prison?"

The Baron goes to the telephone and comes back flushed and a little embarrassed. The story is true.

The American and the Spaniard argue with him, plead, beg for time, ask him to see the Governor-General, point out what the world will say. Von der Lancken is impressed, and goes to the Governor of the city. But the Governor is obdurate. He will not listen. He will not even receive the appeal for mercy. The Machine never admits a mistake. The judgment stands.

And Edith Cavell? She is in her cell writing letters, quite calm. She has not expected a sentence of death, certainly not expected execution to follow so swiftly on the heels of the judgment, but she is wasting no time in lamentations. She has letters to write to her mother and to some friends in England, advice to give to the nurses in her training school, a last word to send to a poor girl who is struggling with the drug habit.

The British chaplain comes to her cell. They are old friends.

"I am glad you came," she says quietly. "I want my friends to know that I gladly give my life for my country. I have no fear nor shrinking. I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me. They have been very kind to me here, and this period of rest before the end has been a great mercy. I have had a chance to meditate on many things. And I have learned this: standing as I do in view of God and eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness toward anyone."

They partake of the Holy Communion together, and when he repeats the verses of "Abide With Me," she joins softly in the end.

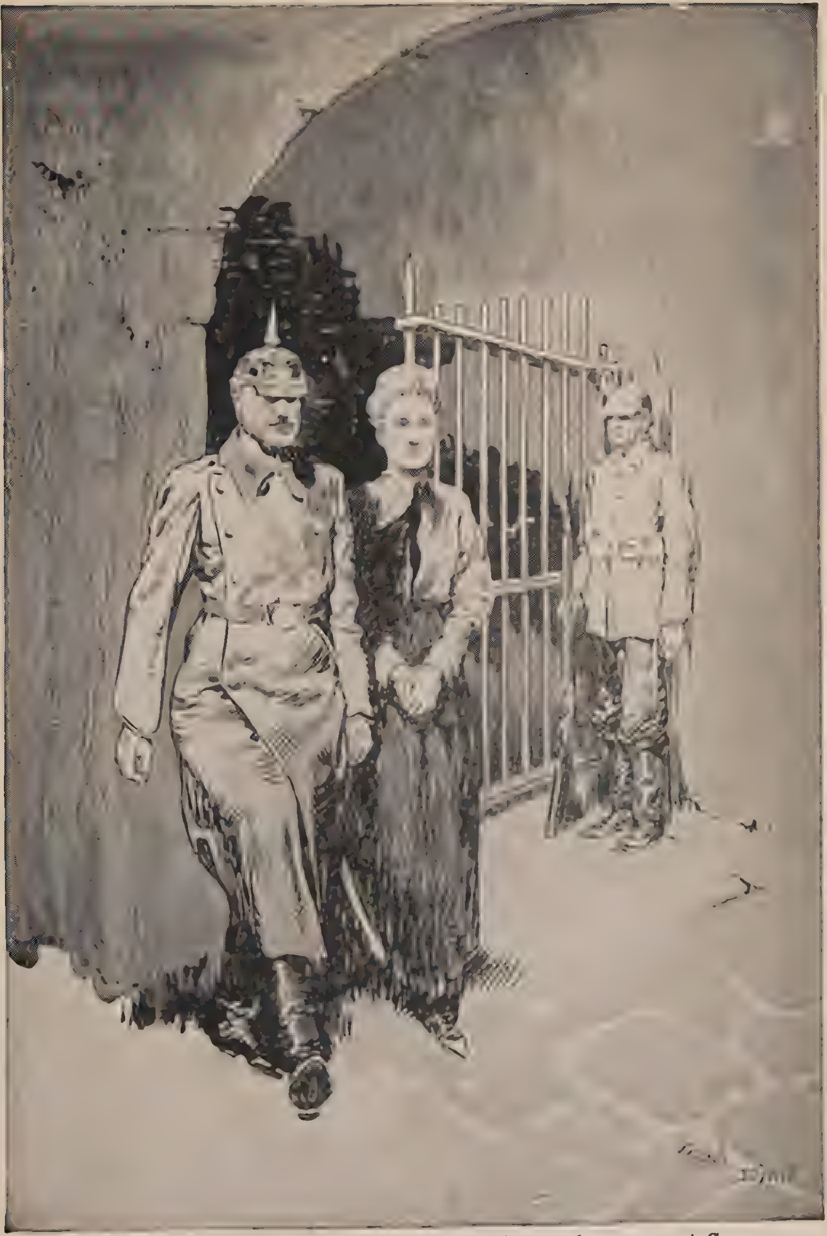
It is time for the chaplain to go. "Good-by," he says.

She smiles gently as she clasps his hand. "We shall meet again."

And now she is alone, waiting. And now the German chaplain, gentle and courteous, is with her. And now the officer comes to lead her to her execution.

The corridors of the prison are dark and silent. Here and there they pass a guard in the shadows. There is something appallingly furtive about this thing that is about to happen, that even now is happening, this slipping down dark halls, dark stairs, in the dim light of an October dawn. Why this blind haste? Is the Military Machine afraid that mercy might somehow get her hand through their iron ring? She is a woman, a frail, slender woman, and the great Machine is so afraid of her that she must be done away with before reason shall have time to discomfit the judges, or an indignant world shall have an opportunity to voice its protest.

The very walls seem to cry, "Look at her, gentlemen, you with your spiked helmets! Can this woman plot? Can this woman deceive? And would your own wives and daughters not do what she has done for their countrymen if the occasion came? And would you not be proud of them if they did? Keep this woman in prison if you



Their footsteps ring hard and metallic on the cement floor

must, but execute her in cold blood? What can she do to you? Living, what can she do? And *dead*, what can she *not* do?"

The footsteps ring hard and metallic on the cement floor. Now she is in the black van rushing to the place of execution. Now she is in the yard with the firing squad before her. She speaks a word to the German chaplain. Her voice is unwavering, her face is bright. She is tied loosely to a pillar.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with thee now and forever."

It is the chaplain who is trembling. She herself is quite calm. But the soldier who places the bandage over her eyes notes that they are full of tears.

Seconds pass. They seem endless. Then the sharp word of command cuts the appalling silence. Twelve rifles ring out in one clap of thunder. She sinks to the ground. She is dead.

The rain has ceased, the air is soft and warm, the sunlight shines through an autumn haze. Edith Cavell is dead, Edith Cavell, the unknown nurse, the head of an unimportant training school is dead; her work is done. But another Edith Cavell has risen from her grave to do a work so vastly more important that the other fades into insignificance beside it. The world has her name, the world has her story. Was the Military Machine afraid of the living woman? What will they say of her now that they have struck her down? Dead? Yes. Buried, too. And yet all over the world, she speaks! What are orators, with all their eloquence beside her? What are flaring posters? What are books, cartoons, pamphlets? Just the repetition of her name tells more than any fiery words could. She is a cry in every heart, a picture burned into every brain in England, France, Belgium, America. Recruiting in England instantly jumps ten thousand a day; British soldiers shout *For Edith Cavell!* as they climb out of the trenches and charge. Through America runs a shudder, and those who were neither hot nor cold toward the forces fighting in Europe, awake with sudden comprehension to what it is which has made itself strong in Belgium and northern France. The Kaiser, himself, they say, is displeased, and hastens to commute the sentences of the Princess of Croy and the Countess of Belleville and their friends. Even he recognizes that the Great Machine he has built up may be too ruthless, too stupid, too blind. It is not the German people which has done this thing. It is not even the ruler of the German people which has done it. A Machine has acted. It has struck in hysterical fury at the enemy, but it has inflicted a deeper wound upon the German people and the German cause.

For Edith Cavell, living, could help a few wounded or starving boys into Holland, that is all. But Edith Cavell, dead, is an angel with a flaming sword sweeping through the consciences of mankind, and calling the world to battle.

MAHATMA GANDHI

IS this the great man? Is this the inspired leader of three hundred million people, the prophet of whom all the world is talking, the unconquerable rebel of whom even an English enemy can say, "One does not feel it blasphemous to compare Gandhi with Christ"?

He seems such a little man with his hundred pounds of frail body, his thin face, his large, protruding eyes. His head, with its close-cropped hair turning gray, looks like a skull clothed in mere skin. He wears a loin cloth and sandals, no more, a white loin cloth of homespun. He is not an attractive sight, at first glance. His lower lip protrudes too much, his bristly mustache looks odd, and when he laughs his face seems to disappear in a sea of wrinkles. He has nothing distinguished or arresting about him, nothing except his eyes, "full of infinite patience and infinite love."

Seeing him, you think of another emaciated, storm-battered little man who, too, no doubt, weighed a scant hundred pounds, a man who had eyes like this Hindu's, and a laugh as hearty as his—Francis of Assisi. This man too has taken a vow of poverty, this man too has wiped the sores of lepers with his own garment; and this man too has risen, not in anger but in love, against a world gone mad over money and success.

He is as gentle as Francis, as modest, as unassuming, as courteous. He abhors violence. Yet he has stirred three hundred million people to revolt and has shaken the foundations of the British Empire.

His name is Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, but the Hindus call him Mahatma, the "great soul." He comes from northwestern India, from a family noted for its rebels and its saints. His father gave everything he had to the poor; his mother nursed the sick.

It is an ancient world that he is born into in 1868, this world of "Mother India,"a world curiously remote from the European world of Queen Victoria and Bismarck and Napoleon III, or the American world of Andrew Johnson and Ulysses S. Grant. The great peninsula in southern Asia has its railroad tracks, its telegraph wires. In a few centers like Madras and Calcutta and Bombay it has its modern hotels and clubs where exiled Englishmen console themselves in the white man's way for the labor and the bore of governing a "backward people" so-and-so-many thousand miles from London. But these up-to-date islands of modern convenience are nothing in the vast expanse of medieval, of ancient India. For, in spite of the fact that the British have been in India over a century, governing with an iron hand, the people of India, under the surface, are as they were 600 years before Christ, when Gautama the Buddha walked India's highways and meditated under India's trees.

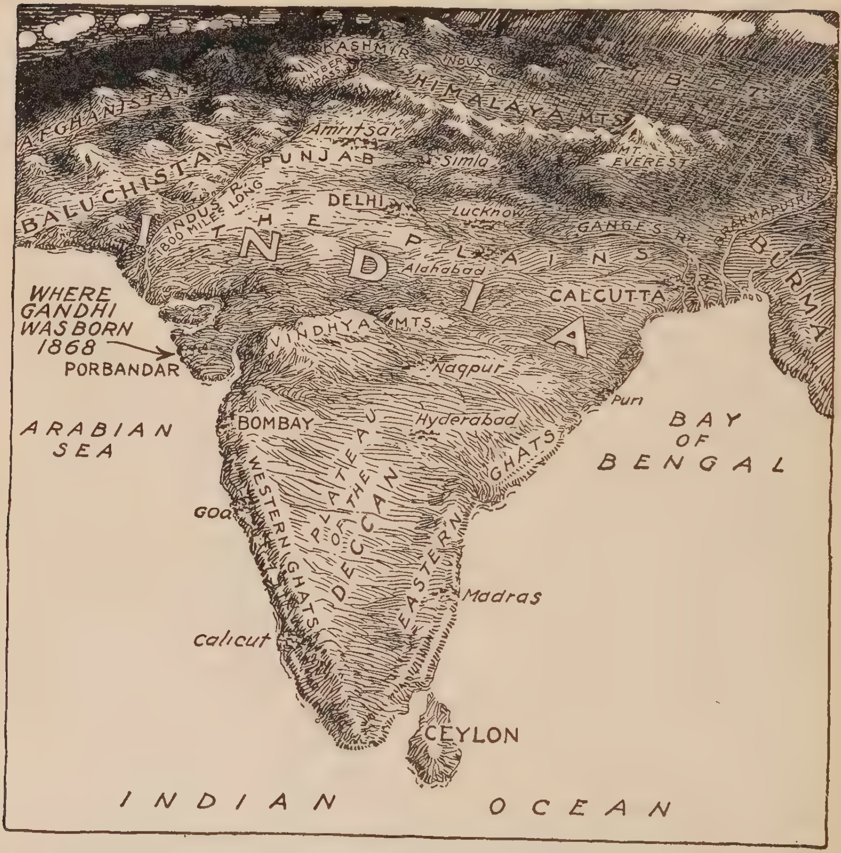
The Greeks have come conquering, the Arabs, the Mongols, the Persians. They have come and they have gone. The French have come, the Dutch, and they too have gone; and now it is the British who rule. These invasions have been like winds that ruffle the surface of the sea, but do not stir the waters below. India's life has gone on as it has always gone. The Brahmans, the men of thought, have lived sternly by themselves; the magistrates and soldiers by themselves. The merchants have bought and sold, cut off rigidly from the men of learning and the men of action. The artisans and laborers have dug and hewn and carried burdens. Each group, each caste, has lived by itself, set off from the others, having only one thing in common, contempt for the outcasts, the *pariahs*.

It is a land of terrible contrasts, of such luxury, such riches, such dazzling beauty of architecture and shimmering silks and gems as the Arabian Nights tell of; and of such poverty, such filth, such stark misery of pestilence and famine as the worst slums of the most backward cities of Europe have scarcely known even in the Dark Ages. The things which Europe cherishes—personal conveniences and comforts, bathtubs, clean streets, efficient government—all the things which the Western mind thinks of when it speaks of "progress," the people of India in this year of 1868 know little of, or nothing.

"The things which are seen are temporal," says Paul; we enjoy them for a day, a year, and then they are gone or the joy of them is gone. So thinks the man of India, too. "But the things which are spiritual are eternal." It is the spiritual things on which the Brahman and the Hindu put the emphasis in their lives. They are human, they are as liable to come short of an ideal as any man of the Western World, but they know at least that the spiritual things are more lasting than the things of the body. The wise man, they say, does not employ his time making money or spending it. He is satisfied with enough to keep body and soul together and finds the satisfactions of his life in meditating on God and the eternal nature of things.

In their outward lives, the man of thought, the man of action, the merchant, the laborer, are sharply separated; but in the conviction that the things of the spirit are of more value than the things of the body, all the castes of India are united. They are united, too, in their attitude toward the British conqueror. Let him rule for a while, they say. Has he ruled a century? What is a century? What are five centuries? In time he too will go where the other conquerors went. Meanwhile, what can a British magistrate or a British soldier do to affect a man's inner calm?

This then is the India into which Gandhi is born in October, 1868. He is given a good education, is, according to custom, betrothed at eight and married at twelve, and at twenty is sent to England to study law at the University of London. He has no feeling against the English. He likes them. There is something appealing to him about the cultivated Briton, his clear, steady mind, his sense of duty, his courage; and for a while there is nothing young Gandhi wants so much as to make a real Englishman of himself. But he discovers soon that the Englishman, the European, lives in an entirely different world from the


KASHMIR
KHYBER PASS
INDUS R.
HIMALAYA MTS.
TIBET
AFGHANISTAN
Amritsar
PUNJAB
Simla
MT. EVEREST
BALUCHISTAN
INDUS R. 800 MILES LONG
DELHI
Lucknow
BRAHMAPUTRA
THE PLAINS
GANGES R.
BURMA
INDIA
Alahabad
CALCUTTA
WHERE GANDHI WAS BORN 1868
PORBANDAR
VINDHYA MTS.
Nagpur
Puri
BOMBAY
Hyderabad
ARABIAN SEA
BAY OF BENGAL
THE PLATEAU OF DECCAN
WESTERN GHATS
EASTERN GHATS
Goa
Madras
Calicut
CEYLON
INDIAN OCEAN

The India of Mahatma Gandhi's day

world into which he, Gandhi, was born; they have really nothing in common. The Englishman is looking for happiness in the direction of knowledge and material success; he, Gandhi, is looking for it in the direction of love and spiritual understanding. He is more a Hindu than ever when, after three years, he returns to India as a full-fledged lawyer.

He practices in Bombay, but he does not practice long. The shifts and evasions of an Indian lawyer's bag of tricks does not appeal to him. It seems to him as he looks at the life about him that there is work in the world for him more important than to save a client from prison or a fine. India is changing. Little by little Western ideas are creeping into men's minds. Desires for material comfort and convenience are supplanting the ancient desires for inner peace and understanding. It is not only that British guns have conquered the people of India. The British point of view toward life is beginning to conquer too.

To Gandhi that point of view is wrong and leads in the end to spiritual death. But when in his youthful ardor he wants to meet evil with evil, a wise old friend tells him that there is only one way of fighting evil in public life or in private life, and that is, not with hate but with love. The only way to conquer the man with the whip is to endure the whipping so heroically that shame will weaken his arm. That is hard doctrine for a youth of twenty-four. It sounds very fine and idealistic but it does not seem to him very practical in a world governed, in the last analysis, by gunpowder.

In 1893, two years after his return from England, Gandhi is called to South Africa on an important case. A few years before, a large number of Hindus, 150,000 or more, have emigrated to the Dutch and British colonies there, mainly to Natal. The white population has resented their coming and the government has passed oppressive laws. The Hindus have been burdened with taxes and humiliated as an "inferior race," their shops have been looted and destroyed, and a number of them have been lynched for no reason except that they are Hindus. Gandhi himself, who has been received with distinguished courtesy not only in India but in England and has looked upon all whites as his natural friends, is deliberately affronted, thrown out of hotels and trains, assaulted, beaten, kicked. He wants to shake the dust of this evil land off his boots, but he is under contract to stay a year, and when the year is up and he is free to go, he cannot bring himself to accept his liberation.

The South African government is planning to deprive the Indians of all their rights. They are helpless, unorganized, and demoralized, without a leader or guide. Gandhi cannot leave them to their fate. He fights for them in the courts, successfully; establishes newspapers, gathers signatures for monster petitions, advances Hindu education, organizes congresses. At last, in order to serve his people more effectively, he gives up the thirty-thousand dollar law practice which he has built up and, like Francis of Assisi, takes the vow of poverty, and goes to live among the poorest of the poor and to share their persecutions.

Only when his enemies are in trouble does he go back to them. In the Boer War, in 1899, he organizes a Red Cross unit and serves on the field. When a plague breaks out, he organizes a hospital. When the natives of Natal revolt, he heads a company of stretcher bearers. But even these friendly acts cannot change the hatred of the whites. He is beaten by a mob and left for dead, arrested again and again, imprisoned, made to serve a term at hard labor.

It is when he is thus face to face with oppression in South Africa that he remembers the words of his wise leader at home. "Oppose evil not with violence, but with *heroic passivity*. When the oppressor smites you, *do nothing, and do it aggressively*."

That dark saying is no longer dark to him. It has been illuminated for him by Christ's Sermon on the Mount. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

He starts to put this commandment into effect. He persuades the Hindus to withdraw from all relation to the whites, to have nothing whatever to do with them, to refuse to work on their farms or in their industries. It is a kind of religious strike which they declare and carry on against the violence of the government, and the government is helpless before it. At last, in desperation, in 1906, it passes a new law against the Hindus, worse than any which went before it. The Hindus meet under Gandhi's leadership and solemnly take the oath of *passive resistance.*

They do not take up arms, they do not fight, they do not stand on street corners and orate. They merely refuse to pay taxes or to have anything whatsoever to do with a government which oppresses them. There are huge strikes and movements of great masses of Hindus from place to place; but, on the part of the Hindus, no violence. They are thrown into prison until the prisons are filled and overflow. They are thrown into mine pits. Many are killed. Gandhi himself is three times imprisoned. But the majestic drama goes on, though men suffer and die.

The South African government with all its soldiers is helpless before these thousands who refuse to lift a finger in self-defense. Protests pour in on the government from all over the world; at last from the imperial British government itself. A British commission of investigation backs up Gandhi at every point. The South African government gives in. Force yields to heroic gentleness. Passive resistance has had its first great test and has been completely successful.

Gandhi is in England when the Great War breaks out in 1914, and instantly offers his services as stretcher bearer. Illness sends him back to India but, again and again, during the four desperate years, he is at work for the Empire. He has no ill feeling against England. He feels, in fact, half an Englishman himself. Besides, the British government in her need has given the people of India to understand that if they will stand by England now, England will stand by India when the war is over, give her the reforms she asks, give her a measure of independence. India responds. She keeps her part of the understanding. German agents, Turkish agents, Russian agents, do what they can to foment revolt but India remains loyal.

The end of the war comes. The fear of German victory gives place in the British mind to a new fear, the fear of Bolshevism. Instead of giving India greater freedom, England forces an Act through the Indian Council making British rule sterner and stricter than ever before.

All India cries out in indignation. She has been loyal to England when England desperately needed her loyalty. She has refused to take advantage of England's struggle with Germany to advance her own cause. She has sent almost a million men to France to fight for England. The ingratitude, the distrust of the master they have aided stings every high-minded Indian like the cut of a whip across his face.

Gandhi sees instantly that a revolt is inevitable. He knows too what is the common form for such a revolt to take and what will be the result. There will be violence and bloodshed; more intense bitterness and fiercer violence. To prevent such an outcome he takes command of the situation and calls on the people of India, high and low, to oppose the oppression of the British government, but to oppose it not with arms but with *satyagraha*, with soul force.

The appeal has a strange sound to American ears. We think of the contemptuous laughter which would go up from the American public if in the case of hostile invasion, for instance, an American leader should call upon them to offer no armed defense but to defeat the enemy with *soul force.* To the people of India, however, his words do not sound strange. Their religion, like the Christian religion, teaches them to oppose evil with good and to keep from war, and they have taken their gospel more literally than ever the Christians have. They have seen in South Africa, moreover, that resistance through *soul force*, through the willingness to suffer and die but never to strike back, is a kind of warfare which may be more successful than a revolt with guns.

Gandhi does not ask them not to fight. He is a fighter through and through. But he calls upon them to fight with their strongest weapon, the indomitable soul; with the only weapon which can be successful in the long run against Britain's machine guns. He asks them to disobey the "Black Act," as the Indians call the new and oppressive law, and to endure without protest whatever suffering may come to them in consequence.

The people of India respond with deep enthusiasm and determination. Gandhi thereupon tells the British viceroy —most courteously—that the Indian people regard the "Black Act" as unjust and that they will not obey it. If the British government repeals the law all will be well and good; but if it does not, the people will extend their disobedience to other laws and at last disregard the government entirely. They will cease, as Gandhi puts it, to "coöperate." Early in April, 1919, on a day especially set aside by Gandhi, three hundred million people —Hindus and Mohammedans together—dedicate themselves to this campaign of passive resistance.

Everywhere the people come together quietly, solemnly, to pledge their faith in Gandhi's doctrine and Gandhi's method. *Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.* The doctrine and the method are not Gandhi's indeed, but Christ's, the foundation of his gospel. The crime of these "poor heathen" is that they take it seriously.

The government of the Christian nation whose king is still "defender of the faith," regard this insistence on the law of Christ as a public disturbance and a revolt. Gandhi is arrested and sent to Bombay. Some of his followers are slow to learn the character of the battle he wishes them to wage. In anger, they start a riot at Amritsar in the Punjab. It is not an extensive riot, but the commander of the British troops in the region, General Dyer, comes with troops to keep order.

Four days later, unaware that the General has forbidden public meetings, the people gather in a great square to celebrate a Hindu feast day. Dyer thinks it is a riot, loses his head, and turns his machine guns loose upon the crowd. The square is surrounded with walls. There is no escape possible. When, after ten minutes, the ammunition is exhausted, some four or five hundred Hindus—men, women, and children—are dead and three times as many are wounded.

Martial law is proclaimed, airplanes throw bombs on unarmed crowds, honorable men are dragged to court and flogged. It is as though the proclamation of non-violence has driven the military men mad.

All India seems to quiver with anger and grief. The British government recalls Dyer but it does not punish him. It grants certain reforms, however, and calls upon the viceroy to release all political prisoners. Gandhi meets the government more than halfway. But the reforms prove empty and the prisoners remain in jail. Thereupon, Gandhi, certain at last that coöperation with the government is impossible, returns the medals and decorations which England has given him for his services in her wars, and announces that the battle is on.

What the Indians now pledge themselves to do is this: to give up all titles of honor and all civil or military offices; to take no part in the government or in government loans; to boycott government schools and English industries and to spread the idea of independence. But there must be no violence, Gandhi tells his people. Violence means going not forward but backward. Above everything else there must be complete order.

The response is tremendous. Gandhi's problem is not to excite the people to opposition but to hold them back from violence. He goes among them, day and night endeavoring to build up in them the self-control and nobility of spirit which is necessary if his campaign of non-violence is ever to succeed. Before men can bring an oppressor to repentance and reform a government, he tells them, they must repent themselves and reform their own natures. If the mob uses violence, he insists, it is no bit better than the soldiers, and deserves everything the soldiers do to it.

He urges that the drink evil be done away with; that the people give up the use of goods manufactured in England and take to spinning as in old times. He revises the educational system. He sees that India has been tempted by the material wealth of Western civilization, by money and conveniences and show, and he pleads that the people return to their old devotion to spiritual things.

"Western nations are groaning under the heel of the monster god of materialism," he declares. "Moral growth has become stunted. They measure their growth by pounds, shillings, and pence."

And day in, day out, he labors to unite the people of India, all religions, races, parties, castes. He succeeds at last in doing what no Indian leader in a thousand years has been able to accomplish, for he persuades the Hindus and the Mohammedans to work together. He pleads for the outcasts, the *pariahs*. "England," he declares, "has done nothing blacker than the Hindus themselves have done in thrusting these people outside the circle of human society."

Wherever Gandhi goes, thousands flock to hear him. Every word he speaks is gospel to hundreds of millions. But no amount of adoration can turn his head. It troubles him, that is all; it wounds his sense of humility. Do people call him a saint? He is not a saint, and he will not let the people call him one.

"I believe we can all be messengers of God," he says. "I have no special revelation of God's will. My firm belief is that He reveals himself daily to every human being, but that we shut our ears to the still small voice. I claim to be nothing but a humble servant of India and humanity."

While Gandhi is going about, preparing his people for the self-sacrifice and uncomplaining endurance of pain which warfare by *soul force* demands, the situation in India is becoming more and more tense. The government is making no concessions. Three times Gandhi prepares to issue a proclamation urging that the Indians refuse to pay taxes or in any other way recognize the government and its laws. But each time an outbreak of violence somewhere, on the part of his own people, makes him hold his hand. He does not denounce them. He takes the blame on himself and spends hours, and, at last, days in fasting and penitence. Not in anger but in grief he appeals to the people to stand by the only principles which, he knows, can give them victory. Thousands practice resistance such as he preaches, practice it against the bayonets of the soldiers, and die, or, bitterly wounded, are carried away to the hospitals or thrown into prison.

The government, which at first regarded the movement which Gandhi is leading as "the most foolish of all foolish schemes," is beginning to think it is not so foolish after all. The internal revenues of India and Britain's Indian trade are falling by tens of millions of dollars and slowly but surely the non-coöperative idea is gaining ground. Control of the people is getting harder and harder. They no longer fear imprisonment. They welcome it, as the early Christians welcomed martyrdom. It is hard to know what to do with all these prisoners; and executions do more harm than good. The government decides that Gandhi is a dangerous person to have at large, and arrests him.

It is a difficult moment for the British judge when at last he has Mahatma Gandhi before him. Thoughts of Pontius Pilate must be running through his mind, for the worst of Gandhi's enemies has never dared deny that he is one of the noblest of men, and hundreds of millions devoutly believe that in him the god Krishna walks on the earth again. Perhaps it is Gandhi's frank and yet gentle spirit which brings out the best in the British character, for the judge proves as chivalrous as Gandhi himself. The Mahatma pleads guilty to every charge; he assumes the responsibility for every outrage committed anywhere by any of his people.

"The learned advocate-general is quite right," he declares, "when he says that as a man of responsibility I should have known the consequences of every one of my acts."

Has his opposition to the government led to violence? He himself is bitterly opposed to violence, but he has known all along that his words might stir the mob to rioting here and there. He has had to make his choice of running that risk or of keeping silent in the face of England's oppression and run the greater danger of wild outbursts a little later.

"I knew that I was playing with fire," he adds. "I ran the risk, and if I were set free I would still do the same."

He recognizes that what to him has been merely the fulfilment of his highest duty as a citizen, is, under the law, a deliberate crime. "I know that my people have sometimes gone mad. I am deeply sorry for it and I am, therefore, here to submit not to a light penalty, but to the highest penalty. I do not ask for mercy. I do not plead any extenuating act. The only course open to you, Judge, is either to resign your post or inflict on me the severest penalty."

The Judge is deeply stirred. "Mr. Gandhi, you have made my task easy in one way by pleading guilty to the charges. Nevertheless, what remains, namely the determination of a just sentence, is perhaps as difficult a proposition as a judge in this country could have to face. . . . In the eyes of your countrymen you are a great patriot and a great leader. But it is my duty to judge you as a man subject to the law."

Gandhi agrees that six years in jail is as light a penalty as any judge could rightfully deliver. That is all. Gandhi's friends fall at his feet, sobbing. Behind the "great soul," the prison gates close.

So far as India is concerned, is Mahatma Gandhi dead? Outcast and learned see his slight form vanish behind prison walls. About them the rule of England continues. Other men take up the political leadership of the noncoöperation movement, but their hearts are not so pure, their vision is not so unclouded as his. Politically, the movement gets nowhere. "Practical" minds take control of the passive revolt, as "practical" minds seven centuries before took hold of the order which St. Francis founded, and twist it away from Gandhi's ideal. But, in the hearts of the people, the cause takes on a deeper and richer life. Gandhi, the political leader is gone, but Gandhi the prophet is alive in their midst as never before, and the wisdom that he preached begins to have an almost divine authority.

He is released from prison after two years, and lives the life of a Hindu. He works in the fields, he spins, he meditates, and he teaches. In villages and by the roadside he settles disputes that the soul of his people may grow.

Apparently the world rushes on without him, but he watches over his India. He sees political parties grow from beliefs he has fostered. He learns of the Simon Commission, appointed by the British Parliament to investigate India's fitness for freedom. He hears discontented cries. Shall the English judge the heart and soul of India? Why is no Indian on this commission? He watches the political parties gather in a special meeting at Delhi to consider the commission. The Nationalists propose a new government, but do not provide for minority representation and old factional hates leap into life. His India is in turmoil,. Again he calls to them. There is peace. While they listen, he urges noncoöperation with evil.

One of the most dramatic scenes in history is a small group led by the Mahatma that on March 12, 1930, sets out on that "march to the sea," there to make salt in defiance of the British law. How easy to exterminate these few troublesome persons. They bear no firearms. But the British government hesitates. It fears what they symbolize.

Again the jails are crowded. In one is confined the Mahatma himself, while British officials arrange for a Round Table Conference "looking toward self-government." Gandhi remains deaf to compromise. In him alone the great hordes of India have faith and the "nonviolent noncoöperation" of the people continues.

Early in 1931 he is released and reluctantly agrees to attend the second India Round Table Conference. He goes to London, the great metropolis of the British Empire. There, where the Western World would lionize the leader of India's millions, he retains his symbols—a loin cloth, goat's milk, and meditation. He sits quietly at the conference table, saying little. When the conference seems to dissolve into personal disputes, he is not disillusioned. Where many promises have been broken, he has little faith in political manipulations. He sits silently, except when he raises his voice for peace or to reiterate that there can be no compromise with liberty. When the conference closes without accomplishing this desire of his heart, he returns to his people with the message: "The way to peace leads through self-sacrifice." In fear, the British government again places him in jail. But the seeds he has sown blossom. Jail does not stop the teachings of Mahatma any more than a cross on Golgotha stopped the teachings of the Man of Galilee.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

HEIGHT: five feet three. Weight: one hundred pounds. General appearance: insignificant. The army medical officer looks at him and laughs. "You can't get in. Run home to mother an' wait till the next war. You may be big enough by that time."

There is every reason why he should laugh. The young man may be twenty-six, but he looks like eighteen; and a not over-inspiring eighteen at that. His features are, at first glance, rather commonplace. The long, heavy jaw, the full lips, curving upward, the half-closed eyes, the rough-and-tumble sandy-colored hair; all these, topping off the wiry little body, make you think of a telegraph messenger or a racetrack hound rather than a soldier. It is only when the eyes stare into space and he dreams, that you note to your amazement that this queer, energetic little person has intelligence and a curious romantic beauty.

But the medical officer sees none of these things and Thomas Edward Lawrence goes back to the valley of the Euphrates in Asia Minor to find out, amid the roar and shouting of a world war, what the ruined city of Carchemish has to tell him about the Hittites five thousand years ago.

He is a queer chap, this Protestant Irishman born in Wales; always has been. Perhaps it is his blood, which runs back to the Crusaders and which flowed in the veins of another Lawrence who gained undying fame as the defender of Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny. He has always gone his way, over Oxford housetops to a broken leg, under Oxford streets through drains to a thrill. For him, routine and a regular, ordered life have meant something to escape at all hazards. So many meals a day at such and such periods, so many hours' work, so many hours' sleep? Bondage!

As a schoolboy he has submitted to what he could not avoid, but at the University he lives his own odd life. He sleeps most of the day because others are then awake, and works all night because then he has the world to himself. During his whole course he has never seen the inside of a lecture hall. He does not even reside at Oxford overmuch. He likes to foot it over England and is at any given time more likely to be found on the Scottish moors reading medieval literature than in his rooms at the University with his frantic tutor.

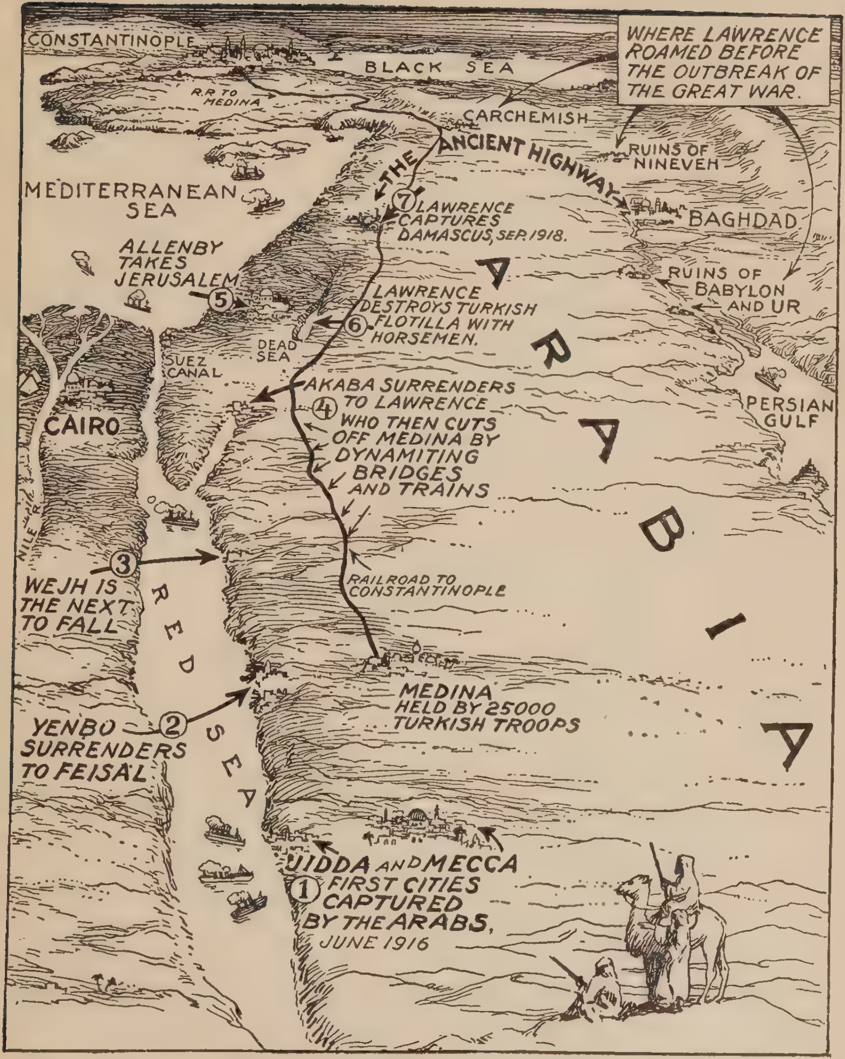
With all that, he gets through the four-year course in three, with honors. Incidentally, on the side, he amuses himself by finding out all he can about the strategy of Sennacherib, Rameses the Great, Hannibal, Caesar, Napoleon, and a half dozen other military leaders. Knowing him and his dreamy ways, his family are not enthusiastic when, after graduation, he proposes to go to Syria to study the architecture of the age of the Crusades for a thesis for his master's degree. But they give in, feeling that they have laid sufficient check on him when they attach him to a Cook's tour. But at the first port, Beirut, he deserts the party of elderly ladies and decrepit professors, buys himself an Arab costume at the nearest bazaar, and disappears in the desert. When he returns to England a year later, he speaks Arabic like a native and still has in his jeans half the money he started with.

For a year he has wandered over a barren land which once was the mother of empires. He has stumbled upon dead cities. He has traveled on highways which were ancient when Daniel the prophet was the right-hand man of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. He has stood upon ruins which were palaces when Abraham drove his cattle over the hills of Canaan, and the fascination of poking among crumbled walls has taken hold of his spirit. London cannot contain him. In a few months he is back in Mesopotamia, on an archæological expedition for the British Museum. For four years he stays there.

To the fellow Britisher who is head of the expedition, he proves a godsend, for he has a way with him. The Arabs who do the digging are difficult people to handle. An Arab is not partial to work. He has no farm, no fields to till, no barn to keep clean. He has not even a house. He is a nomad, a wanderer, carrying his family with him where he goes from pasture land to pasture land. His business and his national sport are the same—he is a warrior and a raider. The delight of his life is to descend by night on the tents of a neighboring tribe, run off the cattle and horses, seize what loot he can lay his hands on, and be off before dawn. He raids in all directions, and is raided in turn. He fights savagely, he hates with enthusiasm. But if he can help it he does not work. Only when a European comes with real money will he consider the matter, and even then, unless the European has a care, his Arab will dig into a fellow Arab more deeply than he will dig into the ground.

But there are ways of handling this fancy relic of the Middle Ages, wrong ways and right ways. The Germans, working on the Berlin-to-Baghdad railway, flog him regularly. But Lawrence treats them as children, with gentleness and decision, and scrupulous justice; and little rewards, and quotations from the Koran. The Arabs of the German outfit are always striking and deserting in mass; but Lawrence's Arabs go on working for nothing when he drops them off the payroll because the funds give out.

There is no question about it; this little Englishman has a way with him. If the tall and sinewy Bedouin of the desert are inclined at first to scoff at this insignificant little foreigner, they soon learn that he is not to be trifled with. There are tales afloat of a huge Turkoman who tried to impose on young Lawrence and found himself suddenly


CONSTANTINOPLE
BLACK SEA
WHERE LAWRENCE ROAMED BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF THE GREAT WAR.
R.R TO MEDINA
CARCHEMISH
THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY
RUINS OF NINEVEH
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
⑦ LAWRENCE CAPTURES DAMASCUS, SEP. 1918.
BAGHDAD
ALLENBY TAKES JERUSALEM ⑤
ARABIA
RUINS OF BABYLON AND UR
LAWRENCE DESTROYS TURKISH FLOTILLA WITH HORSEMEN. ⑥
DEAD SEA
SUEZ CANAL
AKABA SURRENDERS TO LAWRENCE ④ WHO THEN CUTS OFF MEDINA BY DYNAMITING BRIDGES AND TRAINS
CAIRO
PERSIAN GULF
NILE R.
③ WEJH IS THE NEXT TO FALL
RED SEA
RAILROAD TO CONSTANTINOPLE
MEDINA HELD BY 25000 TURKISH TROOPS
YENBO ② SURRENDERS TO FEISAL
JIDDA AND MECCA ① FIRST CITIES CAPTURED BY THE ARABS, JUNE 1916

Arabia, in 1916, where Lawrence and his stanch Arab followers broke into revolt helpless with his arm twisted behind his back in an iron grip. There are other tales, of a band of Kurd robbers, for instance, carrying the Englishman off to the mountains. Before the episode is completed the Englishman has escaped with a pair of rifles and, from a point of vantage among the crags, has potted one robber after another. There are tales, too, of dramatic sessions with the German engineers, and of drainage pipes which Lawrence playfully sets up along the line of the railroad. Why drainage pipes? Lawrence is "kidding" the solemn Germans. He actually succeeds in starting international discussions when the German government accuses the British government of setting up artillery along the German right of way. Strength and courage, resourcefulness, audacity, gentleness; the Arab finds the combination of qualities in this little Britisher hard to resist.

It is from ancient Carchemish that Lawrence goes to London to enlist on the outbreak of the Great War, and, when he is rejected, it is to Carchemish that he returns; but not for long. The War Office in London finds that it can use a young man who knows something of conditions in a part of the world where stately, bearded Moslems who look like Old Testament prophets can brew more mischief in a week than the average European statesman can laboriously invent in a year.

But after two months Lawrence is shifted to Cairo as a staff captain. His knowledge of the topography of Arabia and his uncanny insight into Arabian conditions win him the respect of the British generals in Egypt who are trying to solve the knotty problem of the Near East. But his manners and customs shock them gravely. He salutes, when he thinks about it, which is not often. He has his boots blackened, his uniform brushed, now and then. He is not always too patient with the appalling ignorance of major generals. But there he is, a walking encyclopedia on Arabia, obviously not punishable in the guardhouse.

In Arabia, meanwhile, things are happening. The Arabs are under the rule of the Turks at Constantinople, not because they like it but because for four or five hundred years the Turks have been strong and the Arabs, divided into a thousand tribes each hostile to all the others, have been hopelessly weak. The Turks have armies, moreover, trained by German officers and armed with modern artillery, machine guns, airplanes. But the Arabs have only their long rifles, which are very picturesque but perfectly useless against the long-range weapons of their opponents. The Turk is not a gentle master and the Arabs loathe him with a holy hatred; and loathe him all the more because they are so helpless against his power.

But Arabs, wise in the ways of politics, are saying to themselves in 1915 that now or never their chance of independence has come. The Turks have taken the side of Germany in the Great War, and are fully occupied keeping the British from landing troops at Gallipoli near Constantinople. If now the Arabs can be united, they can strike the Turks in the scattered garrisons of Arabia and throw off the Turkish yoke. They will have strong allies and backers. England has a protectorate in Egypt and has a deep interest in keeping the Turks away from the Suez Canal which is England's shortest route to India. England must in any event send troops to Mesopotamia. An Arab uprising at Turkey's back door would to the English, therefore, be a gift direct from God.

That happens to be exactly what Lawrence is trying to hammer into his superiors in Cairo. The only way to break up the power of Turkey and to strike Germany from the rear is to foment a revolt among the Arabs. The generals admit that that sounds well enough as a theory, but insist that it is impracticable, since the Arabs will never in the world agree among themselves long enough to carry off any revolt. Lawrence thinks otherwise and explains earnestly why he thinks it. The generals look on him with dark suspicion as a visionary, a crank, and mark him as a dangerous man who should be sidetracked.

There is, in fact, a good deal in what the generals are saying. Lawrence's plan sounds simple, even obvious; but the nature of the Arabs presents an enormous obstacle to its success. Particularly "ornery" are the desert Arabs, the Bedouins, scattered in countless millions over a territory as large as the British Isles, Holland, Belgium, France, and Spain put together. Each of the thousands of tribes is in its own eyes a nation at war with every other. Even in the tribe, moreover, the individual Arab is his own top sergeant and major general, fiercely independent. There are only two things which all Arabs have in common, hatred of the Turk and reverence for the prophet Mohammed and his descendants.

Now it happens that the oldest living descendant of the great founder of the Moslem religion is a fine old fellow named Hussein who makes his headquarters in the holy city of Mecca. The Grand Shereef, as he is called, has four sons, and with them he plans the revolt against the Turkish oppressor. He sends word to the British to stand by him, and in June, 1916, gives the signal for the uprising. There is a burst of patriotic emotion fed by the Arab's natural thirst for Turkish blood and natural hunger for loot. The Turks are driven out of Mecca and out of Jidda, on the Red Sea. But before the city of Medina, where twenty-five thousand Turks are waiting behind modern fortifications, the enthusiasm for the revolt goes cold. Most of the ammunition is gone, and before the Grand Shereef quite knows what is happening, most of his army is gone too. The event is exactly as the generals in Cairo prophesied. The tribesmen find that they hate each other almost as much as they hate the Turks, and quietly fold up their tents and vanish in the desert dust.

In Cairo, Lawrence hears of these things and makes up his mind that the place for him is in Arabia. He makes himself more of a pest than ever so that the generals clearly hate the sight of him; then he asks for two weeks' leave. His superiors grant it with alacrity. For two weeks at least life will be a more enjoyable thing when major generals can make plans for campaigns without having them disturbed constantly by a "young upstart's" superior knowledge, and his passion for imparting it.

They surmise, of course, that he will go down the Nile to Alexandria where there is sea bathing, or up the Nile to Luxor, where there are somber temples and gay hotels. But he does neither. He crosses the Red Sea and goes to Jidda of the crooked towers, the crooked houses, and the crooked streets. He is tired of being a subordinate and of blocking other men's beautiful but unenlightened strategy. He intends to try out a little strategy of his own.

He has been dreaming of this Arabian insurrection, this revolt in the desert. He knows the shortcomings of the Arabs far better than the British generals know them. He is fully aware of their total lack of any conception of team play. The only hope for their revolt lies in their finding a leader, an embodied inspiration, not a nice old grandpa like Hussein, but some younger man of the blood of Mohammed who looks as if he might be a prophet himself and who can be made to appear as the symbol of the only things which will inspire all Arabs to fanatical enthusiasm, their religion, and their holy shrines. Hussein's oldest son is a pleasant, jolly, fat man; he won't do. The next in line is no better. Lawrence gets permission to seek out the Shereef Feisal, the third son, in his camp in the desert.

The first moment that Lawrence sets eyes on the grave, dark man in white robes, slender and stately as a pillar, he knows that he has found his man. They sit for a while in silence in the dark room where Feisal receives him.

"How do you like our place here in Wadi Safra?" asks the young Shereef at last.

"I like it well," answers Lawrence gravely. "But it is far from Damascus."

Shadowy figures pressed against the wall stiffen. For a silent minute it seems that everyone in the room is holding his breath. Lawrence has flung a challenge in their midst; for Damascus is the Arabs' great city in the north, and the Turks have it firmly in their grasp.

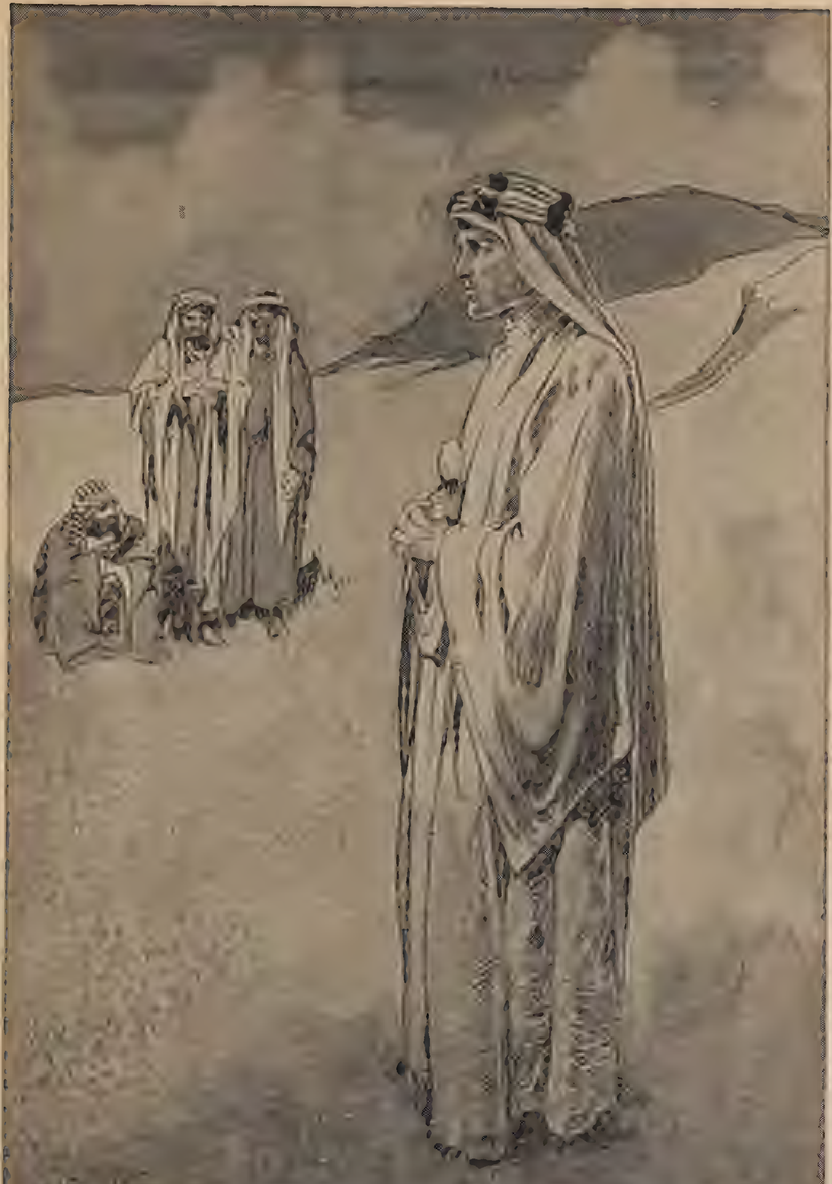
At length, Feisal lifts his dreamy eyes. "Praise be to God," he says with a smile, "that there are Turks nearer to us than that."

The tension relaxes; now everyone is smiling. In the days that follow, Feisal and the undersized little Britisher become friends. Lawrence's two weeks' leave expires, but that does not bother him. He has work to do and he does not even take the time to send apologies to headquarters.

Only when he has seen all there is to see does he return to Cairo to report. The little military men are peevish, but the big ones are too interested in what he has to tell to consider red tape. Lawrence is promptly ordered to return to Arabia as military adviser of Feisal. He scents a plot to get rid of him and strenuously objects. He dislikes responsibility. He doesn't want it. He would much prefer to stay in Cairo and draw maps and dream and leave the action to others. But his chief is obdurate, and reluctantly Lawrence goes.

He finds Feisal getting his wild men together. He is a man of great dignity and courage, of imagination and warm understanding, and is gradually persuading the tribesmen to compose their differences and agree to fight side by side against the common enemy. Feisal proves a skilful diplomat. One after the other of the tribal leaders swear allegiance.

Lawrence, meanwhile, a changed man, the student, the archæologist, the poet absorbed in the man of action—is dreaming strategy. A large Turkish army is advancing on Mecca from Medina. To set the loose-jointed horde of



He has a way with him, this little Englishman in his Arab costume the Arabs against this modern piece of military machinery is too risky to be considered. In fact, to make any kind of army on orthodox lines of this aggregation of desert feudists is clearly as impossible as making a windowpane out of a panful of diamonds. They are raiders, born and bred; and as raiders only he is convinced can they be of real value. The Turks are so well organized with supply trains and all the other baggage of a modern army that they are slow to move; but the Arabs, carrying their food in their pockets, are as free to swoop and be gone as hawks.

Lawrence takes a leaf out of the book of Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson at Gaines Mill and second Bull Run and Chancellorsville and lays out a little campaign for his friend Feisal. He is convinced that if the Arabs can capture the seaport towns of Yenbo and Wejh which protect the railway over which the Turks get their supplies, the Turkish army will be forced to return to Medina to protect its line of communications.

It is a bold proposal but it appeals to Feisal's imagination. Leaving only a few men opposed to the Turkish column, with Mecca and Jidda as unguarded as Lee left Richmond in the fight at Gaines Mill, Feisal falls upon Yenbo.

Lawrence is not with him. He has complete faith in the leader he has picked and, with a letter of Feisal's in his pocket and some stanch Arabs at his side, is off on a long trek across the desert to gather the northern tribes into the fold. For weeks he travels on camel-back through the appalling heat, drinking putrid water, sleeping in filthy huts—an Arab among Arabs, knowing their traditions better than they know them themselves, and awakening their enthusiasm by a recital of their wrongs.

He has a way with him, indeed, this little Englishman in the gorgeous Arab costume Feisal has insisted that he wear. He wins the confidence of the sheiks, hypnotizes, plays upon them as though they were musical instruments obedient only to his will. By thousands the tribesmen pledge themselves to the cause. Lawrence sends them south to Feisal. Then at last he too turns southward, and is at Feisal's side, looking like a prophet himself, when the Arabs, chanting the praises of Feisal and "El Ourans," enter Yenbo in triumph with purple banners flying.

At once Lawrence moves his prince and his army north to another little seaport, Wejh, sends word to the British admiral in the Red Sea to bombard it and rushes the town himself from the desert side. The Turks run; and the Bedouins have an opportunity to loot such as has come to none of them in their lives before. They make the most of it.

The Turkish army which has been moving toward Mecca withdraws in panic to Medina. Everybody agrees that the thing to do now is to cut the railway, lay siege to Medina, and capture the enemy's forces. But the more Lawrence dreams over this plan the less he likes it. His Arabs, he is certain, will be no comfort in a siege. If they do not get up and go home, they will start to cut each others' throats. Besides, what use will twenty-five thousand prisoners be to the Arabs? They cannot slaughter them all; and they cannot feed them. How much better, thinks Lawrence, to make the Turks keep themselves prisoners, to surround them almost but not altogether, to leave their railway open, to let their supplies come down from Damascus, and then to blow up the trains, capture the supplies, and use them for the Arab host!

It is a stroke of genius. But it takes a while to sink into the minds of the military men in its full beauty and simplicity.

While the generals at the British headquarters in Cairo are solemnly thinking it over, Lawrence moves northward with a thousand Bedouins under the command of a tough old Robin Hood named Auda abu Tayi to round up some more tribes and move with them to the capture of the seaport of Akaba. Auda is a terrible and ruthless old man for all his occasional jollity and the strain of poetry which runs through him, but Lawrence handles him, as he handles all these half savage chiefs, with the wisdom of a Solomon.

They are a gorgeous outfit as they travel north. Lawrence has a bodyguard of ninety under the command of a pock-marked cutthroat named Abdulla the Robber—men deliberately chosen from thirty or more different tribes so that they can be trusted to watch each other. They look like a field of wild flowers as they go singing, dressed as they are in all imaginable colors except white, since his own garment is white and therefore not to be imitated by any of his bodyguard. He carries the curved sword of a prince of Mecca, presented to him by Feisal, but he refuses to have a banner floating over him, which grieves these devoted slaves of his, his Bedouins.

They do not pretend to understand him, this little Englishman, this strategist, diplomatist, and raider, this expert camel master and engineer, who lives their life, goes hungry and thirsty with them, suffers and endures as they; and seems equally happy reading under a palm tree or blowing up a railway station. In their bewildered fashion, they decide he is a superman; and die for him with great satisfaction.

Lawrence, on his part, develops a deep fondness for these wild children of his, and something that is almost a passion for their cause. They are unworldly people, for all their looting. Their battle is not only against the Turks but against all who would take advantage of their devotion to unworldly things. Lawrence, altogether unworldly himself, loves them for themselves and for what they believe.

The expedition makes a six-hundred-mile detour to deceive the enemy, then suddenly wheels westward toward the upper end of the Red Sea. They come upon a Turkish detachment near the pass of Aba el Lissan and for twelve hours snipe at it from the surrounding hills. The heat is terrific. Even the tough desert Arabs break under it.

The rifles are so hot they sear their hands, the rocks on which they fling themselves for aim scorch their breasts and arms. Sick and exhausted, Lawrence creeps into a hollow where there is a little trickle of thick water.

Old Auda strides up to him. "Well, how is it with the men of my tribe, eh?" he says mockingly, remembering a former slur of Lawrence's. "All talk and no work?"

"By God, indeed!" Lawrence spits back. "They shoot a lot and hit a little!"

Auda, the war horse, grows white with rage, tears off his headcloth and rushes off, calling for his men. They charge the Turks wildly. Lawrence is in the midst of the fight until his camel falls and hurls him into the middle of the Turks. But the carcass of his beast forms an island which diverts the rushing stream of Turks and pursuing Arabs, and when he returns to consciousness the battle is won.

Auda is supremely happy in the best fight he has had for years. The Arabs get all the loot they can carry off, but when they get ready for the final delight of slaughtering the prisoners, Lawrence objects. He wants the idea to get about among the Turks that the Arabs are being kind to their prisoners, hoping that they may be persuaded to desert or surrender.

Lawrence is missing no tricks. Before a new force of the enemy can reach them, he has applied a "tulip," as he calls it, to one of the railway bridges and effectively cut the line. It is Auda's first experience with dynamite; he instantly makes up poetry about it.

The prisoners complicate the food problem, but Lawrence pushes on with his wild band through the jagged, barren mountains toward Akaba. By hundreds, the local tribesmen, hearing of his victory, come scampering across the lava mountains to be in at the finish. Lawrence is in a bad way for all his numbers, for his men have no water, none of them have eaten in two days, and they have seven hundred prisoners. The way to Akaba lies through twenty miles of gorge easily defended, and he dare not risk it.

So he boldly sends in a summons to surrender. The first messenger is shot at; a second likewise. But the third gets into the city. Lawrence's strategy in sparing his prisoners is brilliantly justified. The Turks, deciding that imprisonment with food in Egypt is better than a state of siege in Akaba without food, surrender. All of southern Arabia, except Medina, is now free from Turkish rule. As for Medina and its garrison, they now begin to serve the Arab cause exactly as Lawrence intended they should.

There is no rest in his triumph for Lawrence. His men have nothing to eat but mangy camels; and camels are expensive. So, after traveling fourteen hundred miles in four weeks through the Arabian dog days, he jumps on a fresh dromedary and covers the hundred fifty miles to Suez in three days. From there it is a jump by train to Cairo where General Allenby, the new commander of the British forces in Palestine, is preparing for his campaign. He and Lawrence take to each other instantly and before Feisal's chief of staff, as Lawrence calls himself, is off for Arabia again, Allenby has attached him and his whole enterprise to his own army. Thereafter, the young man whom three years before the army medical officer tried to send home to grow up, is in effect, a lieutenant general in command of Allenby's right wing.

Shereef Feisal comes north making his base in Akaba where the British fleet can keep him supplied, and Lawrence with a picked band of Arabs, mounted on swift dromedaries, begins to pay his respects to the Turkish railway system. He begins to dynamite not only bridges but trains, one after the other, and invariably in the same place, under the engine so that there may be no scurrying to the next station for reënforcements. He plants his "tulips" with great care. He buries the wires for hundreds of yards. With his robes, even with a camel's-hair brush, he effaces every indication that the sand has been disturbed. Then, boldly among the rocks, crouching on a staff like a shepherd, he watches the train come. After the explosion there is generally a fight, and after the fight, the scramble for loot. The Arabs love it.

For a while, somewhere along the line, the thing happens every day. Seats in the rear cars are sought after at five times the regular rates. The Turks take elaborate precautions, invariably in vain, and become panicky, for all the food and ammunition that their troops in Medina are crying for are drifting into the hands of their enemies. They put a price on Lawrence's head of a hundred thousand dollars alive and fifty thousand dead. Lawrence smiles gently and plants another "tulip" under a bridge or under a train. Altogether he blows up seventy-nine bridges. How many trains he blows up he himself does not know.

Up in the north, General Allenby takes Jerusalem and sends airplanes all over the desert to find Lawrence, "the uncrowned king of Arabia," as he calls him, and bring him to the Holy City so that he may share in the triumphant entry. Lawrence goes but he does not stay long. Processions bore him. In a day or two he is back among his men in the Azrak oasis east of Jerusalem.

The Syrian winter is on with snow and sleet in a succession of storms. Lawrence is ill with fever. His nerves are on edge. In his utter weariness he finds himself asking what all his activity amounts to and whether, when he has helped this wild people to freedom, England, his country, will back up his promises and keep the pledges she herself has made to protect the new and helpless nation. Then, reeling on the back of his camel, he is off for a new campaign in the frozen wilderness south of the Dead Sea.

His orders from Allenby are to prevent the Turks from attacking the British in the rear, and to cut off the Turks' food supplies. The town of Tafileh is captured. When the Turks launch a counter attack, Lawrence routs them, capturing all their artillery and machine guns. In a surprise attack, he destroys a Turkish flotilla on the Dead Sea, dashing with his horsemen among the crews encamped on the beach.

Slowly, slowly, he moves northward, bringing new tribes into the campaign as he goes, dashing with them this way and that, raiding and running, raiding elsewhere and running again. The cold is as extreme as the heat was. One by one his men succumb to it, though Lawrence, weighing under a hundred pounds, somehow pulls through. His funds give out, his army has no food, and, with seven Arabs to accompany him, he makes a dash over snow-clad mountains to the British headquarters. In the terrific hardship of that journey, one Arab after another, one camel after another, gives out. At last Lawrence is alone, riding day after day, barefooted, enveloped in icy sleet "like a wedding cake" and more than once leaving a bloody trail. He returns, to deal with troubles between the Arab leaders. He possesses a strange magic; and Feisal, loving him as a brother, yields to him as if Lawrence were the king, and Feisal now the chief of staff.

Then for a period, Feisal, the Arab army, even his gorgeous bodyguard, lose sight of Lawrence. Boldly in his British uniform he goes about the smaller towns still in the hands of the Turks; and the Turkish soldiers never wake up to the fact that he is not a German officer. In the costume of an Arab woman, heavily veiled, he goes to the larger garrisons; even at last to Damascus, to call upon the Turks' own governor! That gentleman is an Arab and sympathetic to the revolt, and tells Lawrence everything he wants to know. Once, dressed as an Arab vagabond, he is seized as a deserter from the Turkish army, flogged until he is unconscious and flung out into the street, a man for whom the Turkish government is offering a hundred thousand dollars. Then he is in Baalbek, well within the Turkish lines, gathering Arab tribesmen together at night and blowing up the biggest bridge between Damascus and the seaport of Beirut.

Then by airplane he is flying this way and that, gathering information, drawing new tribes into the great game, dropping English gold pieces. And then, at last, he is back once more among his Arab hordes, on swift forays, applying dynamite, or, eager, enthusiastic, resourceful, persuading chieftains to add their fighting men to Feisal's host. The Turks in Medina are now completely helpless, as he has known they would be; and slowly, he carries the Arabian pressure closer about Damascus.

In September, 1918, the movement on Damascus gets hot. Lawrence gives out word that he is about to attack a town called Deraa, tells a few Arab friends that he is really moving on another place and, knowing that the Turks will discredit the general story and believe the whisper, surprises Deraa and captures it.

Allenby is pressing forward farther north, driving the Turks before him, but it is Lawrence with his Arabs who capture Damascus and give the Turkish power the stroke that breaks its back. Lawrence takes charge of the government, appoints new officials, gets the departments moving again, establishes a police force, stablizes the currency. When Allenby arrives, the city is under firm control. Then and only then does Lawrence ask a favor for himself; and the favor he asks is to be allowed to depart.

The war is over. Honors wait for him in England, the Victoria Cross, a knighthood; and wait in vain. He dodges them, he refuses to accept anything. He wants quiet, that is all. In London he cannot find it, and he flees to Oxford. With his own hand at Epping Forest he builds himself a bungalow; but even there he finds no solitude.

King Feisal, his friend and comrade in the great adventure, appeals to him to help him govern in Arabia, but Lawrence knows his Bedouin too well not to know that leading them on dynamiting raids is one thing and governing them in peace is another. He serves the British government for a year in the Foreign Office; then he disappears. He is discovered a year or two later as "Private Ross" in the Royal Flying Corps. He disappears again and is discovered as "Private Shaw" in the Tank Corps.

Then again he disappears. There are rumors that he is in India, in the Air Service; in Syria, digging up dead cities. Perhaps, perhaps. A few friends may know. The public knows nothing.

But England has admitted him to the small company of heroes which includes Drake and Clive and "Chinese" Gordon. And around Arab camp fires, when they sing of their great men, the Bedouin sing less these days of Abu Bekr, the hero of a thousand years ago, than of "El Ourans" the Englishman who became a prince of Mecca and planted tulips which thundered as they bloomed.

FELIX VON LUCKNER

THE lieutenant commander, with his sea raider all ready for its great adventure, is standing before his sovereign. The Kaiser is friendly, but to the point. "Luckner," he says, "at the Admiralty they are now telling me that it is madness to attempt to run the blockade with a sailing ship. What do you think?"

"Well, Your Majesty," answers the young officer, "if our Admiralty says it's impossible and ridiculous, then I'm *sure* it *can* be done. For the British Admiralty will think it impossible also. They won't be on the lookout for anything so absurd as a raider disguised as a harmless old sailing ship."

The Emperor looks at him and gradually his frown relaxes in a smile. "You are right, Luckner!" he exclaims. "Go ahead! And may the hand of the Almighty be at your helm."

So that much is settled. The clipper ship is in the Weser off Wilhelmshafen. She looks innocent enough. The German navy has her down in the records as the auxiliary cruiser "Seeadler," Eagle of the Sea, but to all appearances she is a Norwegian merchant vessel. Let anyone try to prove she isn't Norwegian! When the Germans do anything they do it thoroughly. The logbook and the ship's papers have been "faked," of course; anyone would do that. But who except a German would think of having every member of the crew speak Norwegian, of giving each man a set of photographs of what are supposed to be his Norwegian relatives, secured from Norwegian photographers, to stick up in the fo'c's'le, as well as manufactured letters from mothers, sisters, sweethearts, aunts? Any man on the ship from the captain down can talk for an hour about the streets, theaters, shops in his "home town in Norway," which he has never seen. Even their underwear bears Norwegian names. They smoke Norwegian tobacco. And Felix von Luckner, the captain, is practicing chewing a quid.

Who said this was a sea raider? She is a Norwegian merchant ship carrying lumber from Christiania to Australia. The lumber is all over the deck, even over the hatches. If a British search officer should come aboard, it is not desirable that he should go below. For below, the "Sea Eagle" is not Norwegian at all. There are two powerful Diesel engines hidden under those hatches, five hundred tons of fuel oil, quarters for a crew of fighting marines, quarters for "guests," as von Luckner calls the prisoners he expects to take; and ammunition, water, and provisions for a two-year cruise. And everywhere there are the oddest contraptions imaginable for outwitting a possible search party; secret doors and hatches, trick panels, trick doors, and a dining room which is in reality an elevator prepared to drop unwelcome guests to a lower deck where marines will be ready to deal with them. The dashing young Count has devised it all himself, and he has done it so casually that not even the carpenters who built it imagine that he is doing anything except rig up a schoolship for midshipmen.

He is a great fellow, is Felix von Luckner, brave by nature and made keen by a struggle since boyhood with a none too gentle world. He comes of a noble family and from the time he is born it is all arranged that he shall follow the family tradition and become a cavalry officer. He does not like the idea. To become an officer means study and examinations, and he loathes study. He wants to go to sea. His family devise all manner of schemes to make him stick to his books, but they all fail. He simply is not interested. He stands the grind until he is thirteen and then one day he quietly fades out of the picture, determined that he will not return to his family until he wears the uniform of an officer in the Kaiser's navy.

He goes to the port of Hamburg. But no ship's captain will take a boy who cannot show that he has his father's consent to adopt the seafaring life. At last a fine old sailor takes the youngster under his wing, makes him give up his high-sounding name and title, and, after a week, gets him a place aboard a Russian tramp steamer called the "Niobe."

It proves a horrible tub. Felix is nurse to five pigs and does whatever other dirty work there is to do. He looks like a pig himself; he is fed and treated like a pig. He is a lonely youngster, this thirteen-year-old German in that crew of half-savage Russians. Only once on that long journey from Hamburg to Australia do they see land. Near the African coast, the boy, leaning on the rail, sees a low green island with palm trees and white houses and red roofs. It looks like paradise to him or like some country out of the German fairy tales on which he has been brought up. Surely a fairy princess is waiting for him there.

A rough voice jerks him out of his dreams. "Get along, you loafer!"

Southwestward across the Atlantic sweeps the "Niobe." Day by day, Felix climbs higher up the huge masts. Then at last, one day as they are rounding Cape Horn, he is with the other sailors on the topmost yards. A gale is blowing. A sail strikes him. He plunges into the sea.

As he comes up astern he sees the "Niobe" tearing away. He is certain he is lost. Even if a lifeboat should be launched, what chance is there of its finding him in that boiling sea?

Huge albatrosses, following the ship, wheel screeching above him. Suddenly one swoops down and plucks at his hand. The boy clutches the bird's talons. The albatross beats the air with its wings, pecks savagely at his hand; but he clings on, and, as he rises on a wave, he sees the lifeboat coming. The birds, wheeling and dipping above him, have revealed his position.

After eighty days he reaches Australia. He has had enough of the sea for the time being and takes to dish-washing on shore. But he hears a phonograph at a Salvation Army meeting, and confesses a fine collection of sins in order to join the Army and find out more about the phonograph. At length he gets tired of religion and becomes assistant to a lighthouse keeper. The reflector with its thousands of prisms is fascinating until he has spent a few days polishing it at eighteen cents a day. He begins to think a sailor's life is not so bad after all. But the lighthouse keeper has a pretty daughter named Eva. One day he kisses her. She does not object, but her father does. Felix makes a swift exit.

For a while he works in a sawmill. Then he exchanges his watch for a rifle and for a month shoots kangaroos. He comes back from the "bush" to pitch tents and curry horses for a company of Hindu fakirs. For three months he trains for a prize-fighter's career, but when he finds a four-masted schooner named the "Golden Shore" looking for an able-bodied seaman, he takes to the sea again. At Seattle he takes to land-roving again, but before he knows it he is at sea once more, on the four-masted English ship "Pinmore."

Held up by calms, beaten back by storms, it takes that ill-fated ship 285 days to sail from San Francisco around Cape Horn to Liverpool. It is a ghastly voyage. Rations run low, sea water gets into the fresh-water tanks. Six men die of scurvy and beriberi and the rest are dangerously ill. Felix is in the hospital for two weeks after he reaches England.

And then he is in Hamburg again, the champion wrestler of the water front, strutting about with two hundred fifty dollars in his pocket. Then once more he is off, on a German ship this time, the "Caesarea." He stays with her for two voyages. The first is memorable mainly for a genial cook and a skinflint captain, but the second ends in shipwreck, a broken leg, and a week's agony in an open boat before rescue comes.

He breaks his other leg on the Canadian schooner "Flying Fish." For a while, at Kingston, Jamaica, he lives as a beach comber. At Tampico, he joins the Mexican army and in Mexico City stands guard in the palace of President Porfirio Diaz. He works on a railroad; he works on a fruit ranch. But still the sea calls. He ships on a petroleum tanker, transfers to a Norwegian craft and, after doubling the Horn once or twice, is back in Hamburg, running a barroom.

He is twenty by this time and realizes that he wants something more out of life than the adventures which come to a hard-boiled, hard-fisted sailor man. He tackles his old enemies, the schoolbooks, passes his examinations for the German navy, and, on a day forever memorable, presents himself at the house of his parents, as he had made up his mind he would, in the uniform of a German naval officer. It is like a home-coming in a story book. But he does not stay home long.

As an officer on a German warship he sails hither and yon, and if most of the thrills are tame beside the adventures of his boyhood, one thrill comes to him which is more romantic than shipwreck. For he sees the island again which he saw from the deck of the old "Niobe," the island where he was so sure a fairy princess was waiting for him. He goes ashore this time and, incredible as it seems, his dream comes true. He finds a German girl as beautiful as the creatures of the fairy tales. They become engaged.

All these hazards of good and evil fortune have gone to make the man Felix von Luckner as he stands on the deck of His Imperial Majesty's auxiliary cruiser the "Sea Eagle," on the twenty-third of December, 1916, sailing north from Wilhelmshafen for the Skagerrack, and the British blockade.

The southwest wind shifts suddenly to due north. The clipper can make no headway against it. To right are reefs and rocky fjords; to left are British mine fields. Turn back, or take a chance on the mines?

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

"Hard aport! We'll risk it, boys!" With a full head of sail, the "Sea Eagle" turns straight west. Lifeboats ready, life belts on! The gallant craft keels far over, skimming the surface, and comes through.

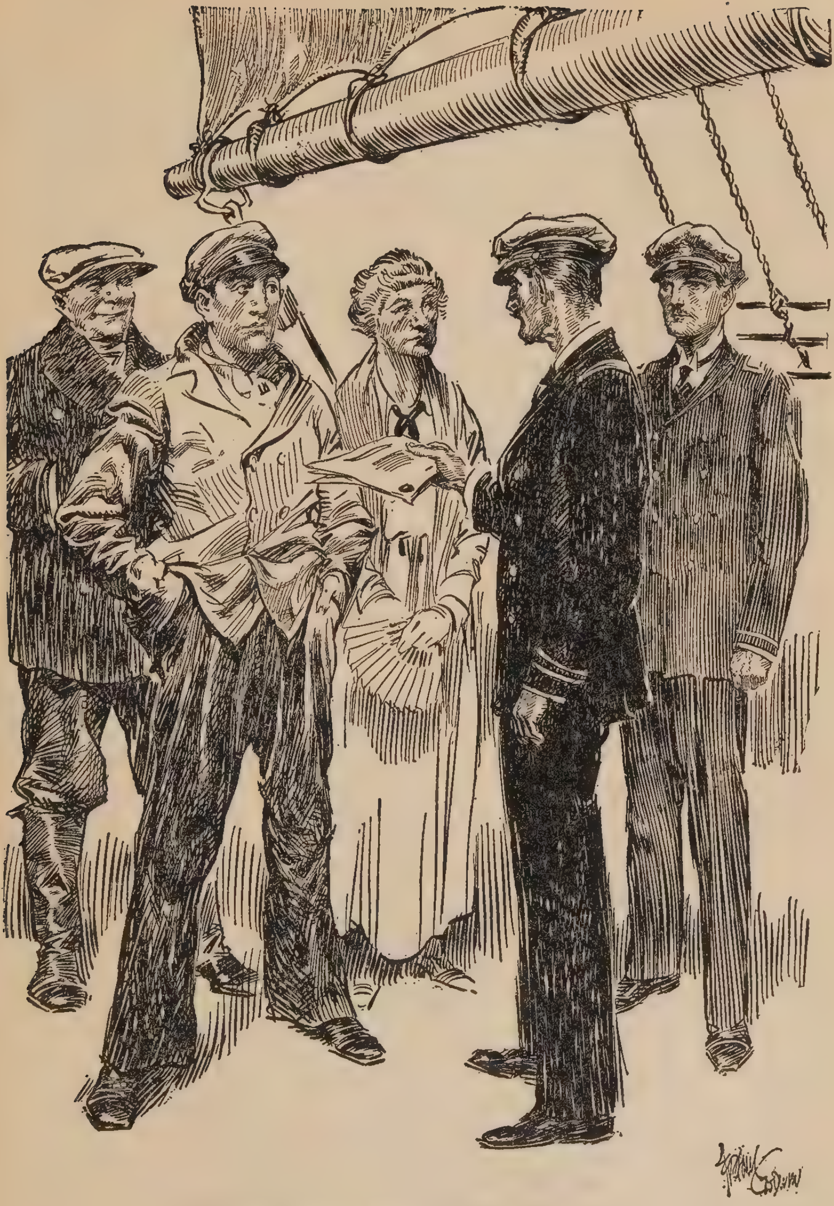
The Count turns northward. There are three lines of the blockade, three lines of British warships with lookouts alert which he must pass before he can reach the open Atlantic.

The wind rises, the barometer falls. The worst storm the North Sea has known in years beats around the "Sea Eagle" with the fury and power of a cyclone. But the captains keeps every inch of sail except the royals and gallant sails and smaller staysails. The planks quiver and groan, the rigging sings like a violin. Heavy waves sweep over the ship. But she makes fifteen knots.

Through the first line of the blockade she sweeps and through the second. But the storm roars louder than before and the waves crash down from greater heights. Midnight! They are where the Grand Fleet of England is supposed to be on guard, at the third line. Not a ship is in sight. The storm has driven cruisers and destroyers alike to cover.

Northward! With sails full spread, the "Sea Eagle" sweeps nearer and nearer the Polar Zone. The waves, dashing over the deck, freeze where they fall. Everything freezes, even the sails. It is time to turn southward, but the ropes are coated with ice and refuse to run through the blocks. There is no way of changing the ship's course. To start the motor would only make matters worse. Unless the wind changes within two days, the "Sea Eagle" will drive into the polar ice pack and never be heard from again.

Christmas Eve! There is only one present Count Luckner and his "boys" want, a north wind. And, by all that is wonderful, on Christmas Day it comes! The frozen ship creaks, lies over, and comes around with the new wind. Not a British ship to be seen. "By Joe," exclaims Luckner in glee, "and they call it a blockade!"



"These papers are all right, Captain"

The man in the lookout, as if in answer, calls, "Steamer ahoy!"

It is a British cruiser. Now for the test! The marines scuttle below, the captain cuts a plug of tobacco, a pretty-faced sailor gets into feminine togs as Josefeena, the captain's wife, whose part it will be to make the search officer be on his best behavior. Everything set. The Norwegian windjammer is perfect.

"By Joe!" exclaims von Luckner suddenly in dismay. "The smell!"

There is no question about it. The Diesel engines have been running and the reek of burning crude oil is in everything. "Stuff a rug in the chimney of the kerosene stove," yells the Count, "and turn up the wicks of the oil lamps as high as you can!"

The search officer's nose will have to be sharp if he can detect any motor fumes through the stench of kerosene smoke.

The Englishman comes aboard and does his job thoroughly. But the disguise is too perfect for him. "These papers are all right, Captain." In his joy, Luckner swallows his quid of tobacco and nearly ruins everything. But his mate distracts the officer's attention. The officer departs, but there is an hour of agony before the welcome signal comes, "Continue voyage."

That night they dump the cargo of lumber overboard and celebrate Christmas with a whoop.

Two weeks later, off Gibraltar, "Ship ahoy!" A large steamer comes into view, evidently a Britisher. Luckner has orders not to tackle steamers. "But," as he remarks, "you can promise a lot." He sets the signal, asking the correct time. The steamer comes near.

The Count shouts a command and throws off his greatcoat, revealing his German uniform. A drum beats, "Clear for action!" A section of the rail drops, revealing the raider's one and only cannon. Up goes the German flag, and *crash* goes a shot across the stranger's bows.

It takes the British captain a while to understand that that shot is not play. But he learns. The Count invites the bewildered old salt aboard with his crew—twenty-six in all, white and black, settles them comfortably in their quarters, and, with a bomb, well placed, sends the "Gladys Royal," with 5000 tons of British coal to Davy Jones' locker.

The next ship is British, too, but she is a passenger ship. The Count is not of those who have it in them to "sink without trace" or to permit non-combatants to float around in open boats. On the other hand, he doesn't want to load up his windjammer with women and children. So he lets her by. It isn't long, however, before another more suitable victim, another steamer, the "Lundy Island," heaves in sight. She pays no attention to the "Sea Eagle's" signals, to the German flag at the masthead, or to the shell that comes whistling through her rigging. But a shot in the smokestack stops her. The Count invites the captain to come aboard.

He comes. He is British, too, boiling over with rage at his crew who were more frightened at the shell fire than he was, and considerably worried for personal reasons. It seems that he has been captured before by another German raider, the "Sea Gull," and put on parole not to engage in any other war activity. And here he is. According to the rules of warfare, his end is in sight, hanging from the yardarm.

But the Count is not going to spoil his gay adventure right at the start by any nasty episode like that. "We are of the opinion, captain, that your parole did not cover your calling as a merchant captain," he remarks as solemnly as he can. "Therefore, we feel under no unhappy necessity of hanging you."

The hard, weather-beaten old seafaring man beams with relief. The Count himself leads him to the cabin which he is to share with the other Britisher. The crew, white, brown, and yellow, comes aboard, swelling the number of "guests" to fifty. The "Lundy Island" takes one convulsive leap and goes down.

"Well, old chap," remarks the Count to his first mate. "It's a fine cruise. But when will the cruisers be after us?"

The mate grins. "It will be great sport to play hide and seek with cruisers."

The game goes on. The Count offers fifty dollars and a bottle of champagne to the lookout who first spies a ship, and when that does not bring results fast enough opens the contest to everybody on board—officers, crew, and "guests."

"You don't expect the prisoners to help, do you?" asks the mate.

"Not if they don't want to. But you watch."

After that the rigging is crowded. Even the two charter members of the "captains' club" go aloft. The more ships captured, the more prisoners, and the sooner the lot of them will be set ashore. Never has a ship had such a lookout. "I often stood and watched the curious flock perched in the rigging," remarks the Count long afterwards. "All colors, sizes, and styles of beauty. And, believe me, they were wonders at spotting ships."

Down by the equator, they come upon the bark, "Charles Gounod," flying the flag of France. Up goes the German battle flag on the "Sea Eagle." Incredulity, consternation! The captain proves a tall, impressive fellow with a black beard who maintains a polite hostility and refuses to chum up. The Count hates to blow up his bark. "One shouldn't ever have to sink a sailing ship." But there is nothing else for it. Up she goes—and down.

Three days later there is a tremendous commotion up in the rigging. A half dozen men at once have spotted a fine three-masted schooner on the horizon. The Count is not sure that this may not be a neutral ship and he dips the Norwegian flag in salute, hoping the other fellow will take the hint and show his colors. The newcomer pays not the slightest attention to the Norwegian windjammer. Then at last—

It is only later that they hear of the little drama which the "Sea Eagle's" salutes has precipitated. The skipper of the schooner has his newly wedded bride on board. She thinks he is rude not to reply to the salute. He growls in answer; she comes back at him. He becomes angry; they quarrel, for the first time.

On the "Sea Eagle," the Count is saying, "Better leave the lubber alone. He may be a neutral."

But the bride has won. Up goes the flag, and it is the British flag. The Count sends a shot across the schooner's bows. The bride can be seen running around the deck three ways at once. The lookouts on the "Sea Eagle" cannot determine whether she is afraid of the gunfire or is being chased by her irate husband.

She comes aboard in due course with her captain and his crew. The Count is worried. He can handle men, but he is deadly afraid of a woman. Suppose she should rebel? You can't put a woman in chains. Suppose—good heavens! —she should be discontented? She proves to be a jewel of good cheer and becomes the reigning belle of the ship. Everybody deluges her with presents and arranges entertainments for her. And when she expresses the wish that there were just one other woman aboard, the Count obliges her even in that matter, picking up another young charmer on the next ship he captures.

Two French sailing ships, carrying saltpeter from Chile to France are the next victims. Following them comes a 10,000-ton British steamer loaded with champagne. Once more, the Count asks for the time of day. The stranger pays no attention. All right, there are other things besides cheese to bait a trap with. He has a smudge made in the galley and lights a pan of magnesium on the deck. "Ship afire!"

The big steamer comes nobly to the rescue. But, what is that the Count discovers on the newcomer's deck? A cannon. Luckner has not reckoned on a cannon. But he has resources. Up goes the German flag. The "Sea Eagle's" gun knocks off the other's wireless; riflemen cover the steamer's ordnance. Luckner touches off an imitation gun which makes an enormous bang. In the rigging three men shout, "Torpedoes clear!"

The Britisher surrenders. It is only when it is too late that her captain discovers that the biggest gun was a section of smokestack and the torpedoes were a bluff.

The next prize is again a Frenchman. Then, one day, what ship should come along but the old "Pinmore," bringing the Count a thousand memories of his stormy youth. It is hard to send her to the graveyard. After the crew has been transferred to the "Sea Eagle" he goes aboard alone and roams over her once more. The deserted ship with an unguided helm rolls back and forth. "Where have you been all these years?" The ship seems to be asking him the same question that he is asking the ship.

Southward, the "Sea Eagle" takes her course. Never was such a corsair, such a buccaneer. Captors and captives mingle, and love each other. There are gay parties, dinners, entertainments, musicales; everybody does his bit, and nobody objects if you prefer playing "Tipperary" or the "Marseillaise" rather than "Die Wacht am Rhein." If you tend to get bored, the Count will oblige you with another capture, with special trimmings. On one occasion, as he draws near to a victim he makes all his black captives leap up suddenly from behind the rail, glare and disappear; then his Chinamen; then a company of whites. The victim's crew are ready to believe that it is the Flying Dutchman himself who has captured them. It is always a matter of ceremony when a new skipper comes aboard to join the Captains' Club; and when the second feminine "guest" draws near, everybody is out in dress uniform.

Not a life is lost in all these captures, not a German's, not an enemy's.

But at last the "Sea Eagle" has no more room for "guests." What now? The Count takes a French barque, the "Cambronne," loads his prisoners aboard her, cuts off her topmasts to lessen her speed, and sends her with his blessing to Rio de Janeiro. The parting is almost tearful.

Then he is speeding southward for Cape Horn. The captain of the "Cambronne" has given his word not to communicate with any ship until he reaches port; but the Count knows that as soon as the prisoners reach Rio, allied cruisers on both sides of South America will rush to the Straits of Magellan to intercept him. He makes good time, but at Cape Horn a hurricane strikes him. It takes him three weeks to beat his way through the straits and when he is ready to dash into the Pacific he finds a half dozen cruisers waiting for him.

He turns south into the Antarctic Ocean, knowing that the cruisers will not dare to follow him. In the wild, heaving sea, the icebergs roll like some mammoth ship. He sails so close to them that he can hear the sea gulls clattering and squawking around them. His ship scrapes on a projecting shelf of ice but somehow she rides free. He leaps with his "boys" to the pumps.

"Cruiser ahoy!"

There she is, a 23,000-ton auxiliary cruiser.

"Hard aport!"

"The cruiser is making straight for us," the mate shouts.

"More sail on, by Joe!" answers the Count.

The wind wrenches them, the waves beat upon them.

The "Sea Eagle" scuds southward. Suddenly, a flooding rain breaks over her, covering her as with a cloud. She escapes. The next day, the Count orders a dozen lifeboats thrown overboard. If the pursuers want to assume that the "Sea Eagle" has gone down with all on board, so much the better.

In the Pacific, business is not as brisk as in the Atlantic. The "Sea Eagle" picks up two or three schooners and then no more. The old gaiety does not return. The heat is ghastly.

The weeks crawl by and become months. The drinking water grows stale, and the lack of fresh food brings scurvy to the crew and captives. The Count makes for Mopelia in the Society Islands, where there is water, and no wireless.

The island near which he anchors is a gem of exquisite beauty, a circular reef embracing a placid lagoon and studded with orchids and waving palms. They find everything there that they are looking for and for days loll in the soft loveliness and grow strong again. Then they are ready once more to go aroving.

They note a queer bulge on the horizon which draws nearer. A mirage? No, a tidal wave! The "Sea Eagle" is between the wave and the island. Frantically, they try to start the motor. It is dead and nothing that they can do can give it life. The waves roll under the ship, lift her and send her crashing on the reef.

No one is killed, no one is even hurt. "The German oak still stands" is the first word spoken, and it is a common sailor who speaks it. But the "Sea Eagle" is gone. The Count and his shipload settle ashore and build themselves a town. There are Americans among the prisoners, and State Street, Broadway, and Pennsylvania Avenue blossom beneath the palms. There is even a plaza which at night the electric batteries from the "Sea Eagle" illuminate. It is a paradise of a prison, if you can dodge the coconuts when they fall, or the land crabs scuttling over the sand, but it is a prison, and Count Luckner has no intention of staying there forever. He takes five men and a lifeboat, rigged as a sloop and loaded with rifles and ammunition, and sets forth to pick up a sailing ship.

At one of the Cook Islands they land, but the British resident and the natives suspect them and they do not dare to wait until a vessel comes which they might capture. They turn toward the Fiji Islands, nearly two thousand miles away. Rain beats on them day after day, and, when at last it ceases, the sun tortures them. For three days they sail through a yellow sea of brimstone and ash. The air is full of volcanic dust that penetrates everything and makes their clothes like sandpaper. Their skin becomes raw; the drinking water turns foul; their teeth loosen in the dried gums so that they cannot eat the hardtack. Scurvy strikes one after the other. They are ready to plunge into the sea and make an end, when the youngest of the party picks up the only book they have with them and reads a funny story. They all laugh and somehow hold on; and on the first island of the Fijis the savages load their boat with gourds of water and masses of bananas.

In three days they are well and strong once more. They land at Wakaya. A ship is in the harbor. They take passage on her to the neighboring island of Suva, intending, as soon as the vessel is at sea, to jump into their German uniforms and seize her as a rightful prize of war. But someone has sent a wireless to another island, a steamer comes up, an officer and four men row over to the sailing ship.

Now what? The Count knows that he can eliminate these newcomers with one hand grenade and then with his men capture the ship. But he and they are in civilian clothes. In uniform, they are legitimate German combatants; in civilian clothes they are international bandits whom anybody has a right to string up on capture to any ship's yardarm. It is a terrible temptation to take the ship and let the rules of war go hang, but his sense of honor wins out. He throws his guns and ammunition overboard and surrenders.

For a while, the Count and his five men are in jail in the Fijis, then they are sent to an internment camp on an island off New Zealand. But no prison can hold Felix von Luckner long. He suggests holding a Christmas show and, under cover of his preparations, makes a machine gun, a sextant, and a quantity of bombs. Then, one night, he seizes a motor boat, already stocked with food and ammunition, and gently purrs off into the darkness. Two days later he captures a schooner, the "Moa," and is ready at last to go to the rescue of his friends at Mopelia.

But the luck which was with him in the early stages of his magnificent adventure fails him. Off Curtis Island, a British auxiliary cruiser heaves in sight. She has a cannon on board; the "Moa" is unarmed. There is nothing more to be said.

Once more he is imprisoned; and once more he lays his plans to escape. They are perfect, and he fails to carry them out only because the Armistice makes escape unnecessary. He never gets back to Mopelia. It is just as well, for he would not have found his men. They have lured a passing ship to the island, captured her and done a little roving on their own account until a rock off Easter Island stops them.

It is a year and a half after the Armistice before the last of the "Sea Eagle's" corsairs is back home. Only one man is missing, the ship's doctor, and he died of heart failure.

The Count marries his dream princess as all heroes should, and no doubt they will live happily ever after.

LINDBERGH

FOR days the clouds make a gray canopy over Long Island, and as dusk creeps in on Thursday, May 19, 1927, rain is dripping on Curtiss Field and beating at intervals against the hangars before the fitful northeast wind. It is no weather for flying, but "Slim" Lindbergh reads the weather reports from Washington and gives up the idea of going to New York to the theater that evening. The Weather Bureau is announcing a high pressure area over the entire North Atlantic, with fogs receding from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. If the weather *should* clear. . . .

An hour short of midnight the rain is still falling. The young man goes to his hotel in Garden City to get a few hours' rest, but there are too many things still to do to permit of sleep. He is back at the field before daybreak.

A gray smudge is on the horizon. That's dawn. The rain? By George! the rain has stopped. He helps the mechanics run the silvery plane out of the hangar and to lash her to a truck for the trip to Roosevelt Field adjoining. They set her at the field's extreme west end. The "Spirit of St. Louis." She looks like a spirit in the gray morning light.

For a last time he inspects her, calmly, without haste or flurry.

"Well, let's go."

The mechanics begin to fill the big tanks of the plane; one hundred gallons, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred forty-eight.

"That's a hundred forty-five more than she's ever lifted before."

"She'll rise to it."

One of the young man's financial backers comes from somewhere with sandwiches. Lindbergh tucks three or four into his pockets. In addition he has army emergency rations in the plane, dried beef, dried eggs, chocolate, hardtack, and four quarts of water; also a fishing line if the worst comes to the worst.

"You're sure you'll have enough to eat and drink?" asks a friend.

"Sure," says the boy with a grin. "If I get to Paris, I won't need any more, and if I don't get there, I won't need any more either."

Someone hands him his fur-lined, one-piece flying suit. With a last searching look at the clouds he steps into the closed cabin. He seems entirely calm and at ease and might be taking off merely to cross Long Island Sound. The thing is, he is prepared. There is nothing haphazard about this enterprise of his, this venture into the terrifying solitude between continent and continent, through the thin upper reaches of the atmosphere. He knows the dangers which confront him, and, so far as a human being may, he has prepared for them, in his plane, in his equipment, in his own training and knowledge. For the rest, there is a spirit which some call Providence and some Fate; and there is an odd and unaccountable joker who hops in and out of situations and goes by the name of Luck. But first, there is courage and resolution and faith and patient work and the steady mind.

He is assured because he has studied the principles which rule his machine and the realm in which it lives.

It is full daylight, but a gray daylight, sunless and chilly. A crowd is on the field drawn together by excited rumors that someone is actually "taking off" on the great hop. They run this way and that across the field with raincoats blowing in the wind.

A mechanic turns over the motor. The young man in the cockpit lets it idle, warming it up until it roars. "How is she?" he calls to one of his men.

"She sounds good to me."

"Well, then we might as well go."

The mechanics pull away the blocks from the wheels. The flier flips his hand at his friends. "So long." That is all.

Down the runway the great plane speeds. The field is wet and heavy. Will she rise? No plane of her size has ever lifted so great a weight. If she does not rise before she reaches the end of the field she is gone and the man inside her is gone. Suppose she strikes a ditch, crumples up, bursts into flame? Those are heartbreaking seconds. Men and women in the crowd with straining eyes and dry throats seem to have forgotten how to breathe.

But suddenly they are breathing again. A joyous sigh marks the relaxation of relief. The plane is off the ground, rising, rising. Then there is a low groan, she settles once more. Barely she clears a tractor on the field. She seems to be diving straight into a web of telephone wires. She clears the wires but has to swerve to avoid a clump of tall trees. Then, at last, she is sweeping upward.

There is a broken cheer, a scurrying this way and that to get a better view.

For a few seconds the plane is outlined dimly against a gray cloud. Then she seems to melt into the cloud.

"Slim" Lindbergh is off for France.

Lindbergh. It is a new name to the American public. For months the newspapers have been talking of a non-stop flight across the Atlantic, but the names which have been mentioned in connection with the adventure have been Byrd and Chamberlin and the Frenchmen, Nungesser and Coli. There have been columns about this man or that, but practically nothing about this fellow Lindbergh. He has come across the country from San Diego in a Ryan monoplane shining like Joan of Arc's armor; an air-mail flier, backed by a group of men in St. Louis. That is all anyone seems to know.

There is indeed not a great deal to tell about Charles Lindbergh. He is just twenty-five and hasn't had a chance to make much history. His father was of sturdy Swedish stock, a lawyer and progressive politician, a Congressman for a while, and candidate for governor of Minnesota on the Farmer Labor ticket when he died in 1924. His mother is partly Irish, partly English and French. Just now she teaches school in Detroit.

It is in Detroit that on February 4, 1902, Charles Augustus Lindbergh is born; but he grows up here, there, and everywhere. In winter he is in Washington, in summer in Little Falls, Minnesota. He goes to a dozen different schools from Washington to California but manages even so to get through high school at sixteen. Schoolmates speak of him as "a peculiar guy." The fact is that he has jumped about so much that he hasn't had a chance to make the attachments natural to boys. Besides, he likes to be alone —alone with his father, alone with his boat, his rifle, or his dog. Does he go in for daydreaming? Is he seeing himself in heroic actions, a knight, a cowboy, a soldier, entering a city in triumph, acclaimed by jubilant crowds? He would not be a boy if he did not. Does it ever occur to him in his dreams that some day the pomp which he sees in Washington now and again around the White House or the Capitol might be mustered to do him honor? What do the flights of airplanes over the Federal city mean to him when he follows them with his eyes for the first time when he is ten?

At eighteen he enters the University of Wisconsin to study engineering. He does not think much of the book work and gets his relaxation tearing about the country on a motor cycle. But no motor cycle covers the ground fast enough for him. He becomes interested in aviation and in the middle of his second year he leaves college and enrolls as a flying student with the Nebraska Aircraft Corporation. The instruction is sketchy, but the young aspirant learns the fundamentals and proves to a skeptical and hard-boiled instructor that he has an uncanny aptitude for flying, an instinctive touch, the thing known as "air sense."

He takes to "barnstorming" with a companion, going from town to town and taking passengers for little spins at five dollars a head. It is not long before mere flying becomes commonplace. Lindbergh learns stunts. Wing-walking is one of them, jumping with a parachute is another. It is all highly entertaining for all concerned. Incidentally, he is accomplishing two things, getting experience and laying by funds to buy a plane of his own. Next spring, when the government is selling off some wingéd remnants of the war days at an abandoned airport in Georgia, Lindbergh buys a Curtiss "Jennie" for five hundred dollars.

His first solo flight is as desperate an undertaking for him as it is for every young aviator. But it is not long before he becomes accustomed to sitting alone in the cockpit a thousand feet above the earth. He goes "barnstorming" now on his own, up and down the Middle West. He is becoming a flier, but he knows well enough how superficial his knowledge is. In March, 1924, he enrolls in the army training school at Brooks Field outside San Antonio.

It is a stiff course and at the end of six months three-fourths of his classmates have dropped by the wayside. Lindbergh with the remainder moves over to Kelly Field for another half year of training. It is not a type of education adapted to men of faint hearts. There are plenty of close calls in the practice of pursuit tactics, and once there is a crash. A de Haviland machine strikes Lindbergh's, and the ships, locked together, begin to mill around. The other flier is climbing out of his cockpit. All right, if the time has come to give up the ship, very good. Lindbergh climbs out past the edge of the damaged wing, and jumps. Far out he jumps, and falls like a plummet. With the plane falling, too, it is a wise man who assures himself a good head-start. He has fallen several hundred feet, face downward, when he pulls the string which releases the parachute. Instantly, the silken wings bring their support. He lands in a plowed field, uninjured, and within an hour is in the air again in another machine.

When at last graduation day comes, only eighteen remain of the one hundred and four who entered the school at Kelly Field with Lindbergh. But those eighteen are second lieutenants in the Air Service Reserve Corps.

When, in the spring of 1926, the Robertson Aircraft Corporation of St. Louis enters into a contract to carry the mail, on the government's new air route between St. Louis and Chicago, Lindbergh becomes its chief flier. For a year through fair weather and foul, he keeps his "appointed round." Twice he is lost in darkness and fog, and, when his fuel gives out, has to jump for his life. It is all a part of the game. In the mail service you don't turn back when the skies are threatening, or a storm breaks, churning the ever restless atmosphere into freakish turbulence; or sleet comes to weigh down the wings. You take the mail according to schedule, learning to handle yourself and your plane in successive crises until it all becomes second nature and you scarcely know where you leave off and your plane begins.

It is on these lonely journeys back and forth that Lindbergh begins to ruminate over the possibility of competing for the $25,000 prize which a wealthy New Yorker named Raymond Orteig is offering to the man who makes the first non-stop flight between New York and Paris. The "hop" can be made, he is certain; and he tells the head of the Robertson Corporation that, given the right plane, he can do it. That gentleman has been watching his chief pilot for a year with growing appreciation. "If anybody can jump the Atlantic and grab the Orteig prize," he says to himself, "Lindbergh can."

He talks the matter over with his friends. Six or eight agree to contribute to a fund to build the ship. Lindbergh himself puts in all his savings, a matter of two thousand dollars, and looks about for a suitable plane. At San Diego the Ryan Airlines Corporation agree to build him what he wants. He supervises the designing, he works with the builders. Seven days in the week, all day and sometimes all night, he works. Every part of the ship feels the touch of his hand. He knows it to the last square inch of canvas and steel.

And long before the ship is ready, he knows also the course he will follow, from San Diego to St. Louis, from St. Louis to New York, from New York to Paris. For months, in a corner of the Ryan shop, he labors over the charts, and checks over the Atlantic route with the nautical tables. Shall he take a navigator with him? A navigator, or thirty extra gallons of gasoline? He decides in favor of the gasoline and the three hundred additional miles of cruising range it will give him.

The great American public knows nothing of all these preparations. It has never heard of Charles Augustus Lindbergh. It begins to hear of him on May 10 when he hops off from San Diego; and takes note of him with some interest on May 11, when he gently comes to earth in St. Louis, fourteen hours later, having broken the record for a single long-distance flight. He makes the hop to New York in seven hours and quietly informs anyone who may be entitled to know that he is about to take off for France.

That, in brief, is the history of the young man whom the raincoated little crowd at Roosevelt Field has watched with dry throats and eyes a little dim disappear into the gray morning.

The young man himself is less excited than the spectators. The haze is clearing. He is over Connecticut, over Rhode Island, over Cape Cod, flying low. Then he is over open water. At noon, he is crossing Nova Scotia, noting patches of snow here and there. Beyond, are ice cakes, then open water again, and fishing boats off the Newfoundland coast. He flies low over St. John's. The time is 7:15 P.M. He circles once over the most easterly tip of land on the American continent and sweeps forward into the gathering dusk.

The Weather Bureau has promised clear skies over the Atlantic. The forecast proves false. As night falls, a thin, low fog forms through which the icebergs loom, ghostly and clear. Minute by minute the fog thickens and increases in height.

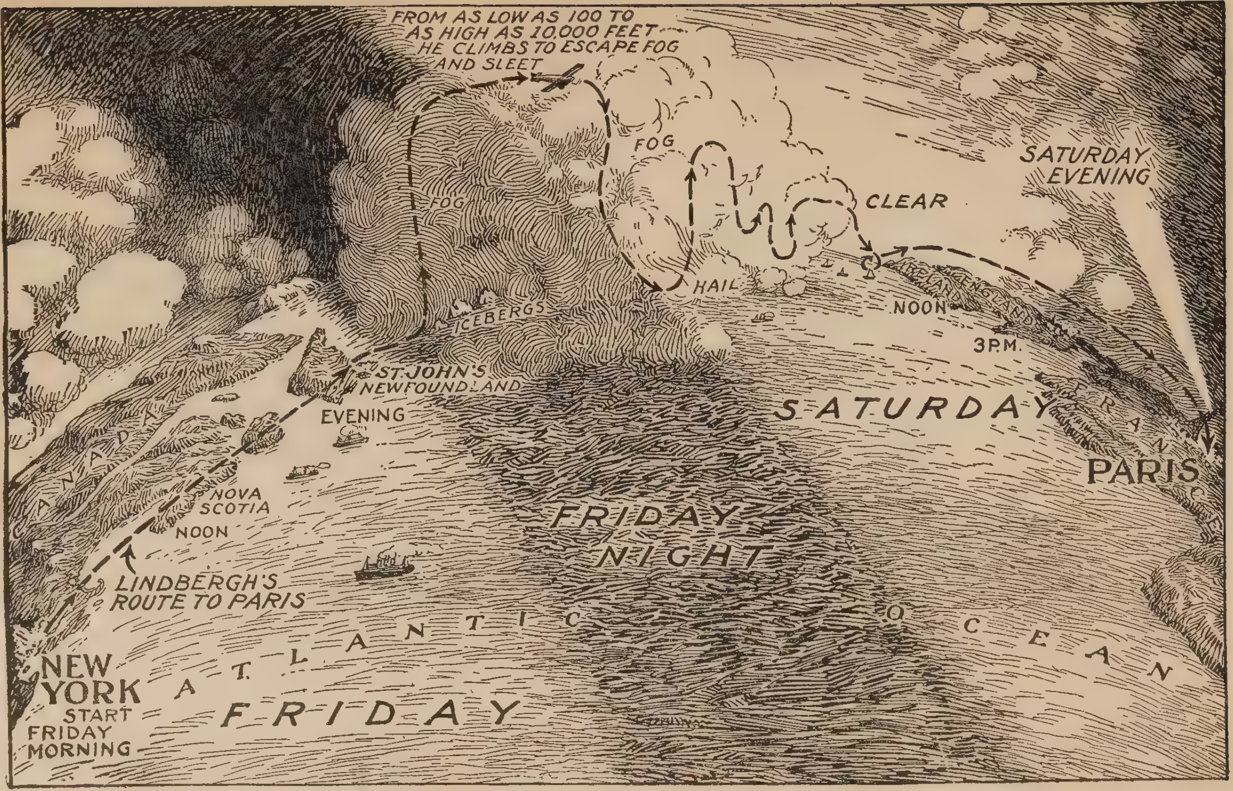
There is no moon and it is very dark and bitter cold. It is lonely over the open Atlantic. Against the body of the plane suddenly beats a gust of sharp crystals. Sleet! The next instant he is in the heart of the storm.

Sleet is nothing new to him and he knows what it means. A plane in flight is kept aloft by the curvature of its wings. Once let these surfaces be flattened by a burden of sleet and the plane will fall like a dead bird.

He can still turn back, make a landing at St. John's, and return to New York for a fresh start under better conditions. But turning back and starting over is not one of the traditions of the air mail. He swoops downward and emerges from the cloudbank scarcely two hundred feet above the black waters. Under the low white roof he speeds eastward, but as he flies he sees the roof press down upon the sea. Lower and lower he flies, and lower and lower presses the thick canopy of fog. The sleet drives down and sweeps over the wings with a gritty sound.

And now the narrow space between cloud and sea is filled and the world is all cloud. Is it lonely, trapped in the fog and sleet of the North Atlantic? If there is any weakness in this boy, any self-pity, now he will break. And that will be the end. His engine will feel it, as a horse feels the spirit of his rider. An engine is a strange, human thing, of which no man knows half that there is to know. She will roar onward for a brave man where she will sputter and go dead for a timid man or one who hesitates.

There is nothing timid, nothing hesitant in the boy


FROM AS LOW AS 100 TO AS HIGH AS 10,000 FEET HE CLIMBS TO ESCAPE FOG AND SLEET
FOG
FOG
CLEAR
SATURDAY EVENING
HAIL
ICEBERGS
IRELAND
ENGLAND
NOON
3 P.M.
ST. JOHN'S NEWFOUNDLAND
EVENING
SATURDAY
FRANCE
PARIS
CANADA
NOVA SCOTIA
NOON
FRIDAY NIGHT
LINDBERGH'S ROUTE TO PARIS
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NEW YORK
START
FRIDAY MORNING
FRIDAY

Over the lonely Atlantic through fog and sleet, Lindbergh speeds on whose hand is on these controls. He is filled with a calm confidence in himself, in his motor, and in something greater than both. He has flown beneath the fog bank to escape the sleet. Now that the fog has closed down upon him his only hope is to soar upward to clear air above the fog, taking the chance that he can reach it before the weight of sleet forces him down to defeat.

He climbs upward for two miles and at last, dimly through the mist, he can discern the stars. But even at ten thousand feet elevation he is in a thick haze and now and again finds himself in an upjutting angle of the storm, swept around with sleet. Again and again the weight on his wings forces him to turn back into a clear air and find a way around the storm center. But at last the mists before him clear and the moon rises. At one o'clock, New York time, dawn comes.

Slowly the fog bank descends, and he descends with it. For miles he is flying within a hundred feet of the surface of the water. But a hailstorm drives him upward and soon he is once more in impenetrable fog. He flies high, he flies low; nowhere can he pierce it. He sweeps forward, flying blindly through the white solitude.

Then once more the fog breaks. Patches of sky appear, patches of sea. Slowly the air absorbs the mists, and he is flying through a clear May day with a blue-green ocean beneath him rising to whitecaps.

It is time to be looking out for land. "Come, you Ireland!" He knows what it is going to look like. It will be green, it will be mountainous. He sees a shore line, cliffs, trees, high ridges, valleys. He studies his map. But even as he gazes at the pleasant sight, the vision fades. A mirage, a trick of his imagination. He is on a shoreless ocean again. On his course? Or where?

He comes upon a small fishing boat, then another, and flies low, circling the little vessel. A man's astonished face appears at a cabin window.

The boy closes the throttle and leans out of the cockpit. "Which way is Ireland?" he shouts.

The fisherman is too amazed to reply. The boy sweeps on.

Less than an hour later a rugged coast line appears on the east. Ireland, surely, this time! He swerves toward the nearest point of land to make sure, and consults his map. Dingle Bay—Cape Valentia! Europe! He is across!

He swerves back to his compass course to Paris. The time is twelve-thirty, Saturday afternoon. By three o'clock, he is over southern England, noting English farms and English hedges. Then he is flying across the Channel.

At sunset he is over Cherbourg. At ten in the evening (six o'clock, New York time) he sees the lights of Paris. A few minutes later he is circling the Eiffel Tower looking for the landing field at Le Bourget. Yes, there are the lights. He spirals downward. He can make out the long lines of hangars. Roundabout, the roads are jammed with cars. He wonders why. It has never occurred to him that his arrival might kick up any wide interest. He has expected, in fact, to feel a bit friendless in Paris, and has taken the precaution of arming himself with a few letters of introduction.

How can he, intent on the task, know that, for a day and a half, men all over the world have as it were been holding their breath? News! Lindbergh is over Cape Cod! News! Lindbergh is over Nova Scotia! News! Lindbergh has crossed St. John's! Then silence, suspense!

"Is he still in the air? How far is he now? He's such a kid! And all alone! I bet he makes it! He's going to make it! The kid's going to win! But if anything goes wrong? All alone over the Atlantic!"

Hours, a night of silence. What is his mother thinking, waiting in Detroit? Millions are sharing her anxiety. Saturday comes, morning, noon. . . .

News! Lindbergh is over Ireland. He's crossed the ocean. He wins! The kid wins! *Extra! Extra!* Lindbergh's safe and across!

Lindbergh is over Plymouth! Lindbergh is over northern France!

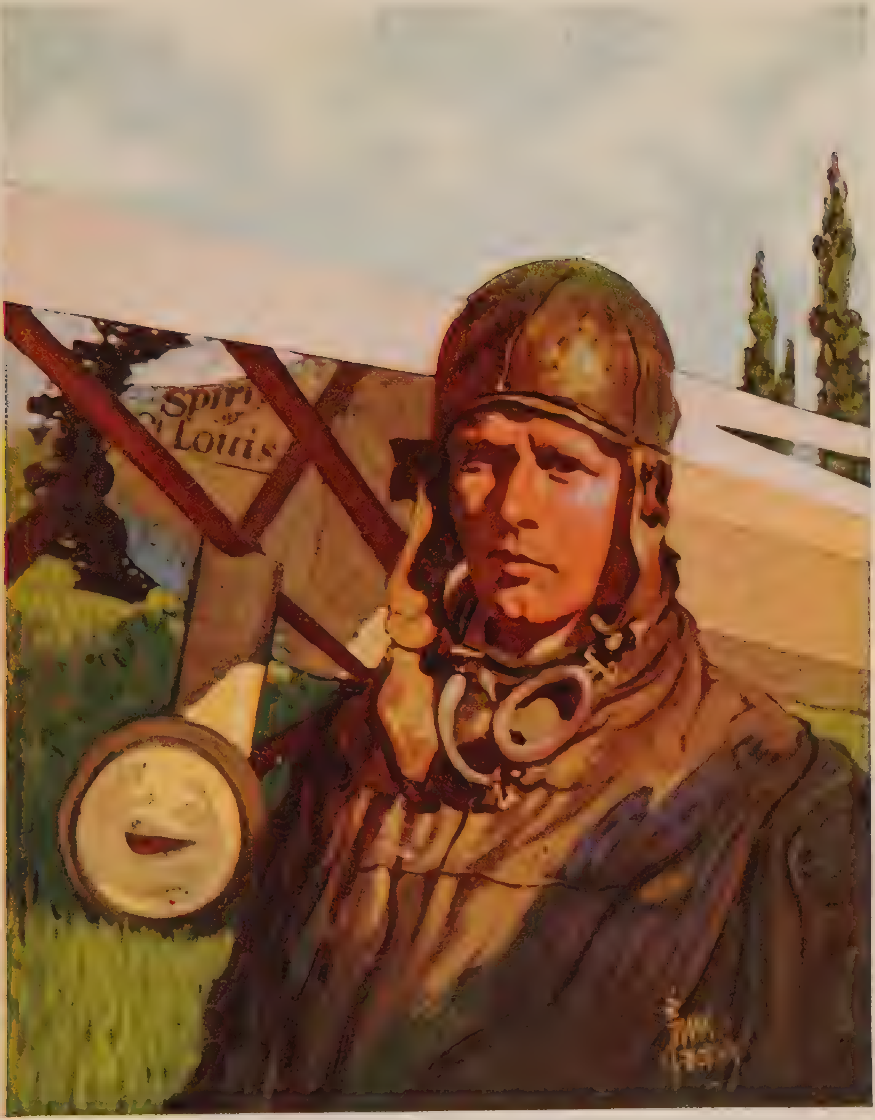
The American Embassy in Paris is in wild excitement. "Old man" Herrick, the ambassador, is more thrilled than anyone has seen him in years. He is at Le Bourget long before Lindbergh can possibly get there.

Suddenly above the murmur of the crowd, comes the far droning of a motor. *C'est lui!* Out of the north, like a noiseless, celestial visitor, a great bird appears, silver-gray in the rays of the beacon.

It flies low over the field once, circles into the wind, and lands; then turns again and "taxis" back to the lights. To the youth in the cockpit, it seems that all the world is surging toward him like a tidal wave. He shouts to the first who reach him to hold the crowd back, but they do not understand and he turns off the motor to keep the propeller from slaughter in that excited mob. He attempts to organize an impromptu guard for his plane, but his words are lost in jubilant shouts of welcome.

He opens the cockpit door and starts to descend. "Well, here we are," he says, with a shy, friendly smile, to the first face he encounters. "My name is Charles Lindbergh. We—"

His feet do not touch the ground; they do not touch it for half an hour. He is clutched by the exultant crowd and lifted high. As far as he can discern are faces and waving hands and a movement like the movement of the sea. All Paris is out at Le Bourget. Paris which, only this morning, was saying sharp things about war debts and Uncle Shylock, and complaining bitterly because the United States Weather Bureau issued a forecast which, everyone feels, is partially responsible for the loss of the French fliers, Nungesser and Coli—Paris has forgotten its grievances, Paris has forgotten national barriers and, seeing only a brave youth in splendid


Spiri
of
St Louis

Self does not seem to interest Lindbergh. It is always "we"—
himself plus his machine

triumph, is going delirious with joy and pride. Pride? He is not one of theirs. Their fliers are lost in the cold solitudes of that wide ocean which this youth has defied and successfully crossed. And yet, he is their own. What are Frenchmen or Americans in an hour like this? Our kinship is closer than we thought. This youth is the young brother of all mankind.

The Ambassador claims him and spirits him away from the throng which is likely to kill him with its welcome. It is three o'clock in the morning before the crowd outside the embassy and the reporters within will let the young man make his way to a bed.

What is he saying to himself as he lies waiting for sleep? The terrors behind him, the triumph, the welcome! Before him, what?

The world gives him eight hours of sleep, and then it claims him. A crowd is in the street, waiting for him. He appears on the embassy balcony. There is wild cheering and clapping and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. He says nothing. He only bows and smiles. But the bows and the smiles have a shy boyishness in them which captivate the people in the street.

They captivate the bigwigs no less. Heroes, they will tell you, are not rare, but most of them know too well how heroic they are, and topple from their pedestals. This boy does not appear to be thinking about himself at all, or really to feel that the honors are for him. Self does not seem to interest him. "I" is scarcely heard in his talk; it is always "we"—himself plus the machine. He seems, moreover, to have no intention of capitalizing his sudden fame. He receives offers to write this or that, to appear in vaudeville at thousands a night, to enter the movies for fabulous sums. Of course, he will accept? Everybody does.

Lindbergh, it happens, doesn't. France applauds. America, four thousand miles away, gasps and rejoices. In a world largely given, it seems, to grabbing hungrily and spending wildly, here is a young man who is *different.* And his people pronounce judgment on many things in their common life when they say, "Thank God!"

The fact is that Lindbergh is not half so interested in himself or his exploit as he is in aviation; and he tells everyone how much harder was the thing Nungesser and Coli failed in than the thing in which he succeeded.

The President of the French Republic pins a medal on him, the city of Paris, the French Senate, all the great men of France crowd about him, Joffre, Foch, Briand honor him, but it remains for Ambassador Herrick, tender and wise, to give him a larger significance than that of a young hero, and to make clear to the people of France that he is a symbol. The Ambassador has been having a terrible time over the war debt which France owes the United States. The tangle of misunderstanding and suspicion appears to be hopeless. The enthusiasm of the French crowd for Lindbergh gives him his cue. We are all akin, he points out. "The Americans love France, and this young man when he goes back to America will be able to tell Americans, as no other man could, that France really loves the people of the United States."

Lindbergh is no longer just a heroic young man. He is an "ambassador of good will." He fits himself into the rôle, glad for the opportunity it gives him to put the "hero business" in the background a bit. All Europe comes overnight to realize that here is something other than just a gallant young flier. Here is a rare phenomenon—a man, a boy, who can have everything for himself that he wants, personal honors, riches; and he turns aside the honors and quietly rejects the riches, being more interested in a cause than in personal advancement.

It is that phenomenon that statesmen and kings turn out to greet. In Belgium and in England, kings and queens, dukes, princes, and common folk together pay tribute of admiration and affection. From every capital in Europe come invitations, but from his own country comes a more urgent call—and a warship to bring him home.

What is he thinking, "Slim" Lindbergh, air-mail flier, twenty-five last birthday, when he hears of that warship crossing the Atlantic for no other purpose than to bring him home so that the President of the United States may tell him to his face how proud his countrymen are of him? In his boyhood dreams did he ever dare dream anything so romantic as this?

Could any dreams of boyhood equal the tooting of the whistles, as the "Memphis" steams up the Potomac, the ringing of the church bells, the screaming of the fire sirens? Batteries on the warship and batteries on shore exchange salutes; airships wheel overhead. At the Navy Yard, Cabinet officials, admirals, generals are waiting, and a school-teacher from Detroit, invited by the President of the United States.

Through streets lined with cheering crowds, escorted by cavalrymen and marines, with bands playing and flags everywhere, "Slim" Lindbergh comes home. There is handclapping and flag waving, shouting and confetti throwing, in plenty, but there is something else also. There are tears, and sobs barely suppressed and emotion too deep for applause; a sense of exaltation, of wonder, of long-dead dreams remembered, of tremulous satisfaction that for once, in a ruthless, rushing, difficult world, youth and romance are coming to their own.

"Slim" Lindbergh, is it a dream which you are dreaming in the woods near Little Falls, chewing a grass stem, while the birds twitter about you and the insects make music at the river's edge?

The President of the United States, surrounded by the notables of the nation, is speaking. Are these words for "Slim" Lindbergh, for the man on leave of absence from the St. Louis and Chicago air-mail route? "This wholesome, earnest, fearless, courageous product of America."

And how the crowd roars its approval and how delightedly the wife of the President applauds! "This young man has returned. He is here. He has brought his unsullied fame home. It is our great privilege. . . ."

Dreams, dreams! Haven't we all dreamed this, lying on our backs, staring at the flies playing geometry on the ceiling?

"It is our great privilege to welcome back to his native land, on behalf of his own people, a Colonel of the United States Officers' Reserve Corps, an illustrious citizen of the Republic. . . ." Those words! What boy has not whispered them? ". . . a conqueror of the air and strengthener of the ties which bind us to our sister nations across the sea. . . ."

A dream, a dream!

No, a reality. No, this thing, this incredible, beautiful, romantic thing, is really happening. The President has spoken his name, "Charles A. Lindbergh." Out across the waving field of faces it floats, and from the slopes round about ten thousand voices roar their cheers.

After this, boys of tomorrow, dare to dream anything!

THE RETURN OF THE HEROES

They come out of the mists and they pass into the mists. They live, they labor; they do the prodigious deeds; and when the little circuit is complete, the shadows gather them up and their contemporaries are aware of a great emptiness and vainly try to fill it with ten thousand ordinary men. There is a time of despair, a time of mourning, a time of forgetfulness; and then, silent as the uprising of the sun, the hero returns to take his place at every table and to do his work at every hearth.

There is nothing mystical about this return of the heroes, nothing supernatural. The hunger of mankind for strength and splendor draws them back from the darkness which seeks to cover them. Men cannot face life without them somewhere near, to steady the quivering lips, uphold the trembling arm, illuminate the doubtful valley with their burning presences. Glowing figures, radiant with a light which outlives monuments and outshines fame, piercing to the hearts even of men who never heard the splendid names! What they achieved may lose its significance, what they said may be forgotten; what they *were* lives and makes such a music that the remotest hollows in the hills become aware of it.

Earth is richer than it appears, and the noblest of their friends men never see. But the heroes speak in the silence, and in the battle fight beside the brave.

San Jose, Calif.

Santa Clara County
LIBRARY

Renewals:

(800) 471-0991
www.santaclaracountylib.org

SANTA CLARA COUNTY LIBRARY
3 3305 20659 3141